



This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

### Usage guidelines

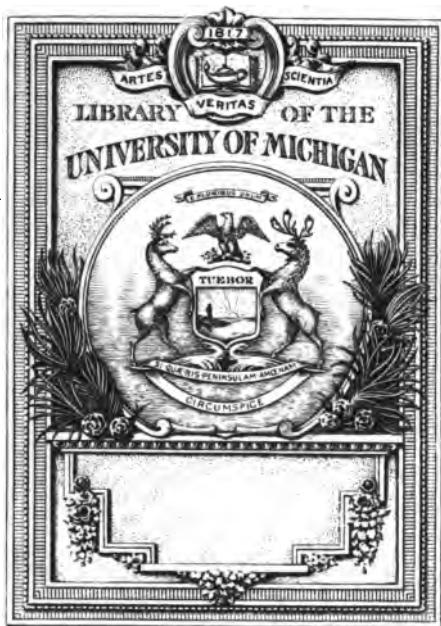
Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

- + *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
- + *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
- + *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
- + *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

### About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at <http://books.google.com/>



Capt. Forbes B.N.

Seabank.

---







E

HEN

THE  
**ETONIAN.**

FOURTH EDITION.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

VOL. III.

---

LONDON:

HENRY COLBURN, NEW BURLINGTON STREET;

AND CHARLES KNIGHT, PALL-MALL EAST.

1824



[illegible]

English  
 Plant  
 6-3-47  
 5007

## CONTENTS OF VOLUME III.

### No. VIII.

	PAGE.
THE KING OF CLUBS	1
On the Tomb of Psammis	13
Old Boots	17
Song to the Spring Breeze	20
Caernarvon Castle	23
On the Divinities of the Ancients	25
Stanzas	32
Horæ Paludanæ, No. III.	33
Music	34
Reminiscences of my Youth, No. II.	35
Stanzas	46
On True Friendship	47
Letters from Oxford, No. I., II.	49
Gog, a Poem.	60, 195
Private Correspondence	71
On Prejudice	76
Letter from the Rev. Marmaduke Bradshaw to Mr. Matthew Swinburne, inclosing an Article	84
The Rashleigh Letter-Bag	85, 179, 223
Peregrine's Scrap-Book	96

### No. IX.

THE KING OF CLUBS	107
The Country Curate	112
Pæstum	116
Michael Oakley's Objections to Wit	118

# CONTENTS.

	PAGE.
Horæ Subfuscæ	127
To Intellectual Liberty	130
Letters from Oxford, No. III. IV.	131
Further Extracts from a terrible long MS. Poem	146
Essay on the Poems of Homer, and the Manners of the Age in which he lived	149
Fragments of an Address to the Spirit of Poetry	159
Sonnet, to Catherine Seyton	161
Bounce	161
The Wedding ; a Roman Tale	162
Private Correspondence, No. IV.	168
To Hope	177
Peregrine's Scrap-Book, No. VII.	203

## No. X.

THE KING OF CLUBS	215
On Etonian Poets	218
Reflection on a Clerical Life	235
Happiness	239
The Bride of the Cave	ib.
Nugæ Amatoriæ	249
Sonnet to ———	254
Letters from Oxford, No. V.	255
The Hall of My Fathers	272
Stanzas to ———	277
A Sister's Love	278
Sonnet to Ada	279
On Country Church-yard Epitaphs	280
Surly Hall	286
Rhapsodies	302
On C. H. Townshend's Poetry	306
A Whimsey	317
Essay on Lions	319
Ellen : a simple Tale	325
Maimoune, a Poem	331
Private Correspondence	366
Contributors to the Etonian	376

# THE ETONIAN.

N<sup>o</sup>. VIII.

---

## THE KING OF CLUBS.

*Saturni, 14<sup>o</sup> die Maii, 1821.*

THE Club met earlier than usual this month, in order to secure the company of one of their Members, who was about to take up his abode upon the banks of Isis.

After the Articles intended for N<sup>o</sup>. VIII. had been read, and the thanks of the Club voted, as usual, to the Authors of them, Mr. LE BLANC was desired, in default of any more agreeable amusement, to read to the Club his *Vale*. Allen accordingly complied.

### MR. LE BLANC'S VALE.

"From time immemorial it has been the custom of Etonians, upon their departure from this seat of classic literature, to compose something which they term a "*Vale*." I know not precisely how to define this species of writing: I can hardly call it prose, for it is clothed in the gewgaw fetters of rhyme; I can hardly call it poetry, for it is frequently burdened with all the ponderous inflexibility of prose. It is always very sad, and generally produces a contrary feeling in its readers.

However, it has long been a maxim with me, that old customs, in all their primitive utility, or in all their primitive absurdity, ought to be kept up; and I therefore sit down, and, having composed my thoughts into a most gentlemanly melancholy, I proceed to indite my *Vale*. In doing so, how-

VOL. III.

B

ever, I intend to deviate in one respect from the practice which has been most commonly received among our predecessors; I will not confine my thoughts in the inharmonious cadence of monkish jingle: the language in which the ideas of Allen Le Blanc are expressed shall be as free as those ideas themselves; I will write in plain, humble, unsophisticated English prose.

Neither will I adopt the hackneyed embellishments which it is commonly the custom to employ. There is one kind of Vale written, which patronizes the Pastoral: it warbles forth its delicate aspirations in a most mellifluous modulation; it can speak of nothing but whispering groves and melting loves, and verdant plains and happy swains, of tranquil hours and meeting bowers. It contrives to see Damon, and Thyrsis, and Menalcas, all sitting under the trees of the Playing-fields, and to hear a hundred nightingales warbling from the bricks of the Upper School. This is all very pretty, but I don't like it. I don't know how these things are usually summed up, for I never reached the end of one.

There is another *genus* which dilates into the Didactic. I am told that the study of this style is very profitable, but it generally sends me to sleep. It never rises, and it never sinks; it goes on drawling in its one unvaried tune, stringing together a set of drowsy apophthegms, which nature never expected to find tacked on to each other. It continues in this strain through about a hundred lines, and when you find yourself at the last of them, you turn round with a distension of face, partaking equally of a stare and a yawn, and inquire, "Pray! what was it all about?"

There is another and a loftier kind; I mean that which affects the Ode. This indeed presents us with something worth dwelling upon. In the first place it throws off all restrictions of metre and measure, and is almost as free as the *sermo*, which I am at present scribbling. In the next place it throws off all restrictions of time and place, presenting you, in the space of two or three succeeding lines, with Athens, Mexico, and St. Paul's; Cicero, Bonaparte, and Pitt. It is impossible to give any thing like a correct definition of this branch of the Vale. It assumes a thousand different shapes, and that shape is commonly esteemed the most beautiful which is the most fantastic. It delights in a



great many peculiarities. It delights in extended similes, which usually begin with "As when a—" and run along through three parts of a page, in all the meanders of long lines and short lines, interspersed with innumerable dashes, brackets, and apostrophes, before you come to the corresponding "Thus," which informs you that you may take breath, and look for a meaning. It delights in Personification, which is the figure by which we are enabled to assign blue eyes to Hope, squinting eyes to Envy, and green eyes to Jealousy. By the help of this auxiliary, it brings before our eyes a troop of modern Gods and Goddesses, as if the old ones were not sufficient for any good or evil purpose. It represents all the Divinities which the fugitive is about to leave behind him—first, "Mater Etona," with a laurel in one hand, and a birch in the other: next Hope, and Peace, and Poetry, and Inspiration, and Mutton, and I know not how many more! Then it raises before our eyes, "in dread array," the terrible forms which the said fugitive expects to run athwart in his peregrinations. "Hoary Granta," with Euclid, her *aid-du-camp*, is at the head of the enemy; she is attended by Labour, and Care, and Trouble, and Triangle, and a legion of personages of the same cast. I would rather get Homer's Catalogue by heart than enumerate the tenth part of them. This species of Vale delights also in playing the Resurrection Man, and bringing up before our eyes the numberless Heroes, Statesmen, and Bards, which have been educated upon the soil we now inhabit. After this it is generally seized with a burst of Prophecy, in which the Poet promiseth to rival with success the fame of the aforesaid Heroes, Statesmen, and Bards. This frenzy does not subside till the conclusion of the poem, which, of course, must end with a thundering Alexandrine, the very *beau ideal* of Pope's "wounded snake."

But the best, and perhaps the most received plan, is to mix all the above enumerated species together, and to twine the flowers of each into a wild and luxurious garland. I laugh to see the jarring and discordant atoms of different forms, and different colours, rushing simultaneously together, and forming by degrees one cohering whole, united by so delicate a cement, that if from the front, or the back, or the wings, you pilfer a single brick, an immediate disorganization must ensue, and the building, with all its heterogeneous compila-

tion, rolls, *instantly*, to the ground. I laugh to see the "Learning" of Personification confounded with the "Pallas" of Mythology, Lycurgus in company with a Master of Arts, and Daphnis arm-in-arm with a *second stop*!

There is another component part of these efforts which runs through every species in an equal degree. I mean the language of adulation. This is mingled alike with the enervating simplicity of the Pastoral, the monotonous weariness of the Didactic, and the violent heroics of the Ode. As the ancients bestowed upon the monarchs whom they feared and hated most the title of *εὐεργεταί*, our *alumni* think themselves obliged to heap upon the Governors, whom they have so lately dreaded, the grossest compliments that flattery can devise. I do not quarrel with the feelings thus expressed!—I wish every one had the feeling without the display. But at present every one has the display, and I will not stop to calculate how many have the feeling.

I say that I will employ none of these tinsel ornaments which better and abler scholars have so liberally smeared over their paper. Neither will I throw myself, as many have done, into the person of some illustrious Hero of Antiquity, and from his lips pour forth the strain of hallowed verse, till the reader forgets who it is to whom he listens.—I am Allen Le Blanc, and I am writing matter-of-fact.

Farewell to ye, ye amusements in which I have so long rejoiced, ye studies in which I have so long been an actor! Farewell to all the little luxuries which custom has overlooked, to all the little annoyances which discontent has magnified! I am going from the Playing-fields, in which I have joyed in the jovial alacrity of the cricket, or the more solid rotundity of the foot-ball! from the school, whose wooden walls, sculptured on every side with the honoured names of our predecessors, awaken on every side our emulation and ambition! from the little uncarpeted cell, which has been so long dear to me as my Home!

Farewell to the congenial Spirits with whom I have so long associated! in whose pleasures and whose labours I have rejoiced to participate! Farewell too, to you, the real and only tutelary deities of the place; from whose approbation those pleasures and those labours have received their highest zest! In the new scenes to which I am now hastening,—in the new

studies in which I am soon to be immersed,—I shall feel, believe me, no ordinary gratification, if I may flatter myself that you will waste a single thought upon my interests, or breathe a single wish for my future welfare!"

Here Mr. Le Blanc concluded; but I understand that his Vale, as shown-up in school, was of a much greater length. His name was then ordered to be enrolled among our honorary members, on the motion of Mr. Courtenay.

The Club proceeded to ballot for two candidates. I will draw the characters of both, although the first only was successful.

#### CHARACTERS OF TWO MORE CANDIDATES.

- It had long been a matter of surprise to the whole School, that a society like "The King of Clubs" should have existed for so many months without enrolling among its members that choice character, JASPER HARVEY. The main-spring by which this individual regulates every action, is a social disposition, which embraces a most comprehensive view of the duties of good-fellowship. To this his time, his thoughts, and his money, have been sacrificed; but, in return, he has attained that most difficult of all acquirements, the art of keeping on terms with all parties, by never declaring for any particular one of the many which agitate our miniature world. He is equally popular with the Cricketers and Boatmen, whose interests so often and so violently jar; for he contrives to satisfy the demands of both. With the one he is accounted a hard *swipe*, an active *field*, and a highly creditable *stout bowler*; and he is *stroke* of the ten-oar to the others. What would the duck and green pea suppers at Surley-Hall do without the good-humoured smiles and smart repartees of Jasper Harvey? The preparations for the glorious Fourth of June would be a mere chaos of doubt and perplexity, were it not for the steady coolness with which Harvey issues his directions. In fact, the legislative and executive are both lodged with him on these occasions. His *fiat* decides the claims of the rival boats in their choice of jackets, hats, and favours; and the judicious selection of fireworks is an additional proof of his taste. It has long been a maxim of philosophy to refer all things to first principles; I ought, therefore, to apologise for thus hurrying,

*in medias res*, without first noticing the circumstances of birth and early habits, which led to the formation of the character of this Eton demagogue.

Jasper was born of most respectable parents at W——. His father enjoys an extensive practice in his profession of the law, and of course is a personage of no small consequence in a borough, where the corporation, for the most part, consists of tradesmen who have rapidly risen to affluence, from administering, at good profits, to the comforts and luxuries of a court residence. Such worthies generally contain less in their heads than in their purses, and are easily managed by a clever spirit, who will condescend to such a task. Mr. Harvey has always ready at hand, against the public dinners and meetings, two or three new songs, and as many dozen of old jokes; which, as if establishing the truth of the Pythagorean Creed, have *animated* successive generations from the time of Joe Miller. And thus, by falling in with the prevailing humours of the old codgers, and by flattering the personal vanity of the younger townsmen, whenever he has “the pleasure of meeting” them in the street, Mr. H. is become the oracle of the Vestry-room and Town-hall. The vicinity of Eton College was a tempting opportunity for procuring a polished education for his only son; and besides, Mrs. H.’s maternal feelings would be spared the pang of so decided a separation from her darling, as the sending him to a boarding-school must cause. This last consideration decided the matter, and Jasper came to Eton on the plan of a day-scholar; it being arranged that he should return home to his meals and sleeping-hours. At first the little fellow was very obedient to Mamma’s wishes, and whenever his form was dismissed from the School-room, and his engagements with his Tutor were discharged, he was seen trudging up town with his Gradus, Grammar, and Dictionary, under his arm, and the ink-bottle in his hand. By degrees, however, as his acquaintance increased, and their invitations for his companionship in their different sports multiplied *ad infin.*, Harvey had fewer journeys a day into Berkshire and back. He was at first observed to loiter about Barnspool, swimming paper boats, or stoning the ducks. In process of time he was enrolled in the lower Clubs of cricket or football, according to the time of

year, became the best at a leap across Chalvey ditch, and was known to have brought down a robin after a *toodle* of two or three miles. In the meantime his W—— connexions were only kept up by his occasional appearance in public alongside of his *Admiral* at the Town-hall dinners; to which he was introduced at an early age. It is some years now since he signalized himself by the arch style of his "Miss Nightcap and her Sweetheart;" a song of his, which has even made the gray-beards at table shake with laughter.

The remaining outlines of my sketch may as well be filled up by the imagination of my reader as by my pen. "Train up a child," says the old proverb, "in the way he should go, and when he is old he will not depart from it." Taught from his very infancy to consider universal popularity as the *summum bonum*, we have seen, in the former part of this essay, that Harvey has attained the acmè of his wishes. His equals love him for his social qualities, and court his acquaintance as the *sine quâ non* of society; and the younger members of the community look up to him as a father. Such is his condescension, that his good offices are never refused to the lowest underling in the School. Is power abused by the upper boys? Harvey is appealed to as the mediator between the *fag* and his *master*. His grants of *liberties* to the commonalty are indiscriminate and profuse, while his influence is always exerted to obtain the same privileges for his numerous protégées from the more close aristocrats. The consequence of this is, that our "Friend of the People" is attended in all his movements by a shoal of dependents, of every form in the School: some to get their lessons construed, and others to further their claims to their respective stations in the next match or water expedition.

I have omitted to mention an excellent system, by which he secures the influence over his equals which he has gained by his good-natured temperament and useful accomplishments. This is effected by the dinner-parties which he is enabled to give occasionally at home, to select divisions of six or eight. It affords me true pleasure to meet with this opportunity of a public acknowledgment for the kindness and affability which so many of my schoolfellows and myself have invariably met with at the table of the Harveys. The

style in which the banquets have been served up,—the highly-seasoned French dishes,—and the superb trifle dish in the centre, have frequently called forth the panegyrics of a Rowley. But there has been another enjoyment far beyond what sensual indulgences can afford, which has given these parties their true *gusto*,—the social intercourse with this family of chaste breeding and elegant manners. The hearty English hospitality of the father, the conversational powers of Mrs. H., and, “last, not least,” the charming smiles and musical talents of Miss Emily, have made impressions upon our minds, and will long be preserved there by sentiments of grateful attachment.

But I am run away with by my subject. “To turn and to return.” I may well be asked what acquirements my friend Harvey possesses to entitle him to a seat in a literary club. I am reminded that the cricket jacket, turned up with blue, the ten-oar broad brim, and the prowess which fought its way through hosts of *Bargees*, when intercepted upon Windsor-hill, are no particular recommendations in his present canvass. Let it not, however, be thought that his other avocations have so entirely monopolized him as to preclude a due attention to study. Had it been so, his success with the *οἱ πολλοί* would never have been so complete. It was of course necessary for a pretender to a character of this sort to have the ability of conferring obligations in the school line—not subject himself to the necessity of soliciting them. This consideration taught Harvey to husband carefully every hour which he spent at home: a decent scholarship, and much general knowledge, was the reward of this plan. I do not intend to lay any claim for him in the department of the imagination. The steady and sober intellects of this individual form a contrast to the brilliant mind of a Montgomery. Harvey is made for real life, and all the bustling engagements of society; he is alone in solitude, and at home in a crowd. Free from the weaknesses to which great minds are liable, he has neither thought nor wrote himself into a belief in ghosts, second-sight, animal magnetism, craniology, or the like, as Johnson, Scott, Le Blanc, &c. are supposed to have done: sure in common matters, his judgment is not deep enough for any thing abstruse. Plain good sense how-

ever is a substitute, which more than counterbalances the deficiency. By an instant glance he can tell the difference between a pillar and a post, while such minds as Le Blanc's have had recourse to all the orders of architecture, and inquired into substance and essence before they have ventured to decide on the question.

The treasure-house of his memory is well stored, and his reputation as an orator leads us to expect that he will prove a distinguished member of our society. His proficiency in English literature must be judged of by its fruits; and I now quit a character which I have dwelt upon with pleasure, not forgetting to offer an old friend's congratulation on the event of this last test of his popularity, his admission into—"The King of Clubs."

It is with no small degree of compunction that I find myself called upon, as Secretary of the proceedings of our Club, to record, for the first time, the rejection of a Candidate. I am aware that it must appear an invidious task to attempt to delineate a character, when the question of our opinion of him has been already prejudged by the event of the ballot. It is, however, an act of necessity, peremptorily required of me by my duty to the Club, since it tends to exculpate the Members from all charge of selfish ill-will or private pique, in the marked degradation of a schoolfellow; inasmuch as I shall prove that, after a mature consideration of the worth of the individual, our verdict could not be otherwise than it was.

PHILIP WASNEY JENKYNs is the eldest son of an ancient family in the West of England. But this same fortunate coincidence of good birth has been a grievous stumbling-block to the hero of our tale. How justly may we have recourse to the words of the Roman Satirist:

"Malo pater tibi sit Thersites, dummodo tu sis  
Æacidæ similis—"

Jenkyns can accurately enumerate the heroes, statesmen, philosophers, and other worthies, of the long pedigree of his ancestors, but forgets at the same time the responsibility which has descended upon his own shoulders, to transmit, in unimpaired lustre, to posterity, the renown of his race by his own individual exertions. We have often heard of the

supererogatory merits of the Saints in the Romish Church, which the Pope keeps in his storehouse till there is a demand for them in the retail line, to supply those purchasers who have a long score to make up in Purgatory. Jenkyns, I presume, has taken up the system, and intends to make the superabundant merits of his forefathers supply all deficiencies of his own. What is it to us, though Humphrey Wasney, his maternal grandfather, who flourished in the reign of Queen Anne (peace be with him!) was publicly complimented by Pope for his literary talents, if this descendant of his would never have been noticed by that great man, unless it had been, perhaps, in the *Dunciad*? I have no reason to doubt but that Matthew Honisberg Jenkyns was a Member of considerable weight in the Long Parliament; we are only angry that Philip Wasney Jenkyns would hardly do credit to the one nick-named the "Barebone." Away, then, with all the undue advantages of a splendid genealogy, and let us examine the naked self of this simple one, and I fear we shall find him but a compound of vanity and ignorance. The seeds of the former failing were sown in early boyhood by the hand of a fond father. It is not worth while to draw up in long array the various indulgences or unkind kindnesses, which are the usual symptoms of the system called spoiling a child: they are the same in all climes and stations of life. One instance, however, deserves marked notice. Young Philip, who had been suffered to amuse himself with the most desultory and heterogeneous reading—novels, Spanish romances, and the bloody tragedies of the age immediately before the appearance of Shakspeare, the precious stock of the old family library—one day took it into his head, not indeed to turn Poet, but to write verses, *i. e.* certain articles of rhyme and syntax. The event was soon blazed over the neighbourhood. The sanguine spirit of the old gentleman foresaw nothing but laurels and University *rostra* for the promising boy; and, whenever there was company for dinner, he took care that there should also be a recitation by Master Philip during dessert. Then, too, mamma's morning calls upon the neighbouring families afforded a happy opportunity for the display of her son's talents, and these precious *morceaux* of literature were the constant ornament



of her reticule; ready, on all occasions, to make their appearance to advantage, after the recommendatory harangue of their partial *chaperon*. What wonder, then, that Jenkyns has proved the most conceited youth at Eton? Conceit, however, is generally a harmless quality, and merely excites the contempt, or, sometimes, the pity of others towards its unfortunate victim. But Jenkyns has contrived to humour his favourite passion, by making the most unjustifiable encroachment upon the liberty of the subject ever despot did. There is a good story told of some Italian Monk, who summoned the fishes of the sea to attend his preaching, and we are gravely informed (*vide* Addison's Tour) "that they did come when he did call them." The account farther informs us, that in token of the eloquence of the Ecclesiastic having had a due influence on his audience, the mute creatures bowed their heads, in profound reverence, three times, ere they dispersed homewards to their crystal habitations. In this manner Mr. J. collects together a crew of unhappy dependents, or interested elves—fifth form, who have an eye to the loaves and fishes their complaisance will procure them, and lower boys, who dare not for their ears offend the consequential dignity of a sextile; and woe to them if they do not melt in rhapsodies at the divine effusions of the recitator. It may not be generally known to my readers that it is customary for our candidates to give in certain proofs of qualification, whereby an opinion may be formed of their respective merits. I shall, therefore, subjoin a sample of prose and poetry from the pen of Mr. P. W. J. and thus rid my hands of any further disquisition. The public may then judge for themselves.—

## ON POCKET HANDKERCHIEFS.

"Of all those little *agrémens*, without which our manners want all the polish which gives the stamp of high life, none is so indispensably necessary as a proper style of blowing the nose. Heroes may conquer, orators may rant, philosophers may dispute; but they must study something else into the bargain. Fame should never blow the trumpet for one who cannot blow his nose.

"Precept is never so profitable as example. This is a truth which has been often inculcated. Horace says, "my father took care—ut fugerem *exemplis* vitiorum quæque notando," and a little afterwards, "teneros animos aliena opprobria sæpe absterrent vitiis."—I will therefore proceed to exemplify.

"You should not blow your nose like ———."

Here the author grows satirical, and I will therefore proceed to his Poetry :—

#### THE DEATH OF CHATHAM.

"Chatham alive, Britain still hoped to see  
The jarring lands enjoy sweet unity ;  
Heaven would no longer spare him here below,  
But its favourite took from scenes of woe.  
Since strange corruption Britain's state perplexed,  
His righteous soul each rising day was vexed ;  
Monstrous crimes in every shape appear ;  
While peaceful peasants with the ploughshare tear  
The fallow grounds, they to the wars are prest ;  
The late useful looms amidst lumber rest ;  
While their industrious own'rs, interred, now lay,  
In America's hospitable clay.

Like the glorious Sun sinking to the main,  
With redoubled splendor to rise again,  
Britain expected Chatham would arise  
To scatter with his light her enemies :  
But these her hopes are frustrate,  
And she is left to struggle with her fate !

When he cou'd no more, the Patriot cried,  
Oh Camden ! save my Country ! ———and died !!! "

There being no more business before the Club, it immediately adjourned.

(Signed)

R. HODGSON,

SECRETARY.

[Since the character of our unfortunate Candidate was sent to the Printing-office, I have been much vexed at hearing that the above lines, which have been handed about as the *chef d'œuvre* of Mr. JENKYNs, are actually copied from

a "Descriptive Poem of the River Tees, its Towns, and Antiquities, by ANNE WILSON, printed for the Author, 1778."—This is abominable. He would have been a dangerous subject to the King of Clubs. He was rejected, however, by a most appalling number of the *literæ damnatoriæ*, commonly termed—black balls.]

---

ON THE TOMB OF PSAMMIS.

"Vixere fortes ante Agamemnona  
Multi; sed omnes illacrimabiles  
Urgentur ignotique longa  
Nocte—" HORACE.

NOTHING is more calculated to turn our mind towards meditation, and to awaken our feelings, than visiting sepulchral monuments. Indeed among those persons who have seen the tomb of some distinguished character, (and from the multiplicity of these monuments a great portion of mankind have done so) almost every one must have been led to meditate upon the striking scene before them; many have committed their thoughts to writing, and a few have by so doing gained the admiration of mankind, adorned the literature of their country, and instructed and amused posterity. On such a beaten path I should not have ventured, had I not been led into it by visiting the representation of an Egyptian Tomb, discovered by that enterprising and persevering traveller Belzoni; where many feelings and reflections crowded upon my mind, very different from those which commonly occur on meditating over the remains of the mighty dead. When we behold the tomb of some well-known character or favourite hero, we fancy that we are witnessing the defeat of time; there are the mouldering ruins of a mausoleum—the defaced inscription—the mutilated bust. So far he is triumphant, and,

as we vainly imagine, all has been done, which rests in his power to accomplish. We are conscious that had he, who raised this tomb for himself, relied for immortality merely upon that fabric, whose ruins are now mingling with the dust of its inhabitant, he would have been disappointed, and we exclaim with the Poet,

“ Let not a monument give you or me hopes,  
Since not a pinch of dust remains of Cheops.”

Yet we say again, that is not the case *here*: the history of the man whose bones lie beneath is familiar to us; his deeds, his writings, or his discoveries, excite the wonder, praise, and admiration of posterity; they have defied the attacks of time, to which nought belonging to him, save the brick and mortar of his sepulchre, have yielded. His actions have been his monument; his epitaph is written in the page of history.—Such are our feelings, when we behold the tomb of Alexander the Great.\* His dust has long ago been scattered by the winds. His sarcophagus, torn from the sepulchre, subjected to domestic uses, at last transported into a land almost unknown, and totally barbarous, when the mighty conqueror flourished in the zenith of power and victory.

“ Unus Pellæo juveni non sufficit orbis,  
Æstuat infelix angusto limite mundi,  
Ut Gyaræ clausus scopulis, parvæque Seripho,  
Cum tamen a figulis munitam intraverit urbem  
Sarcophago contentus erit. Mors sola fatetur  
Quantula sunt hominum corpuscula.”

JUVENAL.

“ One world suffic'd not Alexander's mind,  
Coop'd up he seem'd in earth, in seas confin'd,  
And struggling stretch'd his restless limbs about  
The narrow world, to find a passage out.—  
Yet, enter'd in the brick-built town, he tried  
The tomb, and found the strait dimensions wide.”

DRYDEN.

---

\* Brought from Alexandria, where it had been used by the Turks as a bath, and now in the British Museum.

The recollection of these lines, and the sight of the sarcophagus, remind us of the power of Death and Time, over all that is perishable. Yet we still flatter ourselves that Fame is everlasting; that although death has reduced the hero to dust, and time has dispersed his remains over the desert, yet his fame has lived unimpaired through two thousand years, and his deeds are still fresh in the recollection of mankind. How different a lesson do we receive in the tomb of the once great and renowned, but now unknown and forgotten, Psammis! Here paintings, the most perishable of the works of man, have been preserved for ages after ages. But the slow and never-failing scythe of Time has swept the brazen letters of fame from the tablets of memory. This is more than we are used to; we are not accustomed to see posthumous fame—that “*monumentum ære perennius*,” upon which the great rely, and which the ambitious are so eager to acquire,—yielding in durability to the fading colours of the painter.

The Monarch, for whose mummy this mausoleum was excavated, seems to have been a pretender to the palm of renown, and to have sought it by those means which usually accomplish their end. By the magnificence of his sepulchre he appears to have been a mighty sovereign; and by his triumphs which are there recorded, one of those scourges of the earth, conquerors;—and apparently a great one: for that his conquests extended over all the neighbouring nations appears evident. Three different races of men are painted as his captives on the walls of his tomb; the white, the Æthiopian, and the tawny African. Farther than this we know nothing: he may, for aught we know, have counterbalanced this evil part of his character by other virtues; he may have been the father of his people, when the fit of war, which prompted him to sacrifice their blood to his ambition, was over; he may have been generous and merciful to his vanquished enemies; he reigned in a country whence arose the first dawn of the arts and sciences,—he may have

encouraged them, and contributed to the civilization, and consequently to the happiness, of mankind. On the other hand, he may have been a tyrant over his subjects, inhuman and unmerciful to his enemies; the pestilence of his tyranny may have blighted the infant arts, and the storm of war and devastation may, during his reign, have darkened the glimmering beams of civilization under its cloud of blood. That he was powerful and renowned is all that his tomb proves to us. His name may have been coupled with curses or benedictions. His contemporaries relied upon posterity either to reward his virtues with praise, or punish his vices with an eternal stigma: Posterity has forgotten him. Time has poured the tide of oblivion over his actions; his virtues or crimes are as completely hidden from our knowledge, by the veil of centuries, as the once fertile soil, over which he reigned, is concealed from our sight by its eternal sands.

While it wounds human vanity to reflect upon this total oblivion into which the great of the species have sunk, it is a consolation, and a great one, to find that the subject immediately before our eyes was a conquering Monarch. It may console those who have suffered from these licensed depredators, that the oppressors may be disappointed in their hopes of immortal fame, the prize for which they have sacrificed the lives and happiness of mankind entrusted to their care; and it holds out a warning to others not to follow that path which has hitherto been considered a royal road to immortality. When ambition, heated and nursed by flattery, reminds royal youth of the fame of a Cyrus, an Alexander, or a Napoleon, let cold truth interpose, and tell the tale of Psammis; that he was great, victorious, triumphant, and—forgotten.

It is not from *man* that we are to hope for immortality. To all that mortals project, undertake, or accomplish, there is a sure, though not fixed, termination. The actions and greatness of man will be veiled by a

never-failing oblivion, whose advance seems protracted, when compared with human life; yet but an instant, when compared with eternity. If we have acquired fame at the expense of virtue, we may gaze upon the drop of time which is our own with the false pleasure of vanity; but we dare not turn our eyes towards the ocean into which that drop has fallen. The only real immortality for which we can hope, or to which we have courage to look forward, is that which is prepared by the Deity, as an inestimable reward for a well-spent life; “τα δ’ ἄλλα συγγει πανθ’ ὁ παγκρατης χρονος.”

A. L. B.

---

OLD BOOTS.

---

“ Whose conceit  
Lies in his hamstring, and doth think it rich  
To hear the wooden dialogue and sound  
’Twixt his stretch’d footing and the scaffoldage.”

SHAKESPEARE.

I HAVE got a pair of old Boots.

I bought them at Exeter last Summer, and they withstood all the malice of Devonshire paviers in a most inconceivable style. The leather was of a most Editorial consistency, and the sole resembled a Quarto. It was in them that I revisited the desolate habitation of my infancy; it was their heavy changing sound which echoed through those deserted apartments. It was in them, too, that I tottered upon the perilous summit of the Ness; and it was in them that I got wet to the knees in the disagreeable tempest which waited upon the Dawlish Regatta. How many pleasant moments, how many dear friends, do they recall to my recollection! It was with their ponderous solidity that I astonished the weak nerves of one, and trod upon the weak toes of another.

Every inch of them, old and *emeriti* as they are, is pregnant with some delightful, some amiable sensation. It was in them that I excogitated the First Number of the Etonian.—They shall live to look upon the last! I cannot say they were ever very elegant in shape or texture. Like the genius of my friend Swinburne, they possessed more intrinsic strength than outward polish. They served me well, however, and travelled with me to Town.

I happened to put them on one wet morning in April. Whatever form or fashion they formerly boasted, was altogether extinct; they were as shapeless as an unlicked cub, and as dusky as a cloud on a November morning. I beheld their fallen appearance with some dismay. "I shall be stared at;" I said, "I had better take them off!"—but I thought of their former services, and resolved to keep them on.

They had brought their plated heels from the country, and they made a confounded noise upon the pavement as I walked along. Ding, dong, they went at every step, as if I carried a belfry swung at my toes. "This is a disagreeable sort of accompaniment," I said;—"I had better dismiss the Musicians!" Just at that moment a young Baronet passed me, attended by a fine dog. The dog was in high spirits, and made rather too much noise for the contemplative mood of his master. "Silence, Cæsar!—be quiet, Cæsar!"—No, it was all in vain, and Cæsar was kicked into the gutter. "That was cruel!" I said, "to dismiss an old servant, because he was a note too loud! I think I will keep my Boots!"

I walked in the Park with Golightly. By the side of my stabile footcase his neat and dapper instep cut a peculiarly smart figure; it was a Molossus tête-à-tête with a Pyrrhic; an Etonian's skiff moored along-side of a coal-barge. Golightly's meditations seemed to be of the same cast; he once or twice turned his eyes to the ground, as I thought with no very complacent aspect. "My friends grow ashamed of me," I said to myself—



"I must part with my Boots!" As I made up my mind to the sacrifice, Lady Eglantine met us, with her husband. She was constantly looking another way, nodding familiarly to the young men she met, and endeavouring to convince the world how thoroughly she despised the lump of earth which she was obliged to drag after her. "There is a woman," said Frederick, "who married Sir John for his money, and has not the sense to appear contented with the bargain she has made. What can be more silly than to look down thus upon a man of sterling worth, because he happened to be born a hundred miles from the Metropolis?"—"What can be more silly?" I repeated inwardly;—"I will never look down on my Boots again!"

We continued our walk, and Golightly began his usual course of strictures upon the place and the company. Hurried away by the constant flow of jest and wildness with which he embellishes his sketches, I soon forgot both the Boots, which had been the theme of my reflections, and the moral lessons which the subject had produced. There was an awkward stone in the way! Oh! my unfortunate heels! I broke down terribly, and was very near bringing my companion after me. I rose, and went on in great dudgeon. "This will never do," I muttered; "this will never do! I must positively cashier my Boots!" I looked up;—an interesting girl was passing, leaning on the arm of a young man, whose face I thought I recognised. She looked pale and feeble; and, when my friend bowed to her with unusual attention, she seemed embarrassed by the civility. "That is Anna Leith," said Golightly; "she made an imprudent match with that young man about a year ago, and her father has refused to see her ever since. Poor girl! she is in a rapid decline, and the remedies of her physicians have no effect upon a broken spirit.—I would never cast off a beloved object for a single false step!—"

"I will keep my Boots," I exclaimed,—"though they make a thousand!"

P. C.

## SONG TO THE SPRING BREEZE.

Oh! Spirit of the Breeze,  
 Who singest in the trees,  
 Making low music, while the young leaves dance;  
 Unveil, unveil to me  
 Thy beauty silently,  
 Let me thy bright eyes view, and dovelike countenance.

Oft doth my Fancy's eye  
 The Naiads fair espy,  
 Silently floating down some heaving stream;  
 And glisten as it sees  
 The green-rob'd Dryades,  
 Or Oreads dancing nightly by their Queen's pale beam.

And I, on nights of June,  
 Have watch'd, beneath the Moon,  
 The gambols quaint of many a gamesome Fay,  
 Around the tiny throne  
 Of mirthful Oberon,  
 And his capricious Queen, proud-eyed Titania.

But, Spirit of the Breeze,  
 Whose noonday melodies,  
 And fragrant breath, soothe me so tenderly;  
 In vain I strive to view  
 Thy form's celestial hue,  
 Too shadowy a dream art thou to flit o'er Fancy's eye.

Or art thou but a sound,  
 In fragrance floating round,  
 The whisper of some rural Deity;  
 Who, stretch'd in grotto calm,  
 With breath of purest balm,  
 Is warbling to the Nymph's delicious minstrelsy?

Oh! happy wandering thing,  
 Thus bearing on thy wing  
 Refreshing coolness, fragrance, and sweet sound;

How calmly dost thou stray  
Through groves and meadows gay,  
Still catching, as thou glidest on, new freshness from the  
ground.

Thou breathest on my brow,  
I feel thy kisses now,  
Thy cooling kisses :—but what charm was this ?  
For oh ! those kisses bore  
A joy unfelt before,  
A momentary, strange, imaginative bliss.

From my distemper'd brain  
Thou didst call up a train  
Of recollections sweet, which long had slept ;  
Almost before my eyes  
I saw dear forms arise,  
And cherish'd thoughts and feelings from their deep cells  
crept.

Whence was this wondrous spell ?  
Thou sweet-voiced Spirit tell—  
Oh ! com'st thou from mine own Salopian hills ?  
Their freshness dost thou bring,  
Thou blessed gale of Spring,  
With soothing charms to win me from my dream of ills ?

Oh ! there did lurk beneath  
The fragrance of thy breath  
A dim emotion of remémber'd joy ;  
And in thy voice I heard  
Tones that my spirit stirr'd,  
The kindly tones that spoke to me, and cheer'd me when  
a boy.

Hast thou not wandering been  
Amid those valleys green,  
Which bear the light print of my lov'd one's feet ;  
And as thou glidedst by,  
Caught her most holy sigh ?  
I felt, I felt its fragrance in thy kiss so sweet.

And hast thou not stray'd o'er  
Sabrina's grassy shore,  
Sweetening thy cool breath with her springing flowers ;  
And pass'd the cot where dwell  
They whom I love so well,  
Beneath their arching trees, and honeysuckle bowers ?

Bear'st thou not thence along  
My dark-brow'd sister's song,  
Her song so potent gentle hearts to move ;  
Whose sweet and maiden tone,  
Perchance hath sweeter grown,  
Now blended with the quiet sighs and tender notes of love ?

Or *she*, the mild-ey'd maid,  
Perchance by moonlight stray'd,  
Quietly gazing at the silent sky ;  
When thou didst catch her thought,  
With such calm rapture fraught,  
To breathe it o'er my weary soul, deliciously.

Oh ! thou hast nought to do  
Upon the ocean blue,  
Filling with busy breath the mariner's sails ;  
No worldly dull employment,  
Thou bodyless enjoyment,  
Is thine, nor aught hast thou to do with wild and  
warring gales.

But peacefully thou roamest,  
And wheresoe'er thou comest,  
Breathest around the freshness of the skies ;  
And on our hearts dost fling,  
From thy enchanted wing,  
Remembrances of absent love, calm thoughts, and happy  
sighs.

I know that thou art come  
From my far-distant home,  
And thy calm breathings tell what peace is there ;

But, gentle, say, returning,  
 Say not my soul is burning  
 With disappointment's bitter sting and comfortless despair.

Say that my spirit knows  
 Sweet moments of repose ;  
 That dear and happy musings still are mine ;  
 That Hope's bright dreams are flown,  
 But many a lingering tone  
 Of Memory's music lulls me yet to ecstasies divine.

JUAN.

### CAERNARVON CASTLE.

EMBLEM of Cambria's bondage! loftiest pile !  
 That rear'st thy head above the Menai's roar ;  
 And look'st with frowning aspect on yon isle—  
 The Druids' sacred haunt in days of yore—  
 Can thy proud battlements, thy castled height,  
 Checking each manly thought, each feeling bright,  
 Grant to the despot, in his power elate,  
 Requital for an injured people's hate ?

Oppression's strong resistless hand first traced  
 Thy firm foundation on the sea-girt plain ;  
 And each rude stone upon its bosom placed,  
 Added a link to Cambria's lengthening chain.  
 Where is thy former greatness ? where the pow'r  
 Which menaced vengeance from thine ancient tow'r ?  
 Where is the might which freeborn souls enthrall'd ?  
 And e'en Llewellyn's bravest bands appall'd ?

Faded are now thy glories ! nought is left  
 Of gilded pomp, of pageant, or of pride !  
 Thou stand'st, of all dismantled and bereft,  
 A lonely monument on Sciont's side !  
 Still art thou dignified ! majestic still !  
 And long thy fabric will an awe instil  
 On minds subdued by Fancy's airy wand.  
 Amidst thy ruins beautifully grand !

No banners on thine Eagle Turret wave,  
Plucked by a victor's hand from fields of blood !  
Thy sturdy bulwarks now can only brave  
The dashing foam of Menai's angry flood.  
No beacon blazes with its guardian light  
From thy lone watch-tow'r. The approaching fight  
No longer with its martial din alarms,  
Nor calls thy hardy veterans to arms.

While on thy shatter'd battlements I gaze,  
And mine eye wanders through thy vacant halls,  
My musing mind reverts to other days,  
And all thy grandeur, all thy pomp recalls.  
There warriors bold have stalk'd in armour mail'd—  
There festive mirth and laughter have prevail'd—  
There kings have ruled in majesty and pride—  
And courtly knights at Beauty's feet have sigh'd.

Where o'er the moat the drawbridge once was seen,  
And ponderous gate on massive hinges stood,  
Through yonder portal, enter'd England's Queen,  
Pregnant with hapless Cambria's servitude.  
Alas ! poor Eleanor ! thy deepest throes  
Were more embitter'd by a nation's woes ;  
The pangs, which in thy bosom thou didst nurse,  
Were made more poignant by a nation's curse.

Hark ! what wild shrieks from yonder lowly cell,  
Through stately halls and fretted galleries flow ;  
Resounding far with agonizing yell,  
From triple Snowdon's height to Penmaen's brow ;  
Deep in each soul hath sunk that groan of death,—  
The struggling effort of expiring breath !  
Woe to their country ! at that fatal stroke  
The tuneful chord of Cambria's harp was broke.

Insatiate monster ! could the hoary head  
Receive no reverence from heart like thine ?  
Was not the Royal Chief in fetters led,  
An ample victim at thine honour's shrine ?

Could'st thou not quench the spark of Freedom's flame,  
Which shed its lustre o'er the Cambrian name ;  
Till ceased the note responsive to its cries,  
Rousing to vengeance for thy cruelties ?

In those proud times, when Fortune's partial sun  
Illum'd thy stately structure with its ray,  
Full many a wretch, ere half his days were done,  
Has in thy donjon pined his hours away.  
Oft, amidst scenes of havoc, hast thou view'd  
The dire effects of rage and deadly feud ;  
Oft hast thou screen'd the murderer's guilty hand,  
And shelter'd in thy walls the robber's band.

Now that thy power is gone, thy greatness fled,  
Around thy turrets fearlessly I rove ;  
And the calm stillness from thy ruins shed,  
Enters my soul, and melts my heart to love.  
Happy amidst such scenes I could reside,  
Nor heed the waves of Fortune's adverse tide ;  
Were Ellen's sparkling eyes and image here,  
To glad my spirits, and my heart to cheer.

F. J.

---

ON THE DIVINITIES OF THE ANCIENTS.

To a person inquiring into the manners and customs of ancient nations, the religion which they professed, and the gods which they worshipped, will always appear objects of the greatest curiosity. And this will not be wondered at when we remember how intimately the religion of a state must necessarily be connected with its civil policy. In former times, when ignorance and superstition flourished, side by side, the aid of a Divinity was required for the carrying into effect of the most frivolous designs. No poem could succeed until the Muses were called upon in a well-rounded hexameter ;

VOL. III.

C

no war could prosper until Mars was propitiated by a sufficiency of roast beef. The ancients appear to have had some faint idea of the ubiquity of the Deity; but not comprehending how such a faculty had been vested in a single Divinity, they formed to themselves a set of superior powers, calculated to attend upon every emergency, from Jupiter the god of thunder, to Tussis the god of coughing. It is therefore evident that the consideration of the religious ideas of the ancients must be inseparably united with the study of the other parts of their history.

In the remarks which I am about to make upon this subject, I must request that one or two preliminaries may be kept in mind. First, that the characters of the constant supporters of "The Etopian" may not be implicated in the blunders of an occasional correspondent; and, secondly, that I may not be understood as endeavouring to compose a regular essay or treatise upon the topic which is before me. I have no more the inclination than I have the ability to attempt such a task. The observations which I shall have occasion to make, will be merely the unripe fruit of an hour of leisure; merely a few unconnected hints, thrown out at random for your amusement, Mr. Editor, and that of my fellow-citizens. If they are pleased with them, they will thank me, and I am sufficiently repaid: if not—*n'importe*;—they will at least give me credit for good intentions.

The first point which I shall notice is the opinion which the ancients entertained of the power and authority of their heavenly rulers. And as the study of fallen religions is principally useful as it shows to us the superiority of that religion which can never fall, let us first see upon what footing Christianity stands in this respect. In my eyes, and in the eyes of every one upon whom the light of revelation has dawned, the mention of a God presupposes an idea of infinite, irresistible, indisputable power. One cannot form the most remote



conception of a Deity, whose powers or existence should be in any way limited. One of the distinguishing attributes of Christianity is, that with its God nothing is impossible. He is omniscient, omnipresent, omnipotent. Can we say the same of the gods of the heathen—"the gods of wood and stone, the work of men's hands?"

Alas! alas!—they raised ghosts, and they raised tempests; they scolded, and they thundered; they drank nectar, and drove doves: but when any thing serious was to be done,—when a battle was to be decided, or an empire overthrown, they were frequently as powerless to slay or to save as the sceptre which they wielded, or the cloud which they bestrode. Let us call before us some of the most formidable, and examine into their pretensions to Olympus.

Come down, then, Jupiter, from the little pedestal on which I have placed your plaister effigy! Come down, Father of men and Gods, counsel-giving, wide-thundering, cloud-compelling! Come down, thou who overthrowest the Titans and abusest thy wife; thou who art so fond of the voice of prayer and the smoke of hecatombs; thou who hast so many epithets, and so many sons; thou who governest Olympus, and meritest Bridewell! Where are thy frowns and thy nods? thy muscles and thy sinews? thy darts and thy decrees? Where are the looks which appal—the blows which destroy? Where is the unbroken chain—the insatiable vulture? Where are the Cyclopes who forge the lightning, and the poets who forge the Cyclopes? Alas! Jupiter, amidst all your terrors, in Heaven or on Ida, in feasting or in wrath, in poetry or in prose, thou wert a quack, Jupiter, a most contemptible quack; so utterly destitute of every thing that could ensure respect; so miserably deficient in every thing that could inspire fear; such a pitiful compound of ignorance and knowledge, of strength and imbecility, of vanity and vice,—that if the days of thy sovereignty could return again,—

if thou couldst again be fed upon sacrifice and flattery, I swear by thine own beard I would as soon be an Irus as a Jupiter.

The truth is, that the religion of the ancients, as far as it can be collected from their writings, partook in no small degree of predestination. Yet it is enveloped in so much obscurity, that it is very difficult for us,—nay, it might have been very difficult for them,—to define, where the supremacy of Fate should stop, and the authority of the Gods commence. We find some unfortunate Divinity perpetually endeavouring to overthrow some State which is destined to stand, or to destroy some Hero who is destined to live; although the said Divinity has an innate perception that his struggles in either instance must eventually be fruitless. I know not that these ideas may be said to be founded solely on the marvellous fictions of the poets; but, let me ask, would Diomedes have ever inflicted a wound upon Mars, if Homer had seen in Mars a formidable being? or would Juno have ever strutted and stormed through the *Æneid*, if Virgil had cared a sixpence for her displeasure? When I see these liberties taken with the Gods in writing, I feel convinced that equal liberties will be taken with them in life; when I find an immortal and an invincible being knocked on the head or run through the belly at the mercy of a terrestrial wit, I naturally conclude that in the country where such a phenomenon takes place, few persons will boggle at a perjury from the apprehension of a thunderbolt. But this is not all!—There seems to have existed an idea, that a time was approaching when the great offspring of Saturn would be hurled down from the seat he occupied, and subjected to an ignominious destiny, if not to utter annihilation. This is one of the most singular and unaccountable points in their system of faith. Without going into discussions, to which I am unequal, upon the origin and import of this notion, I

must express my surprise at the blindness of those who dressed up a figure, loaded with all these debilities, as their Supreme Power, and installed him in the seat of universal dominion.

As I have been making allusions to the introduction of the Gods in the battles of the Epics, I shall proceed to say a few words upon the subject. The worthy gentry of Olympus, resembling men in their vices, their passions, their liability to pain, and their delight in carnage, made a very tolerable figure in a fair stand-up fight. Their characters could suffer very little from their making use of brazen arms, riding in wooden chariots, and wrestling with antagonists of mere flesh and blood. Mars, to be sure, would have done better if he had refrained from howling; and Juno would not have lost in dignity, if she had been a little more cautious in boxing the ears of Diana. But, upon the whole, these people are very good matter for the poet; and I would as lief meet them in an hexameter as in a temple.

But it is a very different thing when the person of the only true God is to be introduced in a poem. A pigmy in poetry may trifle with the thunders of Jupiter; but a Hercules should beware how he handles the terrors of Jehovah. A rhymers may talk what nonsense he pleases of a mythology which consists of fiction and tinsel; but he should be afraid to touch upon a theme in which there is truth, and eternity, and power. It is for this reason that I can never read, without disgust, those passages of Tasso, in which the Divine agency is degraded to the level of the machinery of the poem.

When, however, the description falls into the hands of one who is able to do justice to it, see how the glories of the Heathen Mythology sink before the effulgence of the living God. Search the most celebrated descriptions of heathen writers; and where, where, in the brightest moments of inspiration, will you find a passage that

can for a moment be compared with that of the Psalmist :—

“ The earth trembled and quaked ; the very foundations of the hills shook, and were removed, because he was wrath. There went a smoke out in his presence, and a consuming fire out of his mouth, so that coals were kindled at it. He bowed the heavens also and came down, and it was dark under his feet. He rode upon the cherubims and did fly: he came flying upon the wings of the wind. He made darkness his secret place ; his pavilion round about him, with dark water and thick clouds to cover him. At the brightness of his presence his clouds removed ; hailstones and coals of fire. The Lord also thundered out of Heaven, and the Highest gave his thunder ; hailstones and coals of fire. He sent out his arrows and scattered them ; he cast forth lightnings and destroyed them. The springs of waters were seen, and the foundations of the round world were discovered, at thy chiding, O Lord, at the blasting of the breath of thy displeasure.”

When I look at the famous nod of Jupiter—

‘Η, και κυανησιν ἐπ’ ὀφρυσι νευσε Κρονίων,  
 Ἀμβροσίοι δ’ ἄρα χεῖται ἐπερ’ ῥωσαντο ἄνακτος  
 Κρατος ἀπ’ ἀθανάτοιο· μέγαν δ’ ἱλαλιξεν Ὀλύμπου—

I have before me a distinct image of a handsome terrible-looking man, sitting on a throne, and shaking his head ; but when I read the passage which I have quoted above, I find no clear image represented ; I feel only a dark and undefinable sensation of awe—a consciousness of the presence of the Deity, visible, yet clothed with darkness as with a veil.

Look now at the terrible magnificence with which Ezekiel has overshadowed the Almighty. After a gorgeous description of the attendant ministers, he says :—

“ And there was a voice from the firmament that was over their heads, when they stood and had let down their wings. And above the firmament that was over their heads, was the likeness of a throne, as the appearance of a sapphire stone, and upon the likeness of the throne was the likeness as the appearance of a man upon it. And I saw as the colour of amber, as the appearance of fire round about within it, from the appearance of his loins even upward, and from the appearance of his loins even downward, I saw as it were the appearance of fire, and it had brightness round about. As the appearance of the bow that is in the

cloud in the day of rain, so was the appearance of the brightness round about. This was the appearance of the likeness of the glory of the Lord. And when I saw it, I fell upon my face, and I heard a voice of one that spake."

My quotations are running to a great length ; nevertheless I cannot refrain from transcribing the splendid description of the Messiah, in which our own Milton has united the above two passages :—

" Forth rush'd with whirlwind sound  
The chariot of Paternal Deity,  
Flashing thick flames, wheel within wheel withdrawn,  
Itself instinct with spirit, but convoyed  
By four cherubick shapes, four faces each  
Had wondrous, as with stars their bodies all  
And wings were set with eyes, with eyes the wheels  
Of beril and careering fires between ;  
Over their heads a crystal firmament,  
Whereon a sapphire throne inlaid with pure  
Amber, and colours of the showery arch.  
He in celestial panoply all armed  
Of radiant Urim, work divinely wrought,  
Ascended ; at his right hand Victory  
Sate eagle-winged, beside him hung his bow  
And quiver, with three-bolted thunder stored,  
And from about him fierce effusion roll'd  
Of smoke and bickering flame, and sparkles dire ;  
Attended with ten thousand thousand saints  
He onward came, far off his coming shone,  
And twenty thousand (I their number heard),  
Chariots of God, half on each hand were seen.  
He on the wings of cherub rode sublime,  
On the crystalline sky in sapphire thron'd."

After having transcribed three such passages as these, I am in no mind to return at present to the dirt and filth of the Pagan superstition, and I shall hasten to a conclusion.

I have been digressing from my original propositum, until at last I have left the Divinities of the Ancients, and set to work at proving that Homer and Virgil are far inferior to David, Ezekiel, and Milton, which after all is a very easy task, and not very new. I intended to

have made this a very learned paper, to have talked much of Egypt, a little of M. Belzoni, and several other matters, which I have not time to enumerate. Here, however, is the fruit of my labours; I am too lazy, or too busy, to alter, or add, or erase; in thus rambling through five or six pages, instead of labouring through fifty, my time has been expended, I am sure, more pleasantly to myself, and I hope as agreeably to my readers.

J. HARVEY.

### STANZAS.

Thou hast left us, dearest Spirit, and left us all alone,  
But thou thyself to glory and liberty art flown;  
And the song that tells thy virtues, and mourns thy early  
doom,  
Should be gentle as thy happy death, and peaceful as thy tomb.

Thy place no longer knows thee beside the household hearth,  
We miss thee in our hour of woe, we miss thee in our mirth;  
But the thought that thou wert one of us—that thou hast  
borne our name,  
Is more than we would part with for fortune or for fame.

Thy dying gift of love, 'twas a light and slender token,  
And thy parting words of comfort were few and faintly spoken;  
But memory must forsake us, and life itself decay,  
Ere those gifts shall lie forgotten, or those accents pass away.

Farewell, our best and fairest! a long, a proud farewell!  
May those who love thee follow to the place where thou dost  
dwell—  
Like the lovely star that led from far the wanderers to their God,  
May'st thou guide us in the pathway which thy feet in beauty  
trod.

W.

**HORÆ PALUDANÆ ;**

**OR, DROPS OF DERWENTWATER.**

**NO. III.**

**MY SISTER.**

**SHE sang—perchance to wile the hours,  
Or exercise her fairy powers ;  
She sang—I sat in silence by,  
And listen'd to her minstrelsy.  
I ask'd her not to wake the note  
Which I lov'd best, because I thought  
Choice and fore-purpose would destroy,  
Or mar at least, the freeborn joy ;  
Therefore I sate in silence by,  
And listen'd to her minstrelsy.  
I took it, as a sweet thing sent  
By nature, a stray gift, not meant.  
For me, yet in fruition  
To all intents and ends my own ;  
And listen'd to it, e'en as I  
Would to the chance-heard melody  
Of the stock-dove from his bower,  
Or lark from her ærial tour.**

**C. L.**

*Muswell-hill, April 1, 1821.*

## MUSIC.

THANKS for those soft and soothing numbers !  
They've waked my dull heart from its slumbers ;  
And on the wings of thy sweet strain  
I soar to life and love again.

By the spirit-thrilling sound  
My chained feelings are unbound ;  
Like streams from winter-frost set free,  
They leap and murmur joyously.

Hail to thee, Music ! hail to thee !  
Thou art the voice of Liberty !  
—Swept in a flood of welcome tears,  
Th' encroaching present disappears ;

And to the soul's entranced eyes  
In dim and ghostly beauty rise,  
As on the feign'd Elysian green,  
The forms of all things that have been.

And thoughts and fancies, a sweet throng,  
That in the mind's dark corners long  
Slumber'd unseen, come forth to play,  
Like insects on a sunny day.

—Strange spell ! yet wherefore seek to explore  
The wondrous source of Music's power,  
As children search the white rose through  
To find the secret of its hue ?

No—Sages, vainly ye endeavour  
Mystery from life to sever ;  
Since man's best joys and loves are wrought  
From things he comprehendeth not !

G. M.



## REMINISCENCES OF MY YOUTH.

NO. II.

Admonitu locorum.—CICERO.

It is the seventh day of my revisiting! The burst of almost painful affection which came over me as I first trod upon the scene of brighter hours, and the glow of heart and brow, which seemed like a resuscitation of feelings and passions that have long lain dormant in forgetfulness—these have gradually died away: but there has succeeded, dearest spot, a mellowed fondness for you, which, were I to live an eternity with you, would remain through that eternity, unperishable. I now am delighted to muse upon the sweetness of those recollections, whose overpowering throb I at first could hardly endure; and love to call up before me those imaginings, which at first rushed upon me with the overwhelming force of a cataract. I look around me! a spirit seems to be sitting on every house-top, lingering in every grove; incidents in themselves the most humble, objects in themselves the most mean—like insects preserved in amber—derive nobility and beauty from the colours which memory has thrown around them!

There are associations in the names and the aspects of places, which it is impossible for us to restrain or subdue. Who shall gaze upon the Capitol, and not think upon the Cæsars? Who shall roam round Stonehenge, and not shudder at the knife of the Druids? Who shall be a sojourner in Eastcheap, and not enjoy sweet visions of Shakspeare? My Native Village! less celebrated are the worthies whose images you recall to my imagination, but they are recalled in colours as constant and as vivid. How can I look upon your sports, without

thinking of those who were my companions when I joined in them? How can I listen to the voice of your merriment, without thinking of those from whom in other days it sprung?

Before me is the Tavern! the lapse of years has hardly bored an additional excavation in its dusky window-curtain, or borrowed a single shade from the boards of its faded sign. But its inmates have vanished; their laughter is no longer heard in their place; and the red brick wall of the Ship stands before me like the cemetery of their mirth, their wit, and their good-humour. In my youth I was wild,—blame me you that have never been so,—and I loved to mingle in this scene of rustic joviality, to listen to the remarks of untutored simplicity, to envy those who had grown gray, untainted by the corruptions of “this great Babel,” and to feel how truly it was said,

———“where ignorance is bliss,  
’Tis folly to be wise.”

Many years ago I looked upon these boyish pursuits with an eye very different from that which is now cast back towards them. Many years ago, I thought nothing disgraceful which was not incompatible with innocence in myself and charity towards my fellow-creatures;—what would you have?—I have grown more prudent,—and I am not so happy.

The great room of this humble building was the Curia of the village. In it the patriarchs of the place held their nightly sittings, and discussed ale and politics with unremitting assiduity. There was no inebriety, no tumult, no ill-mannered brutality in their sessions; every thing was conducted with the greatest order and tranquillity; the old men assembled with all the gravity, with all the earnestness, perhaps with much of the wisdom, of great statesmen. Alas! ye profane ones, ye smile; ye look with contempt upon my rustic Curia, and my weather-beaten statesmen. And what are the great ones

of this earth? Shall not the beings of a more exalted sphere contemplate with equal scorn the wranglings of more honoured senates? You turn with disgust from the eloquence of a Huggins or a Muggins! Look ye then to the oratory of a Cicero, to the patriotism of a Brutus, or, if you will, to the commanding energies of a Pitt and a Fox! Years roll on, and—what are they?

However, call it a Curia, or a Club, or what ye will, custom had established in this mansion a meeting of all the wise heads and all the choice spirits of the hamlet. At first the members of it were very independent of all party considerations, and each was too conscious of his own individual merits, to become a hanger-on of any more important potentate; whatever subject was tabled, whether it were the Holy Alliance or the Holy Church—the taste of the new tap, or the conduct of the new member,—every one said what he thought, and had no idea of bowing to the opinion of his neighbour. In process of time, however, this laudable spirit of liberty and equality began, as in other places, to decline. Some of the members became idle and complaisant, others waxed mighty and overbearing; until at last the Parliament of ——— became subservient to the will and wishes of a single ruler; and Jeremiah Snaggs took his place in my memorandum-book as the first Dictator.

He had lived many years in the place, so that he was well known to most of its inhabitants,—to some too well. He had long enjoyed the office of collector of the taxes in ——— and its neighbourhood, and had contrived to grow rich, as some whispered not by the most creditable methods. However that might be, he *was* rich, and as the patriarchal simplicity of the spot declined, many began to look with ill-concealed covetings upon the possessions of Jeremiah Snaggs. He had built to himself a mansion by the road-side, with a small garden in front; and there was a very extraordinary appendage to it, which excited much speculation among his unsophisticated contemporaries, and which he denominated a

Veranda. For some time he remained shut up in his citadel, and seemed to condemn the courtesies, and repel the approaches, of the inferior beings who moved around him. Afterwards, however, he found the solitude of his home (for he was a bachelor) insupportable; and he emerged gradually from his retirement, and condescended to join in the social assemblies of his neighbours. He joined them not as a fellow-citizen, but as a sovereign; he came among them, not to brighten their festivity, but to chill their good-humour; his presence was not an assistance, but a restraint. Nevertheless, he was the great man of the place, and in a short time his word was law among its inhabitants. Whether the ascendancy was owing rather to the talents which he occasionally displayed, or to the dinners which he occasionally gave, I cannot say. Thomas the boat-builder, who till now had the credit of being a staunch Whig, and the boldness to avow it, drew in his horns; his patriotism, his oratory, his zeal, shrank into nothing before the fiat of the Tory Bashaw. He made indeed a violent opposition when Jeremiah proposed the introduction of port wine, in lieu of the malt which had hitherto been the inspiration of their counsels; and he was somewhat refractory, when the Dictator insisted upon turning out the seats of the last generation, and introducing modern chairs. But upon both points the boat-builder was outvoted; and in obedience to Mr. Snaggs, the senators dozed upon nauseous port, and fidgeted upon cane bottoms, for the space of six years. Look now!—you smile at the disputes of a Thomas and a Snaggs!—yet why? what is there of greater moment in those of a Londonderry and a Brougham?

A period, however, was soon put to this terrible system of misrule: an old favourite of the Hundred returned from fighting his country's battles, in which occupation he had been perseveringly engaged for the last fourteen years. Sergeant Kerrick was disgusted with the innovations of the day, and set vigorously to

work to drive them before him, as he expressed himself, at the point of the bayonet. The Sergeant was always a fine man, but he was now a cripple into the bargain; he had always majestic black eyes, but he had now the additional advantage of having a cut over both; he had always the two legs of Hercules, but now—glorious destiny!—he had only one to stand upon. He was irresistible! The Veranda, the roast mutton, the will—all, all was forgotten. In a short time Snaggs was beat by unheard-of majorities;—a week,—and the tide of Whitbread's best was turned into its proper channel; another, and the cane-bottoms were kicked ignominiously from the Parliament. Thomas the boat-builder, who had seceded in disappointment, was brought back in triumph; the Dictator in vain attempted to check the progress of the revolution; baffled, defeated, insulted on all sides, he retired from the field in dismay, and died within a week afterwards from the falling of his Veranda. His death produced no sensation; for it was evident that the man of war had been already installed in his place.

The Sergeant bore his faculties right meekly, and promoted the restoration of *l'ancien regime* to the utmost of his abilities. During his administration people began to talk with some little degree of freedom, although at first they were much awed by the laurels and the scars of their President. They had a wondrous idea of the wisdom he had attained upon his travels. How could they talk of politics in his presence? Why, gracious! he had held the Emperor o' Russia's stirrup at Petersburg, and taken off his hat to the Pope o' Rome,—ay! and caught a glimpse o' Boney to boot. Then, as to religious matters! why the Vicar was nothing to him: he had seen some nations that pray crosslegged, and some that pray in the open air, and some that don't pray at all; and he had been to St. Peter's, and a place they call the Pantheon, and all among the convents and nunneries, where they shut up young folk to make clergymen of them. It is not surprising that all this condensation of know-

ledge produced much veneration in the neighbourhood; it wore off, however, rapidly, and his companions began to enjoy the tales of his hardships, his privations, his battles, and his triumphs, without any feeling of distance or dissatisfaction. Enchanted by the stories he told, enchanted still more by the enthusiasm with which he told them, the *Patres Conscripti* began to despise their hitherto pacific habits; they carried their sticks on their shoulders, instead of trailing them on the ground; they longed

“ To follow to the field some warlike lord; ”

all of them began to look big, and one or two made some proficiency in swearing. By the edict of the Dictator, the biblical prints which were ranged round the chamber made room for coloured representations of Cressy and Agincourt; and the table was moved into such a situation as to give sufficient room for the manual exercise. The women of the village began to be frightened; Matthew Lock, a fine young man of eighteen, ran away to be listed; Mark Fender, a fine old man of eighty, lost an eye in learning *parry tierce*; two able-bodied artisans caught an ague by countermarching in a shower; apprehensions of a military government began to be pretty general,—when suddenly the Dictator was taken off by an apoplexy.—*Ibi omnis effusus labor!* He died when the organization of the corps was just completed: he was carried to his final quarters in great state, and three pistols and a blunderbuss were fired over his grave. Why should we contemn his lowly sepulchre? He died—and so did Alexander.

The warlike Tullus was succeeded by the pacific Numa. Kerrick, the Serjeant, was succeeded by Nicholas, the Clerk. The six months during which the progeny of Mars had held the reins of government, had unsettled every thing; the six weeks which saw Nicholas in his stead set every thing in its place again. In the course of a few days it was discovered that drab was

a better colour than red, and that an oyster-knife was a prettier weapon than a bayonet. In this short reign the Magnates of the place imbibed a strong taste for literature and the arts. The blunderbuss was exchanged for the "Pilgrim's Progress," and one of the pistols for the "Whole Duty of Man." Nicholas himself was a man of considerable acquirements; he was the best reader in the place next to the Vicar, and by dint of much scraping and perseverance he had managed to fill two shelves with a heterogeneous confusion of ancient and modern lore. There was an odd volume of the "History of England," sundry ditto of Sermons, an account of "Anson's Voyage Round the World," and "The righte Pathe toe Welle-Doinge," by Geoffry Mixon. There was also a sage Treatise on Ghosts, Spectres, Apparitions, &c. which instigated me to various acts of atrocity, to which I shall presently allude.

Nicholas had presided over the conclave for four months in uninterrupted tranquillity, when an incident occurred which put the firmness of his character to the test. The Parliament had just finished their second jug one evening, and were beginning to think of an adjournment, when a low rumbling noise, like the echo of distant thunder, was heard, and in a moment afterwards the door, as it were spontaneously, flew open, and a spectre flew in. It is needless for me to describe the spectre: it was, *selon regle*, above the common height, with pale cheeks, hollow voice, and staring eyes. It advanced to the Dictator's chair, and moaned, in an audible murmur, "I am thine evil genius, Nicholas!—thou shalt see me at church on Sunday." And then it immediately vanished, nobody knew how or where. Well indeed it might, for few of the company were qualified to play the spy on its motions. The Clerk, however, is said to have kept his seat with great firmness; and all avowed that they had followed his example. Howbeit, unless my memory fails me, there was a whisper that the saddler contrived to be looking under the table for a sixpence,

and the exciseman's sooty appearance told dirty tales of the chimney. The Clerk was much importuned not to hazard himself in the church upon the fated Sabbath; but upon this point he was obstinate: it was finally agreed to conceal the matter, and in the event of the apparition's reappearance to set the Minister at him.

On the Sunday, (for I suppose the reader is aware that I was intimately acquainted with the causes of the alarm) it was very amusing to watch the different faces of terror or expectation which appeared at public worship, to mark the quivering hue on the sallow cheek of the exciseman, and listen to the querulous intonation of the clerk's Amen. When at last the sermon was concluded, Nicholas gave his final twang in such a manner that to my ears it resembled an *Io Pæan*. He rose from his knees with a countenance of such unmingled, unrepressed triumph, that I could no longer restrain myself!—I laughed. Alas! dearly did I rue, unhappy wight, that freak of sacrilegious jocularity.

"And is this all?"—See now; you laugh at this deception, because a foolish boy was its instrument, and an honest clerk its victim. Have you not often pored, with romantic interest, upon tales of impostures equally gross? Have you not read with horror the celebrated warning of Dion? Have you not shuddered at "I am thine evil spirit, Brutus; thou shalt see me again at Philippi?" and yet

"What's in a name?"

'Nicholas' will raise a spirit as well as 'Brutus.'"

The Dictator's seat was soon after vacated. Ellen, the Vicar's daughter, had died some years before; and her father, finding himself unable to reconcile himself to the residence which she had so long endeared to him, prepared to quit the village. It was supposed that poor Nicholas was overpowered by the misfortune of his patron: certain it is that he died very quietly one fine summer's evening, quite prepared for his end, and in the fullest possession of his faculties. He was followed to



his grave by as sincere a crowd of mourners as ever wept at a poor man's obsequies. There is no urn, no column, no monumental splendor where he sleeps! But what of this? Nicholas is dust—and so is Cheops.

One more name lives in my recollection. The old Clerk bequeathed his library and his authority to his favourite, Arthur. Arthur!—he had no other name. That of his father was unknown to him, and he was taken from life before his merits had earned one. He was a foundling. He had been left at the old Clerk's door some years before I was born; and Nicholas had relieved the parish of the expense, and had educated him with all the attention of a father. I will not relate the whisper which went about at the time, nor the whispers which succeeded afterwards. Arthur grew in health and beauty, and was quite the pet of the neighbourhood; he had talents too, which seemed designed for brighter days; and patience, which made even his bitter lot endurable. He used to write verses which were the admiration of the synod; and sang his hearers to sleep occasionally with all the good-nature imaginable. At last a critic of distinguished note, who was spending a few months near the hamlet, happened to get a sight of the boy's poetry, and took a fancy to him. He taught him to read and recite with feeling; pointed out to him the beauties and the errors of the models which he put into his hands; and, on his departure, gave him the works of several of our modern worthies, and promised that he would not forget him. However, he *did* forget him, or gave no symptoms of his remembrance.

The old Clerk died; and Arthur felt alone in the world. Still he had many friends; and when the first burst of his regret was over, comfortable prospects again began to dawn upon him. He again mingled in the society of the village; and the Dictator's chair in the chimney-corner, which had been vacated during this short interregnum, was given up to him cheerfully. He was beloved, esteemed, looked up to, by every one.

Another circumstance too, seemed likely to add to his happiness : he fixed his affections on a young woman, the daughter of an inhabitant of the place ; his passion was returned with interest, and the latter opposed no obstacle to its gratification.

On a sudden his whole appearance and behaviour was altered. He seemed as if awaking from a delightful dream ; nothing which he had loved or pursued appeared to have charms for him any longer. When he was questioned as to the cause of his depression, he hinted obscurely that “ it was no matter ; the infamy which his parents had heaped upon him he would bear alone ; he would entangle no one else in the misery which was and must be his own portion.” This was all the explanation he gave ; but it was enough to show that he had given himself up to the dominion of a morbid sensibility, which must finally be his destruction.

He ceased to lead, as he formerly was wont to do, the opinions and pursuits of his neighbours. They had always bowed to his criticisms, his logic, his lectures ; but criticism, logic, and lectures, were now silent. He would sit in the chair of dignity hour after hour, and utter no word : sometimes, however, he would appear to shake off, with a painful struggle, the feelings which oppressed him, and would break out suddenly into flashes of a broad but irresistible humour, which Burns, in his brightest moments, could not have surpassed ; and then he would relapse again into gloom and taciturnity. But his mind, thus kept in a state of continual agitation and excitement, was sinking fast beneath it. The girl, too, whom he loved, was wretched through his refinement of passion. She believed herself slighted, and her coldness aggravated his torments. This could not last !—It did not.

One day he did not make his appearance in the village. One of his friends, going to his cottage, found the door fastened ; and, upon calling, received no

answer. The neighbourhood became alarmed; and several of his acquaintance searched in vain for him. He was not by the stream where he often sat in solitude till the noxious dew fell round him; nor in the grove, where he used to listen to the nightingales till fancy filled up the pauses in their songs; nor by the window where he would stand and gaze unconsciously till the sight of that dear face drove him from the scene of enchantment. At last they forced open his door; I entered with them. The poor youth was sitting at his writing-table, in his old Patron's arm-chair; the pen seemed to have just fallen from his hand; the ink on its nib was hardly dry; but he was quite still, quite silent, quite cold.

His last thoughts seemed to have been spent upon the stanzas which were on the table before him. I will transcribe them, rather as an illustration of his story than as a specimen of his talents. Some of the lines gave rise to a conjecture that he had been the author of his own death, but nothing appeared to warrant the suspicion.

“ I have a devil in my brain !—  
 He haunts me when I sleep,  
 And points his finger at my pain,  
 And will not let me weep :  
 And ever, as he hears me groan,  
 He says the cause is all my own.

I shall be calm anon !—I had  
 A pleasant dream of bliss ;  
 And now they tell me I am mad,—  
 Why should I mourn for this ?  
 My good, kind Parents !—answer ye,  
 For what I am, and am to be.

Alas ! I have forgotten, dear,  
 The pledging and the vow ;  
 There is a falsehood in my tear,  
 I do not love thee now :  
 Or how could I endure to go,  
 And look, and laugh, and leave thee so ?

Thou shalt not come to my caress,  
 Thou shalt not bear my name;  
 Nor sorrow in my wretchedness,  
 Nor wither in my shame;  
 Mine is the misery and the moan,  
 And I will die—but die alone!"

Him too I saw carried to his narrow dwelling-place. In his latter days he had been regarded by his companions with a kind of superstitious awe; and, as his coffin fell with its solemn, reverberating sound, into its allotted space, the bearers looked upon each other with an expression of conscious mystery, and many shook their heads in silence. I lingered round the spot when they departed, and planted a rose upon his humble mound.

I was to leave the village the next day in order to fix my abode among the haunts of busy men. In the evening, feeling a melancholy which I could not shake off, I took up my hat and wandered towards the churchyard. From a distance I perceived a bright and delicate figure hastily retiring from my approach. I leaned over the remains of the kind, the enthusiastic, the affectionate! The rose which I had planted there glistened beneath the moon:—it was not the dew;—it was something more clear, more precious:—it was one beautiful tear! I had rather have such a tear on my grave than a pyramid of marble.

W. M. P.

### STANZAS.

NAY, let us hope! it is not vain—  
 Though many and many a joy be flown:  
 Sublimier blessings yet remain—  
 A few rich hearts are still our own;  
 A few, a very few, whose love  
 Nor fate nor years from us can sever;  
 And guiding light from Heaven above;  
 And Time, that smiles on firm endeavour.

There is a manliness in hope,  
 It sets the exorcis'd spirit free  
 To burst the present's cloudy cope,  
 And breathe in clear futurity.

There, pure from grief, and sin, and toil,  
 That shade the sky of passing time,  
 Lies a new world— an untrod soil—  
 A shadowy Eden, still in prime.

There, all we honour'd, all we lov'd,  
 More fair, more glorious still appears;  
 And hopes are crown'd; and faith approv'd;  
 And peace smiles calm on moonlight years.

And if, 'mid that delicious trance,  
 We waste one thought on present sorrow,  
 Its memory serves but to enhance  
 The blissful vision of to-morrow.

As when the shadowy Good repose,  
 Lapt on the green Elysian plain,  
 And dream awhile of earthly woes,  
 To wake in Heaven more blest again!

G. M.

## ON TRUE FRIENDSHIP.

“*Inſido ſcurræ diſtabit amicus.*” — HORACE.

How very seldom do we find any one who has a relish for real Friendship—who can set a due value upon its approbation, and pay a due regard to its censures! Adulation lives, and pleases; Truth dies, and is forgotten. The flattery of the fool is always pungent and delicious; the rebuke of the wise is ever irksome and hateful. Wherefore, then, do we accuse the Fates when they withhold from us the blessings of friendship, if we ourselves have not the capacity for enjoying them?

Schah Sultan Hossein, says an old Persian fable, had two favourites. Mahamood was very designing and smooth-tongued; Selim was very open and plain-spoken. After a space, the intrigues of Mahamood had the upper hand, and Selim was banished from the court. Then Zobeide, the mother of the Sultan's mother, a wise woman, and one learned in all the learning of the Persians, stood before the throne, and spoke thus:—

“When I was young I was said to be beautiful. Upon one occasion, a great fête was to be given. The handmaids dressed my hair in an inner apartment. ‘Look,’ said one, ‘how bright are her eyes!’ ‘What a complexion,’ said another, ‘is upon her cheeks!’ ‘What sweetness,’ cried a third, ‘in her voice!’ I grew sick of all this adulation. I sent my woman from me, and complained to myself bitterly. ‘Why have I not,’ I cried, ‘some friend on whom I can rely; who will tell me with sincerity when the roses on my cheeks begin to fade, and the darkness of my eyebrows to want colouring? But alas! this is impossible.’

“As I spoke, a beneficent Genius rose from the ground before me. ‘I have brought thee,’ he said, ‘what thou didst require: thou shalt no longer have occasion to reproach the Prophet for denying thee that which, if granted, thou wouldst thyself destroy.’ So saying, he held forth to me a small locket, and disappeared.

“I opened it impatiently. It contained a small plate, in shape like a horseman's shield, but so bright that the brightness of twenty shields would be dim before it: I looked, and beheld every charm upon which I valued myself reflected upon its surface. ‘Delightful Monitor!’ I exclaimed, ‘thou shalt ever be my companion; in thee I may safely confide; thou art not mercenary, nor changeable; thou wilt always speak to me the truth—as thou dost now!’ and I kissed its polish exultingly, and hastened to the fête.

“Something happened to ruffle my temper, and I returned to the palace out of humour with myself and the

world. I took up my treasure. Heavens! what a change was there! my eyes were red with weeping—my lips distorted with vexation. My beauty was changed into deformity—my dimples were converted into frowns. ‘Liar!’ I cried, in a frenzy of passion, ‘what meanest thou by this insolence? art thou not in my power, and dost thou provoke me to wrath?’ I dashed my monitor to the earth, and went in search of the consolation of my flatterers!”

Zobeide here ceased. I know not whether the reader will comprehend the application of her narrative. The Sultan did,—and Selim was recalled.

M. STERLING.

## LETTERS FROM OXFORD.

NO. II.

TO PEREGRINE COURTENAY, ESQ.

M—— College, Monday Evening.

MY DEAR EDITOR,

HERE I am, on my first introduction to *Alma Mater*, no longer the Eton Boy, but the Oxford Man. I shall not attempt to describe to you the various speculations which floated around me, as the *Defiance* bowled along the Henley road, or embody in words the agitating sensations which I felt on descending the heights in the neighbourhood of Oxford. They commanded a panoramic view of those turrets which were to be the future scene of all my hopes and fears; and, as I caught the first glance of *Academus*, peeping from between the elm groves in which she appears from this quarter to be embowered, it was but likely that certain suggestions of doubt and anxiety should intrude themselves into the company of those high aspirations in which I was in-

VOL. III.

D

dulging. Of course, amid the bustle of this new world, I have little time for argumentative dissertations, and therefore you must expect nothing but plain unvarnished facts from this communication. Immediately on my arrival, I put myself under the protection of our esteemed friend, ROBERT STERLING, who has got a scholarship with an odd name at this College. Luckily I found him in his rooms; and I need hardly mention that he received me with the greatest kindness. His hospitality, we all know, is rather of the rough sort; and he made me swallow a pint of wine at noonday, by way of dusting my throat, as he called it, before he would suffer me to enter upon business. In the meanwhile he plied me with inquiries after the welfare of the Club, and the prospects for next Number; and congratulated me on the respectable name which the Publication had secured itself at both Universities. He enumerated the societies who took it in, and ran over the various remarks and *morceaux* of criticism he had occasionally picked up at Jubber's (the Oxford Layton) and our Publisher's; till at last I took advantage of a pause to ask his directions as to my proceedings on the subject of entering myself as a member of the University. I never shall forget the chop-fallen look which he gave me in answer. When he began to mutter about Oriel, Brazen-Nose, &c. &c.; that he had been endeavouring to get a relation's name upon the books of these Colleges, and had been told that they were full, overflowing full, for years to come; I quickly eased him upon this subject, by informing him that I had been for some time enrolled upon the list of his own foundation, and had received orders to come up to enter myself. Sterling upon this brightened up, and I was forthwith directed to call upon the Tutor, and make known my arrival. Judge of the palpitating heart with which I tapped at the door. I had never felt so awkwardly, even while waiting in *Library*, when I knew I had incurred the



penalty of a flogging. If I had in fact formed any idea of the person of my future<sup>a</sup> instructor, it must have borne much of the following character :—a grave, sober-looking personage, with deep mathematical furrows across his forehead, sunken eyes, snuffy nose, and seated in state within a huge arm-chair. What was my surprise to find Mr. Jackson a decided contrast to my *beau-ideal*. A little smart figure, agile, a very rival of the *perpetuum mobile*, was cordially glad to see me, shook hands heartily, pointed to a chair, poked the fire a dozen times, and then assumed the tutor,—“ I have sufficient confidence,” says he, “ in the high reputation which Eton has secured to herself, to be satisfied that you are perfectly qualified for admittance into our society: however, you know, Mr. Le Blanc, forms must be attended to. What books have you been lately reading?”—I modestly named a few of our school classics; but Mr. J. interrupted me by haranguing so volubly about Æschylus, Pindar, and some other authors, that I began to tremble in my shoes at the prospect of a severe examination. All this ended in a Homer being handed me, and I was requested to construe one of the easiest passages in the Iliad, and then followed as difficult a task in the Æneid. I was next to read a paragraph of monkish Latin from a little white book, which I found to contain extracts from the University Statutes; and, on the close of my recitative, Mr. J. skipped out of the room, and I was left to my own meditations. I employed the interval in amusing myself with the duodecimo I held in my hand; and I happened to fall upon some passages which put me in mind of certain individuals of our Club, for whose edification I make bold to extract them.

FOR MR. GOLIGHTLY.

“ Statutum est, quod Scholares per civitatem ejusq. suburbia otiosi non obambulent; neque in plateis, aut publico foro, seu in quadriiviis, (apud *Pennyless Bench*, ut vulgo vocant,) aut apud oppidanorum officinas stantes, aut commorantes conspiciantur.”

D 2

FOR SIR T. NESBIT.

“ Statutum est, quod Scholares a diversoriis, cauponis, œnopolis, ac domibus quibuscunque intra civitatem, vel præcinctum Universitatis, in quibus vinum, aut quivis alius potus, aut herba Nicotiana (sive *Tobacco*,) ordinarie venditur, abstineant.”

FOR MR. COURTENAY.

“ Si quis aliquid scripto composuerit, unde alicui æstimatio et fama lædi possit, vel aliquid a se lectum, vel ab allo recitante auditum, ad Vice Canc. protinus haud detulerit, vel quoquo modo in vulgus sparserit aut disseminaverit, tanquam pacis perturbator banniatur.”

In a few minutes Mr. J. returned, and I was hurried to the Warden's, who, I was given to understand, acted as Pro-Vice-Chancellor during the absence of that dignitary. There are some few characters, whose mild address and amiable manners make such a favourable impression upon our feelings, even at a first introduction, particularly when we are in the company of entire strangers, that the affections, which, like Noah's dove, have for some time been looking out with earnestness to find a resting-place, eagerly hasten to repose in full confidence in an asylum thus seemingly opened to their approaches. And when sentiments of respect are blended with those of a kinder nature, the conquest is complete, the spell irresistible. Such was the character now before me—a happy union of condescending affability and graceful dignity, in which the contrasted qualities were so nicely counterbalanced by each other's influence, that the evil effects arising from either of them when in a state of celibacy were completely avoided. The presence of Dr. James did not impose that deference which bears so strong a tincture of servility when paid by an inferior, and yet it was impossible to degenerate into a licentious freedom of behaviour from a presumption of indulgence. His latitudinarian principles of liberality had nothing of weakness in them; and no man ever understood so well, or practised with

such success, yet without ostentation, the "Thus far shalt thou go and no farther."

I am indebted to my friend Sterling for the last observations I have ventured to give you, for of course they required a more mature judgment than I was capable of exercising. And yet, as I gazed upon the person whom I was thus introduced to, though pale and emaciated from the ravages of a long illness, I could easily discern the existence of those characteristics I have described, and which had neither been soured by the irritation, nor enfeebled by the wearisomeness, of his sufferings.

Having displayed my proficiency in classical knowledge by the repetition of the same passages in Homer and Virgil which I read in the Tutor's room, I was directed to subscribe my name in a large folio *Album*. This proved to contain the Thirty-nine Articles, which, by the by, I had never read. My predicament was an awkward one; but it was too late for hesitation, and I salved my conscience by the same device which I have no doubt ninety-nine out of the hundred have done before me,—I promised myself to believe every iota when I had read them. The remainder of this formal initiation was soon despatched. I separately abjured the damnable doctrines of the Pope, swore allegiance to the King, and vowed to preserve the statutes and privileges of the society I was then admitted into.

When I had discharged the appointed fees, I thought the business was all over; but I was now honoured with a closet audience by the Tutor. We arranged the plan of future study, and then followed a few hints of general utility. I could not help smiling, when, among the dignitaries whom I was bound to make obeisance to by capping whenever I met them, Mr. Jackson's catalogue included his all-important self in the number. At last, however, I was dismissed; and, on returning to my friend Sterling, he bade me prepare for dinner in Hall, and hoped I would not be annoyed by an opportunity of meeting

some of my future associates at a wine party in the evening. As this letter has already exceeded all reasonable limits, I shall reserve the account of this convivial meeting for a future communication. At present believe me to remain

Your attached friend,

And his Majesty's loyal subject,

ALLEN LE BLANC.

P. S. I shall be back in time for the next Club day. I shall make a great point of regular attendance till the vacation, when I take my final leave of you and the School, as I am promised rooms in College by that time.

NO. II.

*March 20—Tuesday Morning.*

Do not, my dear Courtenay, be surprised at the rapidity with which my second epistle has followed upon the footsteps of its predecessor. Those who will call up to their remembrance the time when they were first enrolled among the *alumni* of Eton, and found themselves surrounded by the strange novelties of a different creation from what they had been heretofore accustomed to,—these, I say, will best sympathize with the feelings which yearn to share, with some dear confident, that superabundance of fresh knowledge, that comes in faster than the digestive faculties can well manage to secrete it.

I promised to send you an account of the delightful evening which I spent in the society of Sterling, and some friends whom I found he had invited on purpose to meet me. But before I enter upon a description of the incidents of the meeting, and attempt to give you a faint idea of the conversational powers which were there displayed, I shall beg leave to introduce you to a few of the characters of which the party consisted, as near as

possible in the words of my good host, whom I persuaded to favour me with this detail, on the company breaking up. The *tête-à-tête*, as you may well imagine, was prolonged to a late hour.

I had been particularly struck by the vivacity and brilliant conversation of one individual, whom I should describe as a sort of irregular figure, with dark raven locks staring above his forehead, "like quills upon the fretful porcupine," or, to speak more technically, dressed after the French fashion, as if stiffened up in front with pomatum. His eyebrows were prominent and coal-black, and his orbs of vision full, and expressive of intelligence. He appeared to be yet rough from the hand of nature, for his converse bore no marks of having been polished or pruned by the logic of the school. In fact, his *forte* by no means consisted in the art of unravelling the intricacies of any argument which happened to be on the carpet, but rather in furnishing materials of new subjects, whenever the conversation began to flag; and this was effected by starting the most eccentric notions, which could not fail of attracting the attention, and fascinating the imagination, of his audience. This luckily was no common one, or otherwise such abilities would have been thrown away, and, like the roses of Pæstum, he might have wasted himself upon the desert air, if, indeed, he had been fortunate enough to escape being mistaken for a fool, so closely genius borders upon absurdity!

"Mr. Carmarthen," said my friend Sterling, "has only lately come up to reside with us. He is an exotic from the West Indies, and, as you perceive, does not belie the character of his country,—

'Souls made of fire, and children of the sun.'

His education, I believe, was chiefly derived from a grammar-school in Kent, and I cannot say that he was well-grounded there in the essentials for the attainment of classical learning. Minerva only knows who was in

fault, he or his *Orbilius*. I am often half-inclined to suspect the former of the blame, when I see the inveterate fastidiousness with which books of rudiments are treated, and the precipitate eagerness which is evinced in this desperado's attacks upon the deepest mysteries of knowledge. Mr. C. is a man after your own heart. His metaphysical turn has long been the amusement of the College. It does not matter what may be the subject of discourse; metaphysics are sure to come in. It is 'neck or nothing' with them. I recollect getting well lectured at a large breakfast party, for the improper application of the word 'idea,' when I ought to have substituted that of 'notion.' I deny not but that he was right; 'idea' signifies the mental conception of a substantial essence, as, the idea of a horse; while 'notion' can only properly be applied to an immaterial, as the notion of a virtue. This promising Aristotelian is a next-door neighbour of mine; and one day he came running into the room, as I was brooding over my *Æschylus*, and requested my assistance in a definition which he had been puzzling over for the last five hours, while composing an Essay on the difference between Envy and Jealousy. It was at last determined that Envy would never allow of a superior, while Jealousy could not endure the presence of an equal. Oh, if the Old Bridge had remained to our days! But perhaps you are not acquainted, Le Blanc, with the tradition I allude to. The noted Friar Bacon pursued his studies in a room which was attached to the arch of one of those bridges which bestride the many branches of the Isis in different parts of the city of Oxford; and there was an antique prophecy, that whenever a man, as clever as the philosopher who dwelt there, should pass beneath the said arch, the structure would fall.

'Such was the sovereign doom, and such the will of Jove.'

The next individual, of whom I made bold to inquire,

was one who had given the most decided proofs of solid scholarship during the evening. His ideas had not that original stamp which had characterized Mr. Carmarthen; they were, however, prompt at call, apposite for the occasion, and apparently derived from an abundant reservoir. I should be inclined to classify them all under the head of what the Greeks denominated the *πικτήται* (or acquired); and whether the doctrine be true or not, that we bring nothing into this world of intellectual possessions any more than of the other sort, with the exception of the capacity for acquirement, I do not venture to determine. But certainly all the knowledge which this gentleman displayed might be readily traced to the books which he had studied. In person, he was of the common size, with something of the *Grecian bend*; contracted, doubtless, from sedentary habits: his eyes were dimmed of half their lustre from constant use; and there was an appearance of mental absence about him, likely to be unfavourably construed by a stranger, (as it might easily be taken for *hauteur*, though in fact it was chiefly owing to a defect of hearing; from which I understand he experienced occasional annoyance.)

Sterling confirmed the opinions which I had formed. "Mr. Thompson," said he, "is a select specimen of the fruits of Dr. Valpy's system of Classical Education. No man in the University can discuss the merits of the digamma with greater fluency or point. His Latin prose composition is the pure Ciceronian, and a false quantity in the pronunciation of a word would be death to him. The treasures of the various Grammars which have been edited from time to time; the Port Royal, Eton, Westminster, &c., are as his A B C; and few can so well appreciate the importance of the Greek accents. In spite of all this, there is no one who has so little pedantry about him. It is true that he is rather authoritative in his literary decisions, but he has the fairest right to be so. He has cultivated, with no small assiduity, other

branches, which are more calculated to give *éclat* to general conversation. His admiration of our own elder Bards has led him to investigate the deepest principles of their genius. The change of public taste, which was introduced by the present school of Poetry, has recalled to favour many authors who were left to slumber upon the shelf for ages. Sir Walter Scott and Leigh Hunt have respectively turned the attention of their countrymen home again to old Dan Chaucer and Spenser. These same Worthies are mighty favourites with Mr. Thompson; and I believe he is only praying for the time of his Examination to be over, that he may surrender himself to the quiet enjoyment of his English Classics. His scholastic learning is evidently superinduced, for he has long been a suitor of Nature's. A romantic tinge of this description first taught him to practise that delightful art which preserves for him the image of scenes, the spell of whose beauties has not yet passed away from his imagination. I need not add that he has shewn himself no mean proficient; for, in my opinion, the zeal with which we pursue any study is generally compensated by an equal proportion of success. One trait more, and my character will be complete. Mr. Thompson is not content with that mere inert sort of antiquarianism which I see Mr. Bellamy is famous for—I mean the stocking a cabinet with curiosities in this line. His (Mr. Thompson's) research is an active one. There is not an old Church, ruined Abbey, or Field of Battle, in the neighbourhood, within twenty miles, which he has not visited, and of whose traditions he has not made himself perfectly master. He has the very spirit of Columbus in exploring the various streams with which this well-watered county abounds. He has pursued the course of the Cherwell till it has become no wider than a brook; and not satisfied with a day's expedition up the Isis, during which he was several times obliged to draw his skiff over certain disagreeable



impediments denominated *wiers*, he has lately been talking of penetrating as far as Cheltenham, and entertained sanguine hopes of crossing the range of hills in which the river takes its rise, and then dropping down, by some stream, into the Bristol Channel."

The limits of a letter will prevent me from giving you several other portraits with which Mr. Sterling favoured me last night. I shall take a further opportunity of introducing them. At present I can only find room for a bare allusion to our conversational bill of fare. The wine and dessert were of course secondary considerations; merely the excuse for meeting. I don't believe we drank two bottles, and there were six of us; if we did, you may fairly score down one third to my share. The break-ice subject, or substitute for discussions on the weather, as introductory to more intimate converse, is the progress of the Examination at the Schools. They are not open at present I find; but there were various speculations afloat on the proposed candidates for the honours. This naturally brought on some mention of Divinity; and Mr. Carmarthen entangled us in a most abstruse inquiry, by wondering what would have been the consequences if Adam had fallen into a river deep enough to drown him previous to the fall. This question was at length quashed, by the interposition of a Mr. Jeffery (of whom I shall have much to say hereafter), who reminded the company of the danger of pretending to be wise above that which is written. He coolly settled the present argument by asking whether the providence of the Deity was not sufficient for all the purposes of Adam's preservation. By the way, it was odd we had none of us thought of this. Mr. Thompson then addressed me, by asking if I had yet paid a pilgrimage to the celebrated picture of the Queen of Scots in the Bodleian. My friend Sterling answered that we had not yet had time for lionizing, as I had only arrived in the afternoon. Now came on an animated

discussion of the styles of the different schools of painting; an admirable review of the excellencies of modern artists; and some clever conjectures on the probable merits of the ancients. In the meanwhile, the history of the lovely but unfortunate Mary Stuart was the topic on the other side of the table, and the question soon became general. But my paper is full, and I must abruptly conclude.

Your's sincerely,

A. L. B.

---

### GOG :—A POEM.

BY FREDERICK GOLIGHTLY, ESQ.

#### CANTO I.

"A most delicate monster!"—SHAKESPEARE.

KING ARTHUR, as the Legends sing,  
 Was a right brave and merry King,  
 And had a wondrous reputation  
 Through this right brave and merry nation.  
 His ancient face, and ancient clothes,  
 His Tables round, and rounder Oaths,  
 His crown and cup, his feasts and fights,  
 His pretty Queen and valiant Knights,  
 Would make me up the *raciest* scene,  
 That is, or will be, or has been.  
 These points, and others not a few,  
 Of great importance to the view,  
 As, how King Arthur valued Woman,  
 And, how King Arthur threshed the Roman,  
 And, how King Arthur built a Hall,  
 And, how King Arthur play'd at ball;  
 I'll have the prudence to omit,  
 Since Brevity's the soul of Wit.  
 Oh! Arthur's days were blessed days,  
 When all was wit, and worth, and praise;

And planting thrusts, and planting oaks,  
 And cracking nuts, and cracking jokes,  
 And turning out the toes, and tiltings,  
 And jousts, and journeyings, and jiltings,  
 Lord! what a stern and stunning rout,  
 As tall Adventure strode about,  
 Rang through the land! for there were duels  
 For love of Dames, and love of jewels;  
 And steeds, that carried Knight and Prince,  
 As never steeds have carried since;  
 And heavy Lords and heavy lances;  
 And strange unfashionable dances;  
 And endless bustle and turmoil,  
 In vain disputes for fame or spoil.  
 Manners, and roads, were very rough;  
 Armour, and beeves, were very tough;  
 And then,—the brightest figures far  
 In din or dinner, peace or war;  
 Dwarfs sang to Ladies in their teens,  
 And Giants grew as thick as beans!

One of these worthies, in my verse,  
 I mean, Oh! Clio, to rehearse:  
 He was much talk'd of in his time,  
 And sung of too in monkish rhyme;  
 So, lest my pen should chance to err,  
 I'll quote his ancient chronicler.  
 Thus Friar Joseph paints my hero:

*Addictus caedibus et mero,  
 Impavidus, luxuriosus.  
 Preces, jejuniisque perosus,  
 Metum ubique vultu fectans,  
 Bobes ubique manu mactans,  
 Tauros pro coena horans, post hos  
 Libenter edens pueros tostos,  
 Anglorum, et (ni fallit error)  
 Ipsius Regis saepe terror,  
 Equorum equitumque captor,  
 Incola rupis, ingens raptor  
 Episcopatum honorum,—  
 Damnatus hostis monachorum!*

Such was his eulogy! the fact is,  
He had a most outrageous practice  
Of running riot, bullying, beating,  
Behaving rudely, killing, eating;  
He wore a black beard, like a Jew's,  
And stood twelve feet without his shoes;  
He used to sleep through half the day,  
And then went out to kill and slay;  
At night he drank a deal of grog,  
And slept again;—his name was Gog.

He was the son of Gorboduc,  
And was a boy of monstrous pluck;  
For once, when in a morning early,  
He happened to be bruising barley,  
A knight came by with sword and spear,  
And halted in his mid career:  
The youngster look'd so short and pliant,  
He never dream'd he was a giant,  
And so he pull'd up with a jerk,  
And call'd young bruiser from his work:—  
"Friend, can you lead me by the rein  
To Master Gorboduc's domain?  
I mean to stop the country's fears,  
And knock his house about his ears!"  
The urchin chuckled at the joke,  
And grinn'd acutely as he spoke:  
"Sir knight, I'll do it if I can,  
Just get behind me in my pan,  
I'm off,—I stop but once to bait,  
I'll set you down before the gate."  
Sir Lolly swallow'd all the twang,  
He leap'd into the mortar—bang;  
And when he saw him in the vessel,—  
Gog beat his brains out with the pestle.

This was esteem'd a clever hit,  
And show'd the stripling had a wit;  
Therefore his father spared no arts  
To cultivate such brilliant parts.

No giant ever went before  
Beyond his "two and two made four,"  
But Gog possess'd a mind gigantic,  
And grasp'd a learning quite romantic.  
'Tis certain that he used to sport  
The language that they spoke at court;  
Had something of a jaunty air,  
That men so tall can seldom wear;  
Unless he chanc'd to need some victuals,  
He was a pleasant match at skittles;  
And if he could have found a horse  
To bear him through a single course,  
I think he might have brought the weight  
'Gainst all that Britain counted great.  
In physic he was sage indeed,  
He used to blister and to bleed,  
Made up strange plaisters—had been known  
To amputate, or set, a bone,  
And had a notable device  
For curing colick in a trice,  
By making patients jump a wall,  
And get a most salubrious fall.  
Then in philosophy, 'twas said,  
He got new fancies in his head;  
Had reckonings of the sea's profundity,  
And dreams about the earth's rotundity;  
In argument was quite a Grecian,  
And taught the doctrine of cohesion.  
This knowledge, as one often sees,  
Softens'd his manners by degrees;  
He came to have a nicer maw,  
And seldom eat his mutton raw;  
And if he had upon his board  
At once a Peasant and a Lord,  
He call'd the Lord his dainty meat,  
And had him devil'd for a treat.

Old Gorboduc, the Legends say,  
Happen'd to go to pot one day:

The how and why remains a question ;  
Some say he died of indigestion,  
From swallowing a little boat,  
In drinking dry Sir Toby's moat.  
Others assert that Dame Ulrica  
(Whom he confined beneath a beaker,  
Having removed her from her cottage  
To stew her in a mess of pottage)  
Upset her prison in the night,  
And played Ulysses out of spite,  
So that he woke, in great surprise,  
With two sharp needles in his eyes.  
Perhaps Ulrica may have lied ;  
At all events—the giant died,  
Bequeathing to his son and heir,  
Illustrious Gog, the pious care,  
To lord it o'er his goods and chattels,  
And wield his club and fight his battles.

'Twould take an Iliad, Sirs, to tell  
The numerous feats on flood and fell,  
At which my hero tried his hand ;  
He was the terror of the land,  
And did a thousand humorous things,  
Fit to delight the ear of kings ;  
I cull what I consider best,  
And pass in silence o'er the rest.

There was a Lady sent from Wales,  
With quiet sea, and favouring gales,  
To land upon the English shore,  
And marry with Sir Paladore.  
It seems she sail'd from Milford Haven,  
On board the Bittern, Captain Craven,  
And smiles, and nods, and gratulation,  
Attended on her embarkation.  
But when the ship got out from land,  
The Captain took her by the hand,  
And, with a brace of shocking oaths,  
He led her to her chest of clothes.

They paused!—he scratching at his chin,  
As if much puzzled to begin;  
She o'er the box in stupor leaning,  
As if she couldn't guess his meaning,  
Then thus the rogue the silence broke—  
His whiskers wriggled as he spoke :—  
“ Look out an extra gown and shift;  
You're going to be turned adrift;  
As many gewgaws as you please,  
Only don't bounce upon your knees;  
It's very fine, but don't amuse,  
And isn't of the smallest use.  
Ho! there—above!—put down the boat,—  
In half an hour you'll be afloat;—  
I wouldn't have you lose a minute—  
There—put a little victuals in it;  
You think I'm playing off a sham,  
But—split my vitals if I am!”  
Struggling and tears in vain were tried,  
He haul'd her to the vessel's side,  
And still the horrid brute ran on,  
Exclaiming in ferocious tone—  
“ You needn't hollow to the crew;  
Be quiet, it will never do;—  
Pray spare your breath;—come wind and weather,  
We all are sworn to this together!  
Don't talk us round—'cause why?—you can't—  
Oh! sink my timbers if we an't!  
So—gently!—mind your footing—there!  
You'll find the weather very fair;  
You'd better keep a sharp look-out,  
There are some ugly reefs about;  
Stay!—what provision have they made ye?  
I wouldn't have ye famish'd, Lady!  
Dick! lend a hand, you staring oaf,  
And heave us down another loaf;  
Here are two bustards—take 'em both;  
You've got a famous pot of broth;  
You'd better use the sculls—you'll find  
You've got a deuced little wind;

Now!—don't stand blubbering at me,  
But trim the boat, and put to sea."——  
He spoke! regardless of her moan,  
They left her in the boat, alone!  
According to our modern creed,  
It was a cruel thing, indeed;  
Unless some villain bribed them to it,  
I can't conceive what made them do it.  
It was a very cruel thing!—  
She was the daughter of a king;  
Though it appears that kings were then  
But little more than common men.  
She was a handsome girl withal,  
Well-formed, majestic, rather tall;  
She had dark eyes—(I like them dark),  
And in them was an angry spark,  
That came, and went, and came again,  
Like lightning in the pause of rain;  
Her robe adorn'd, but not conceal'd,  
The shape it shrouded, yet reveal'd;  
It chanc'd her ivory neck was bare,  
But clusters rich of jetty hair  
Lay like a garment scatter'd there;  
She had upon her pale white brow  
A look of pride, that, even now,  
Gaz'd round upon her solitude,  
Hopeless, perhaps, but unsubdued,  
As if she thought the dashing wave,  
That swell'd beneath, was born her slave.

She felt not yet a touch of fear,  
But didn't know which way to steer;  
She thought it prudent to get back:  
The wind due East!—she said she'd tack;  
And, though she had a tinge of doubt,  
She laugh'd, and put the helm about.

The wind went down—a plaguy calm,  
The Princess felt a rising qualm;



The boat lay sleeping on the sea,  
 The sky looked blue—and so did she!  
 The night came on, and still the gale  
 Breath'd vainly on her leather sail;  
 It scarcely would have stirr'd a feather—  
 Heaven and her hopes grew dark together;  
 She slept!—I don't know how she din'd,—  
 And light return'd, and brought no wind;  
 She seized her oars at break of day,  
 And thought she made a little way;  
 The skin was rubbed from off her thumb,  
 And she had no Diaculum;  
 (Diaculum, my story says,  
 Was not invented in her days;)  
 At last, not being used to pull,  
 She lost her temper,—and her scull.

A long, long time becalm'd she lay;  
 And still untir'd from day to day  
 She form'd a thousand anxious wishes,  
 And bit her nails, and watch'd the fishes;  
 To give it up she still was loth;—  
 She ate the bustards and the broth;  
 And when they fail'd, she sigh'd and said,  
 "I'll make my dinner on the bread!"  
 She ate the bread, and thought with sorrow,  
 "There's nothing left me for to-morrow!"

She pull'd her Lover's letter out,  
 And turn'd its vellum leaves about;  
 It was a billet-doux of fire,  
 Scarce thicker than a modern quire;  
 And thus it ran—"I never suppe,  
 Because mine heatte dothe eatte me uppe;  
 And eke, dear Loue, I never dine,  
 Nor drinke atte Courte a cuppe of wine;  
 For daye and nighte—I telle you true,  
 I feede uponne my Loue for you."  
 Alas! that Lady fair, who long  
 Had felt her hunger rather strong,

Said (and her eye with tears was dim),  
" I 've no such solid love for him !"  
And so she thought it might be better  
To sup upon her Lover's letter.

She ate the treasure quite or nearly,  
From " Beauteous Queen !" to " Your's sincerely !"  
She thought upon her Father's crown,  
And then Despair came o'er her !—down  
Upon the bottom-boards she lay,  
And veil'd her from the look of day ;  
The sea-birds flapp'd their wings, and she  
Look'd out upon the tumbling sea ;  
And there was nothing on its face  
But wide, interminable space,  
And so she gave a piteous cry—  
The murmuring waters made reply !

Alas ! another morning came,  
And brought no food ! the hapless Dame  
Thought, as she watch'd the lifeless sail,  
That she should die " withouten fail !"  
Another morn—and not a whiff !  
The Lady grew so weak and stiff  
That she could hardly move her stumps ;  
At last she fed upon her pumps !  
And call'd upon her absent Lord,  
And thought of going overboard :  
As the dusk evening veil'd the sky  
She said " I 'm ready now to die !"  
She saw the dim light fade away,  
And fainted as she kneel'd to pray.

I sing not where and how the boat  
With its pale load contriv'd to float,  
Nor how it struck off Hartland Point,  
And 'gan to leak at every joint ;  
'Twill be enough, I think, to tell ye  
Linda was shaken to a jelly,  
And when she woke from her long sleep,  
Was lying in the Giant's keep,

While at a distance—like a log,  
Her Captor snored, prodigious Gog!

He spared as yet his captive's life;  
She wasn't ready for the knife,  
For toil, and famine, and the sun  
Had worn her to a skeleton:  
He kept her carefully in view,  
And fed her for a week or two;  
Then, in a sudden hungry freak,  
He felt her arm, and neck, and cheek,  
And being rather short of meat,  
Cried out that she was fit to eat.  
The Monster saw the bright dark eye  
That met his purpose fearlessly;  
He saw the form that did not quail,  
He saw the look that did not fail,  
And the white arm, that tranquil lay,  
And never stirr'd to stop or stay;  
He chang'd his mind—threw down the knife,  
And swore that she should be his wife.

Linda, like many a modern Miss,  
Began to veer about at this;  
She fear'd not roasting!—but a ring!—  
Oh Lord! 'twas quite another thing;  
She'd rather far be fried than tied,  
And make a sausage than a bride;  
She had no hand at argument,  
And so she tried to circumvent.\*

"My Lord," said she, "I know a plaister,  
The which, before my sad disaster,  
I kept most carefully in store  
For my own Knight, Sir Paladore.

---

\* The latter part of Linda's history,  
In Ariosto's work is an ingredient;  
I can't imagine how my Monks and he  
Happen'd to hit upon the same expedient;  
You'll find it in "Orlando Furioso;"  
But Mr. Hoole's Translation is but so so.

It is a mixture mild and thin ;  
 But, when 'tis spread upon the skin,  
 It makes a surface white as snow  
 Sword-proof thenceforth from top to toe ;  
 I've sworn to wed with none, my Lord,  
 Who can be harm'd by human sword.  
 The ointment shall be yours ! I'll make it,  
 Mash it and mix it, rub and bake it ;  
 You look astonish'd !—you shall see,  
 And try its power upon me."

She bruise'd some herbs ; to make them hot  
 She put them in the Giant's pot ;  
 Some mystic words she utter'd there,  
 But whether they were charm or prayer  
 The Convent Legend hath not said ;  
 A little of the salve she spread  
 Upon her neck, and then she stood  
 In reverential attitude,  
 With head bent down, and lips compress'd,  
 And hands enfolded on her breast ;  
 " Strike ! " and the stroke in thunder fell  
 Full on the neck that met it well !  
 " Strike ! " the red blood started out,  
 Like water from a water-spout ;  
 A moment's space—and down it sunk,  
 That headless, pale, and quivering trunk,  
 And the small head with its gory wave  
 Flew in wild eddies round the cave.  
 You think I shouldn't laugh at this ;  
 You know not that a scene of bliss  
 To close my song is yet in store ;  
 For Merlin to Sir Paladore  
 The head and trunk in air convey'd,  
 And spoke some magic words, and made,  
 By one brief fillip of his wand,  
 The happiest pair in all the land.  
 The Giant—but I think I've done  
 Enough of him for CANTO ONE.

## PRIVATE CORRESPONDENCE.

## III.

PEREGRINE OF CLUBS TO GEORGE OF ENGLAND.

*May it please your Majesty,*

I AM your loyal subject, and an Editor. I am induced to address you in print by three considerations. First, I am like yourself, a King; although my claim to the title is not quite so legitimate as your Majesty's. Secondly, I am an Author, and it is much the fashion with Authors of the present day to indite letters to the Crown. Thirdly, I am enthusiastically fond of novelty in every shape; and I flatter myself I am going to strike one;—A Letter to the King, without an ounce of Politics in its composition.

I am not going to offer my congratulations upon "glorious accession," "recent successes," or "the flourishing state of our manufactures;" neither am I going to present you with memorials relating to "excessive taxation," "starving weavers," or "Ilchester Gaol." I am myself too tired of flattery and abuse to offer such insipid dishes to the palate of a Brother Monarch. No, Sire! I am about to offer you some observations upon that part of your Majesty's dominions which falls more immediately under the notice of the King of Clubs—The Royal Foundation of Eton.

May it please your Majesty, I have been long a member of it, and I am sure that (*exceptis excipendis*) you have not in any part of your sovereignty five hundred better-disposed subjects, than are to be met with in its "Antique Towers." I shall not therefore be repulsed with harshness if I lay before you a few of the grievances, or the fancied grievances, under which we labour.

I think it was in the year 1814 that I first saw your Majesty at Frogmore. The Emperor of Russia was there, and the King of Prussia, and Blücher, and Platóff, and sundry other worthies, whom were I to attempt to enumerate, the line would reach out "to the crack of doom." One single individual of that illustrious body could have drawn all London to the monument, if he had promised to exhibit himself in the gallery; and we, favoured alumni, had the privilege of staring by wholesale. I never shall forget the reception of those illustrious Potentates. All voices were loud in hurrahs, all hats were waving in the air; and there was such a squeezing, and pushing, and shouting, and shaking of hands, and treading on toes, that I have often wondered how I escaped in safety from the perils into which my enthusiasm threw me.

Never shall I forget the soul-enlivening moment, when your Majesty, stepping into the midst of our obstreperous group, proclaimed aloud, "A whole Holiday for the Emperor of Russia.—(*Cheering.*)—"A whole Holiday for the King of Prussia.—(*Renewed cheering.*) "Now, my Boys," you said, with a good-humoured laugh, that set Whiggism and awe at defiance, "I must add my mite;"—and there was long, loud, reiterated, unanimous, heartfelt cheering. In that look of yours there were years of intimacy. The distinction which rank had placed between us seemed at once overturned; you raised us up to your own level, or rather, you deigned to come down for a moment to ours. One could almost have imagined that you had been yourself an Etonian, that you had shared in our amusements, that you had tasted of our feelings!

It was a proud evening for Eton, but a troublesome one for those who made it so. The warmth of an English welcome is enough to overpower any one but an Englishman. Platóff swore he was more pestered by the Etonians, than he had ever been by the French;

and the kind old Blucher had his hand so cordially wrung, that he was unable to lift his bottle for a week afterwards. To your Majesty the recollection of that evening must have been one of unmingled gratification. You had enjoyed that truly royal pleasure, which springs from the act of bestowing pleasure upon others ; you had been applauded by Etonians, as the patron of Etonians ought to be ; you purchased more than three hundred whole hearts at the price of only three whole holidays.

It would be needless, as it would be endless, to enumerate all the instances of royal favour, which since that time have been extended towards our Foundation ; I have not room to give an extended narration of the cricketing at Frogmore, nor to describe your Majesty's visit to our Triennial Montem. One subject however there is, the omission of which would be both irksome to myself and ungrateful to your Majesty. I mean the gracious liberality which gave to the School your lamented Father had so constantly esteemed, the permission to attend at his obsequies, and follow their Patron to his grave. That unsolicited attention, and the delicate manner in which the notice of it was conveyed to us, live still in our hearts. They proved to us, that you were aware of the loss we had sustained ; they proved to us, that by your munificence that loss would be alleviated or repaired.

Having thus performed what I conceived to be my duty by expressing the sense we entertain of your Majesty's bounty, let me call your attention to the situation in which we are now placed.

Eton is a soil which has been used to the sun of Royal Patronage, and, if that invigorating heat is withheld, what can be expected but that the earth should be unproductive, and that its plants should fade ? This is a most comfortable doctrine, inasmuch as it enables us to set down to your Majesty's account all the degeneracy

which modern Eton is said to exhibit.' The remedy is as obvious as the evil. Pay us a visit!—Are our cricketers weak in the arm? Your patronage shall add vigour to their sinews! Are our poets weak in the head? Your encouragement shall give new life to their Hippocrene! Are our alumni diminishing in numbers? Beneath your influence recruits shall tumble in like locusts! Are they diminishing in stature? They shall grow like mustard beneath a Royal smile.

This, however, is all theory and speculation. There are many who will attribute our degeneracy to other causes, and many who will deny that there is any degeneracy in the case at all. I am now going to mention a specific grievance, the existence of which no one can deny, and to which your Majesty alone can apply a remedy. During the life of your Father we enjoyed three annual Holidays, under the denomination of "King's Visits;" and the enjoyment of them had become so much a thing of course, that few were aware upon how short a tenure we held our blessings. They are gone! We have no "King's Visits," because your Majesty has never visited Eton.

It seems to be pretty well determined, that your Majesty, sooner or later, will visit some place or other. Some recommend a visit to Hanover, some recommend a visit to Ireland:—I recommend a visit to Eton. It will be less troublesome, less expensive, and less formal, than either of its rival proposals. It will be soonest begun, and it will be the soonest over. It would be without a hundred inconveniences, which would wait upon your two other journeys. At Eton, you would not be bothered by Counts and Courtiers; you would not be stifled with Phelims and Patricks; you would not be pestered with German addresses, as at Hanover; and you would not have to dine with the Mayor and Corporation, as at Dublin.

The time of your visit I will not presume to point



out. If you happen to come on the fourth of this month, you will find certain illicit proceedings going on, which I cannot in this place describe. I can tell you, however, that we shall have a splendid show, and a band that shall play "God save the King!" *ad infinitum*. If you prefer being present at our Public Speeches, as your Majesty's Father occasionally was, you will hear much embryo oratory, and see much sawing of the air.

To be serious—may it please your Majesty, I think you ought to come to Eton. Let us have due notice of the honour intended us, and you shall be received in a style worthy both of us and of you. Come, and by your coming disperse over the face of Etona her wonted smile: paste another bright leaf into her annals: give a new excitement to her talents, her studies, and her amusements. You need not come in state: you must not depart in a hurry: bring to us as many smiles, and as few lords, as you please: above all, drive away for an hour the formality of dress and manner which public life enjoins; come to us provided with an English heart, and dressed in the Windsor uniform.

On Windsor Bridge you shall be met by the Fellows, with "God save the King;" and, as you step into College, you shall be saluted by my friend the Captain with a Latin address. This shall not detain you longer than three minutes and a half; and Sir Benjamin Bloomfield shall hold the watch. You will then be conducted to all the Lions of the College, amongst which you will feel particularly interested in the New Library established last month, and you will probably put a small donation into the hands of Mr. Hawkins, the Treasurer. After your peregrinations you will have the option of taking a cold collation with the Provost, or a hot beef-steak with the King of Clubs. If you prefer the former, my duty for the day is over; but if, as I prognosticate, your choice falls upon the latter, the talents of Mr. Rowley shall be forthwith put

in requisition. We will give your Majesty a real English dinner, and a hearty welcome. I will not present my book unless your Majesty desires it, and your Majesty shall not be required to Knight any of the Club, unless you would condescend to confirm the title of my worthy friend Sir Thomas. We will be very merry, may it please your Majesty, and we will have your Majesty's favourite Punch, if your Majesty will give us the recipe. Mr. Oakley shall be driven from the Club-Room, and we will make our furious Whig, Sir Francis, sing loyal staves in honour of the occasion. If this does not bring you to Eton, I don't know what will—that's all.

In the evening your Majesty shall return to—bless my soul, I had forgotten the Holidays. But your own good-nature will prompt you. I have finished my epistle, and—may it please your Majesty.

(Signed)

PEREGRINE.

## ON PREJUDICE.

“ Men's evil manners live in brass : their virtues  
We write in water—”

SHAKESPEARE.

OF all those errors, to which, from the frailty and weakness of our natures, we are perpetually liable to become subservient, few, I think, have been carried to a more ridiculous excess, or have more completely estranged the mind from notions of right and wrong, than Prejudice. Whenever it has once gained a firm footing in our breasts, by persuading us to admit within them the seeds of enmity or aversion against any particular object, the most clear and convincing arguments will, in most cases, be found insufficient to eradicate

them. They rapidly increase, and, from the most trifling and despicable origin, rise to the most absurd and violent extreme of detestation. Nay, to such an extent have they been cherished, that the powers of reason and reflection, which the very wisest can boast of, have been repeatedly blinded and overwhelmed by them.

Talent, Fortune, Honour, and all the most noble qualities allotted to mankind, will be forgotten and disregarded by him who entertains any dislike against their possessors. Our eyes, when directed by Prejudice, are only open to the vices of man:—their virtues are concealed by the veil of disgust, which she throws indiscriminately over all our mental powers of vision. The advice of our friends, the reprehensions of the world, and sometimes even our own conscience, would admonish us against this weakness:—weakness, however, I should not term it, for, notwithstanding that it displays the imbecility of the mind which cannot resist its impulse, it may, nevertheless, if once encouraged, extend itself into the most inveterate hatred which disgraces human nature.

Nor does Prejudice confine herself to any one particular object; but her hateful effects may be observed in all ages, in all countries, amongst all ranks, and all sects of mankind. She interrupts the peace of governments; she disturbs the amity and harmony of families: nay, Religion itself is not free from the detestable and injurious turmoils which she has it in her power to excite. And when she has attacked any one upon whom she may publicly wreak her malice, by gaining over to herself the hearts and opinions of the community, no entreaties, no repentance, (if aught which demands repentance has been committed by her victim,) no exertions of talent or industry to regain his former honours, can rescue him from her power; however he may have incurred, or deserved to incur, her odium.

The first, and, in my opinion, the most detestable and overbearing species of Prejudice, is that which the sects of various religions have repeatedly encouraged against each other. This may be most properly termed Pharisaical Prejudice. It is a melancholy thing to look back upon the page of history, and observe the pollutions and interpolations, which the most holy ordinances of religion have suffered from its influence. If we examine Holy Writ, how forcibly does its virulence appear, in the conduct of the Jews towards a Redeemer! How beautifully, yet how forcibly, does that very Redeemer exemplify its pernicious malevolence, in the parable of the Pharisee and Publican! Let us turn to a later period:—let us behold the cruelties exercised at various periods upon the Continent, in our own, and in a sister country, against the Protestants. Can we trace in these any of the dictates of charity, of kindness, and of forbearance, which our Divine Master has, in all his words and actions, set before us? Must every different religion be supported by the annihilation of those who are unwilling to conform to its decrees? We have no authority, divine or human, to take such power upon ourselves. Whence, then, is the cause, that so much innocent blood has been shed? Wherefore do we hear different sects reviling each other, and affirming, that none, excepting those who are of their own persuasion, shall obtain salvation? What is the root of all these evils—this enmity—this abolition of fraternal love amongst mankind? It is Prejudice.

Another species, more ridiculous in its appearance, but equal in virulence to the above-mentioned, in attempting to gain the accomplishment of its wishes, may be aptly denominated Political Prejudice. It is astonishing to see the hatred and dissensions which are carried on from family to family, from century to century—what detestation against each other has displayed itself in hearts, which, in all other respects, might be classed

amongst the most excellent and virtuous. The best of Monarchs, the most skilful of Rulers, have not escaped its pernicious influence. Whatever may be the good qualities of a king, they will vanish from the eyes of his subjects, if Prejudice has forbidden them to look upon any of his actions, except those which are worthy of blame. How forcible a representation of its malevolence do the feudal times present to us; when the quarrels of powerful families were handed down, and continued with undiminished enmity and bloodshed, through the lapse of ages! And in later days, when we see a monarch dethroned and decapitated by his subjects, without cause;—when we hear all the invectives which the spirit of Revolution can utter against those who the least deserve them;—when we see persons attacked in the performance of those duties which they have long discharged with honour to themselves and with success to their country: shall we not naturally, if we behold all these evils with the clear and steady light of reason, inquire into their origin? It is Prejudice.

Under the same head may be included Popular Prejudice. That of the political species is more slow and deliberate in its advances, but more virulent and deadly in the completion of its purposes. Popular Prejudice, on the other hand, is violent and immediate in manifesting itself; but its rage is exhausted in a much shorter space of time. It has been known, however, upon gaining an ascendancy over the passions of an intemperate and senseless mob, to produce the most diabolical paroxysms of fury, and to have operated on the minds of men, as it were by infernal agency. The conduct of our own countrymen, during the execution of Governor Wall, if we turn back to the chronicles of that period, will show us Popular Prejudice in its most glaring and execrable light. I do not by any means wish to vindicate the character, or palliate the conduct, of that unfortunate man. He was justly and deservedly punished for his

cruelty by the loss of life. But, however great his offences might be, I must own that I was shocked and disgusted upon reading an account of the conduct of the lower orders, previous to, and during the time of, his execution. The public press teemed with every invective which could possibly enrage the populace against him; his name was heard in every street, branded with all the malicious appellations that revenge could invent; his figure was represented in every print-shop, either as inflicting the cruelties which he had committed, or as undergoing the punishment to which he was to be doomed. His execution was repeatedly announced for a certain day, and then deferred. Hence, so great was the anxiety of the populace, so ardent their wish for the gratification which they expected from beholding his punishment, that, upon seeing the object of their hate, after they had repeatedly been disappointed in the performance of his execution, appear upon the fatal platform, they raised three loud and heart-drawn cheers, as if now certain of their victim. The same species of disgraceful barbarity was repeated at that most appalling moment, when the culprit was launched into eternity. While his limbs were yet quivering with the last agonies of death, the same tumult and hellish gratification manifested itself in almost every mind. But the most disgusting and brutal instance of their hatred, is yet, I think, untold. Some women, even women, at the conclusion of his punishment, stationed themselves at the foot of the scaffold upon which he suffered, and drank perdition to him! Nay, the fatal rope itself, after having performed its duty, was cut into the smallest pieces, and purchased by the mob with avidity! Is this a Christian country? Are these the actions of a nation upon which the light of the Gospel has shone? An indelible stain remains upon the events of that day. It remains on the records of Heaven, a lasting stigma on those who participated in such in-

humanity. May succeeding generations, upon reading the scene which I have just recounted, be warned from that degradation of human nature, to which our countrymen were precipitated by Popular Prejudice!

Hitherto, we have viewed Prejudice, and the evils it produces in public affairs. We have seen to what an excess it has been carried—to what madness and rage it has excited a whole people. We will now make a few observations on its effects in the more immediate concerns of private life.

Nothing is, I think, more conducive to quarrels, jealousies, and heart-burnings in every family, than the foolish partiality which some parents show to a favourite child; while they neglect, or even treat with severity, some other of their offspring. This conduct may be defined Parental Prejudice. And here it is to be observed that those parents fall into a double error; for while they, from some trifling and ridiculous cause, take a dislike to one child, and make use of every opportunity to afflict and torment him; while they magnify all his small failings, and pass over his good qualities without notice, they will most probably behave as absurdly in the reverse towards the favourite. All that he does will be right;—he will be set forth as a pattern of cleverness, application, and every good quality, for the imitation of all young people in his vicinity. His very faults will be palliated and unobserved—nay, sometimes even be applauded and deemed worthy of commendation. But what are the consequences of this blind partiality and folly? The favourite is hated:—the amity which ought to subsist between each of the family is destroyed. But the whole consequences of such an error as this are not yet enumerated. At the time when both venture together upon the ocean of life, the one who formerly could depend upon no assistance from his parents will far surpass the other in the formation of his projects, and

the completion of his designs ; while the real good qualities of the favourite will be found to be choked up by the weeds of self-conceit and adulation.

Prejudice, when admitted against the various professional duties, is extremely detrimental to many, whose genius deserves a better fate. Nothing can be more disgusting than to hear the Church, the Bar, the Army, Navy, or Medicine, attacked, on account of the misconduct of some one individual in these several lines of life, who has disgraced himself and his profession. Yet true it is, that many form their opinions merely from one example, and consider that the probity and honour of all connected with that profession must be weighed by the same standard. Hence many a promising youth, whose talents have been particularly inclined to any one branch of Science, has been placed in a sphere unworthy of him, merely through a foolish dislike which one of his parents have entertained against those men whose studies and occupations he wished to pursue.

Nor is this species of Prejudice to be looked upon as detrimental in one light alone. However great a man's abilities may be, in whatever degree he may deserve praise, should he chance to meet with any misfortune, or fail in the discharge of his duties, so as to excite dissatisfaction and prejudice against him, his utmost exertions will never raise him to his former eminence. The most excellent and harmonious poet ; the bravest soldier ; the most skilful physician ; the most able painters, sculptors, and musicians ;—will all, if the breath of Prejudice once taint their fame, verge from the zenith of their glory, and be levelled with the common herd. When, therefore, I hear a good poem ridiculed, or a well-written essay abused, merely because it is the fashion to ridicule and abuse them ; when I hear the character of a brave man attacked, and his conduct depreciated by the general voice, for some offence, the relation of which is most probably founded on rumour



alone; when, in short, I see a man who has signalized himself in any station of life, cast down from the good opinions of all, and reduced to a level, from which he is not allowed, whatever may be his powers, to rise again;—I inwardly curse Prejudice, and all the mischiefs she causes.

It is needless to enumerate the many and various less important species of Prejudice. Not a day can pass without presenting to an observant eye, the follies, the inconveniences, and the ridicule, to which all are subjected, when they obey the dictates of this most odious and contemptible error. It manifests itself not only in the occupations, but even in the amusements, of life. What adage is more true than that of Horace?—

“ Oderunt hilarem tristes, tristemque jocosī ;  
Sedatum celeres, agilem gnavumque remissi.  
Potores bibuli mediā de luce Falerni  
Oderunt porrecta negantem pocula, quamvis  
Nocturnos jures te formidare vapores.”

Well did he know, from his intimate acquaintance with the manners and passions of mankind, the influence which Prejudice obtains over so many:—clearly has he shown the excess to which it may be carried, even in affairs of the most trifling importance.

One more argument alone need be adduced upon the subject of these observations. When a hundred years from this period shall have come and gone; when we shall be as the dust of the earth, and our very names and actions shall have faded in oblivion; of what value shall we deem the good or bad opinions of the world, to which we formerly were subject in this life, if we have only lived righteously, and according to the dictates of our Redeemer? In the hour of death we shall be free from the virulence of Prejudice; yet, at that future time, a mind conscious of its own virtue will triumph over the contemptible scoffs and ridicule which were aimed at its quiet during life; and exult in the expectation of attain-

ing that heavenly mansion, from whence care, enmity, slander, prejudice, and all things conducive to our misery in this state of probation, are banished for ever.

M. STERLING.

*Letter from the Rev. Marmaduke Bradshaw to Mr. Matthew Swinburne, inclosing an Article.*

Broughton, May 4, 1821.

MY DEAR MATTHEW,

I HAVE two Nephews, who were enrolled amongst the number of your schoolfellows about a fortnight before your last Holidays, and, as I know full well, from experience, all that a new boy suffers when first introduced into such a tumultuous company of perfect strangers, I have been looking about among my Etonian acquaintance for some one, who might smooth, perhaps, a few of their difficulties, and give them some little confidence in their new element. You will guess, I am sure, when you have read as far as this, what I have to ask of you: it is, that you will take some notice of these urchins; indeed, I am particularly desirous that you should not refuse my request, for I cannot conceive any one better able, from situation in the school and many other reasons, both to assist and protect them. It is quite unnecessary for me to mention any favours that you may confer on the young Rashleighs: you know these matters much better than I; indeed, most probably they are changed, as every thing else has been since my time. Perhaps you might get for them, if the practice is still continued, the *liberties* of your friend Courtenay, Montgomery, and others, not forgetting Mr. F. Golightly, upon whom I consider myself, and consequently my relations, to have some claim, after the free use which he made of my name and character, in the account which

he gave of the Party at the Pelican. You may give him a hint that it will be highly dangerous for him to show himself in this country for some time, as many of the good folks are highly enraged at being what they call caricatured in print; and that, too, by such a stripling. It is quite impossible for him to dream of going to Mr. Hudson's entertainment any more, whether at the Pelican or elsewhere. I have before mentioned that your cares will not be single. My nephews are two in number—the eldest (Samuel) rather what we used to call a *sap*, and of a very quiet disposition; the younger (Henry), perhaps equally clever, but more lively, which latter quality agrees, I think, very well with an Eton education. My representations had a principal part in determining their father in sending them to Eton; consequently I am the more desirous that nothing should go amiss, as I should be involved in no slight share of the blame. However, I shall be the more satisfied if I can gain for them such an efficient protector; and I assure you, my dear Mat, that any attention that you may pay to the young Rashleighs, will be equally felt and acknowledged by your most faithful friend,

MARMADUKE BRADSHAW.

P.S. I have enclosed you three or four Letters, which may serve in some measure to elucidate their characters; and should these serve to beguile an idle moment, I may be tempted to transmit to you some future depredations from—

## THE RASHLEIGH LETTER-BAG.

### I.

*Mr. Samuel Rashleigh to Lady Caroline Rashleigh.*

Eton Coll. March 27, 1821.

MY DEAR MAMMA,

No doubt our good Peter has long since informed you how safely he landed his young masters at Eton; and

the journey had nothing at all uncommon in it, so that I shall leave Henry to give you an account, in the next letter, of all the stage coaches that he saw. My thoughts were pretty busy the whole of the way, for though I did not much fancy, as was very natural, the prospects of going to school, yet my uncle Bradshaw had represented Eton as so entirely different from all other places, and particularly from Mr. Plodwell's Academy, that my fears were very much abated, and at last my joy at leaving the latter-mentioned gentleman's institution quite got the better of them. We arrived here about five o'clock; and the space in front of the great school was quite filled with boys of all sizes—some, indeed, so big, that I was half afraid to look at them; and some so little, that I could not think what business they had at Eton: they looked as if they were just delivered from the nursery. Henry was delighted at seeing so many much smaller than himself, and fancied himself already a very considerable person. In a few minutes we were at Miss ——'s door, our destined *Dame*. I naturally enough expected to have seen, according to the name, a very respectable sort of housekeeper—something, perhaps, like old Catherine. You may guess, then, my astonishment, and perhaps you will be astonished too yourself, when I tell you that we were ushered into a room very elegantly furnished, by a footman in a gay livery, where we found Miss —— totally different, in every respect, from what we had imagined—that is to say, neither old nor homely, but, on the contrary, rather more gaily dressed than you are in general, and talking quite like a lady; which, indeed, I have no doubt that she is. First of all, she offered us some dinner; but you know how unnecessary that was, for coming to school most effectually takes away one's appetite. She read Papa's letter, and sent the one which he had written to Mr. ——, or, as I now call him, my Tutor, together with a message, desiring to know when he could see us. He ap-

pointed a time the next morning, and we expected it rather in dread, although my *Dame* took every care to persuade us that there was nothing in the world to fear. Henry and I have a double-bedded room, whither, I can assure you, we were not at all sorry to go after all our fatigues. The whole of the apartment looked rather strange at first, for the floor is sanded all over, and the beds have no curtains at all, but are shut up in the day-time, which is much better, as they take up but very little space, and we use the room in the day-time to sit in. My *Dame* (you will henceforth know Miss ——— by no other name) very goodnaturedly sent a boy to conduct us to our Tutor's at the proper hour. He seemed to be a very nice sort of man—asked us a few questions, and after he had put on his cap and gown, took us straight to Dr. Keate's chambers. There we were entered—a process which solely consisted in writing our names in a book, and which entitles us to the name of Etonians. After this we returned to Mr. ———, and he proceeded to examine us, according to the books which we had read, and our respective ages. I shall not trouble you any further than just to inform you of what I am afraid you will hardly understand, that I am placed in the upper remove of the remove, and my brother in the middle remove of the fourth form. This information will do, if any body asks you; and, indeed, until I see you myself, I cannot possibly explain it further.

The next day, at eleven o'clock, I was to take my place in school. You may imagine my dismay, when I was fairly launched from my *Dame's* house with my books under my arm, and when I saw not only the space which I mentioned before quite filled with boys (they call it, absurdly enough, *the Long Walk*, though it is not a quarter so long as our avenue,) but also the inner Quadrangle, and the Portico under the school, equally crowded. I had some vain hopes that I might

perhaps entirely escape notice among such a multitude and such a confusion; but I had not got very far before I was assaulted by a variety of voices, inquiring in one breath, "You, sir! What is your name? Who is your *Dame*? Who is your Tutor?" Some of them laughed at me, because I said in my answers Mr. ———, and Miss ———, so that I was soon taught to drop these titles of distinction. Another advised me to get a more fashionable coat, and called me a *Cawker*, which appellation was then perfectly unintelligible; I have since heard that it means one who gapes and stares about him—a fault of which at that time I was very probably guilty. These questions at first I laughed at, and took in very good part; but at last they were so often repeated, that I was almost provoked to give no answer. This conduct would probably have got me a beating; but my patience was entirely exhausted, when the school doors, to my great relief, flew open, and we sat down to the lesson. Eton discipline differs so much from Mr. Plodwell's, that it would fill a whole letter to mark the distinctions, and I think this is a pretty long one for me at present. In the first place, we go into school about four times a-day, but are never there more than three quarters of an hour together; then, instead of a little paved-in piece of ground, there are fine large playing-fields, with very fine trees in them; the Thames runs on one side, and there is a wall on the other, against which they play at foot-ball in the season; indeed they say it is capital weather for it now, but it is not the fashionable game, so nobody dares to propose it. After the next Holidays every body begins cricket, but never before. There are plenty of boats on the river, which the boys row about in the summer; but I will tell you more about them when the time comes. The bounds are marked by a stone on a bridge, but we may go beyond them as far as we like, provided only we return in time (for our names are called over,) and pro-

vided too that we run away from the Masters and some of the upper boys directly we see them: this they call *shirking*, and, if we hide well, they never take any notice. All the terrible stories, which I heard about *fagging* turn out to be nothing at all. There is a certain young man in my *Dame's* house, to whom I am bound to come in the morning and evening: he is called my master, but he is a very lenient one, for he scarcely ever makes me do any thing, and has helped me very much in several matters. Henry is equally well off in this respect; he has found out that he can buy excellent marbles here, and is I believe at this moment engaged in a game, as happy as possible.

You may guess from what I have told you that I am pleased with my new situation. I hardly fancy myself a schoolboy. Papa's gout came very unluckily, for it made it rather awkward for me, having to introduce myself; however, that is all over now. Henry joins with me in wishes for his recovery, and in best love to you and my Sister.

I remain,

Your very affectionate Son,

S. RASHLEIGH.

P. S. I hope Smirk will be turned out to grass before we come home; I miss my riding very much here, and shall be sadly disappointed if I have no pony in the Holidays.

---

## II.

*Lady C. Rashleigh to Mr. S. Rashleigh.*

Stapylton Hall, Hants, April 2.

MY DEAREST SAMUEL,

We were all delighted beyond measure with your letter, and with the picture you have drawn of your

Eton life, and the introduction, and the general opinion is that you have managed affairs uncommonly well. Your father is quite re-established, and enjoyed the description of your adventures, and laughed at them as heartily as any of us; you know such things are quite new to him, in consequence of his private education. Next time you write pray do not say any thing in disparagement of Mr. Plodwell; he is a particular favourite with Mr. Rashleigh, who thinks himself bound to defend him; so reserve your sallies, in case they may offend. He was rather surprised at the liberty you have, and has an idea that it may be very much misused; but I think another interview with Mr. Bradshaw will set him right, and put this fancy quite out of his head. By-the-by, I shall show your letter to your Uncle as soon as possible; it cannot fail of interesting him: perhaps he may give you a few instructions. Peter, as you guessed, gave us a very full account of the expedition, and said that there were so many young gentlemen at Eton, that he was sure you would find plenty of playmates; he added too that neither of you looked very sorrowful, or, as he called it, "took it much to heart," when he went away. Talking of phrases, your father does not at all approve of the Eton Vocabulary, and desires me to tell you, that he thinks you will not improve your language or style by using it. You give a very pleasant account of your play-ground; but I am quite shocked at the thought of that dreadful river running close by it; I remember, too, reading some years ago of an unfortunate boy who was drowned at Eton; pray take particular care not to run heedlessly about the banks, or to use boats, at any rate before you can swim. I cannot help thinking that it must be very improper for boys to go by themselves upon the water, and I hope and trust that neither you nor Henry will. I do not know of any thing that has happened in the neighbourhood which you would wish to hear. You



will most probably receive the County Paper, together with this: we intend to send it you regularly every week, as perhaps it may amuse you. You may rely upon Smirk being treated with all possible care. Tell Henry that his pony, too, shall meet with the same attention. For goodness' sake, my dear boys, do nothing imprudent. I am afraid you will feel these cold winds very much: if you do find any thing the matter with you, send for a medical man immediately. You must excuse this hasty letter, as we dine with the Westburys the first time since your father's recovery, and you know how particular they are.

Yours very affectionately,

C. RASHLEIGH.

---

III.

*The Masters Rashleigh to Lady Caroline Rashleigh.*

Eton, April 3, 1821.

MY DEAR MAMMA,

I have taken an early opportunity of writing to you on purpose to confirm my first account, and to show you that Eton loses none of its charms by experience, though, to be sure, mine has not been a very long one. However, as far as I can say at present, it rather improves upon acquaintance.—Many little difficulties vanish, and one gets quite accustomed to the routine, the customs, and the terms of the place. You are not to imagine, as perhaps you do, that we are sent here to learn Latin and Greek alone. I assure you we can hold a conversation in the Eton dialect, perfectly unintelligible to any stranger, and so, of course, it was to me, until I had been instructed, by some very able masters, in many of the principal words; and still there are not a few left totally above my comprehension. Pray do not mention any of

this to my father, if you think he will not like it. I wish often that he had been an Etonian himself. Well, to pursue a topic more suitable to his fancy.

I at first found a good deal of trouble in finding out my different lessons, and the proper times for them; indeed, as you may imagine, that is rather a complex business. Now I begin to understand their order as well as any body. There is no hardship at all in the books, or the quantity, which we are obliged to learn: but I still am rather slow at my verses; for, you may venture to tell my father, that Mr. Plodwell is rather deficient in that point of instruction. Pray quiet your fears and alarms with respect to the river. It is much too cold to think of boats; besides, they are not the fashion yet; and I have too much regard for myself to think of tumbling from a bank. I will not fail, however, to mind what you say, and tell Henry the same. I am, at present, what they call a lower boy; that is to say, liable to be fagged by all the fifth and sixth form; and I did not know till the other day that I myself shall be a fifth form some time next June, and then I shall have just the same authority over those below me, as I am subject to now; so you see the transition from servitude to power is very rapid. Henry will be about a year and a half arriving at this desirable situation. About a night or two ago I was roused from a pretty fast sleep by a most unaccountable sensation, as if I were standing on my head. At first I thought it a dream, but that idea did not continue very long; for I found myself safely shut up, clothes and all together, in my bedstead. In a very few minutes they let me down, half suffocated, and, running away, left me quite in the dark, and totally ignorant who were my persecutors. Henry suffered the same fate; so I suppose it is a trick commonly played off on new comers; and I am sure, if this is all I am to undergo, I am very well content. I am rejoiced to hear of my father's convalescence. There is plenty of room

left for my brother to send a few lines in his own words; I know he is not particularly ready at writing, except in his own books, which he has disfigured terribly by divers heads and figures, after the patterns of an approved master, who sits near him in school, not to mention a fine English version, with which he has interlined his text for the assistance of his memory: I have desired him to exercise his ingenuity on spare paper another time, and to carry the sense in his head.

Adieu. S. R.

---

MY DEAR MAMMA,

Samuel has left me two whole sides, and declares I must fill them; so, after having made a hundred fruitless excuses, I have sat down positively to write you what I call a long letter. First of all, I have the happiness to inform you that we come home in six days' time; for, though I do not mind Eton much, yet of course I like home better. There are plenty of holidays here, for we have one whole and one half every week, besides others now and then, which I do not know the reason of; but that is the last thing for us to inquire about. I like my Tutor very well, and my *Dame* very much; she sent me some jelly to eat the other day after dinner, and gave me several balls that had been thrown into the garden. Every body talks about beginning cricket next school-time, and I am to belong to a club in the playing-fields. Do you think I can venture to ask Papa for a bat? They make them so beautifully here, that they do not look at all like that one which I have got at home: my master keeps about a dozen hanging up in his room; to be sure what a great player he must be! I think he might as well give me one, for it is quite impossible that he can use them all at once. Samuel and I have our breakfast and tea always together; there are little parcels of tea and sugar sent every week from the grocer's, and we

have a tea-kettle, cups, saucers, &c., and I really think, without any offence to you, that my brother makes tea almost as well as you do; to be sure we have no cream, and the milk seems to be rather watery. And what do you think we have to eat? Not Mr. Plodwell's stale bread, but really very nice rolls; it makes me quite hungry to talk about them. There are regular things for dinner every day; but I cannot tell you each of them now—it would look so like a bill of fare. Pray tell Robert to take care of my rabbits: I would not have them hurt for all the world; indeed I gave very particular orders about them before I left home. I am quite sure nobody can starve here very well, for there are enough pastry-cooks' shops to supply a hundred other places; and all of them look so nice, and so tempting, that it is hardly possible to resist. Besides these, there are other people always standing about with baskets of fruit, cakes, and suchlike things, just where we go into school, in case we should like to lay in provision for a dull lesson time: by-the-by, a boy was flogged the other day for cracking nuts in church; so I shall take care to avoid those noisy kind of eatables, and shall take barley-sugar in preference. Do not forget the rabbits. Give my best love to Papa and Sister, and believe me

Your most affectionate Son,

H. RASHLEIGH.

---

IV.

*R. Rashleigh, Esq. Stapylton, to Mr. S. Rashleigh, Eton.*

Stapylton Hall, April 7.

MY DEAR SAM,

Your mother has told you how glad we were to hear of your doing so well at Eton, and being so much pleased with your new situation. The second letter has made us still more content, and has eased me from a

good deal of anxiety, which I felt at not being able to accompany you in person. Now I am quite fit for that or any other undertaking; and my gout, after having attacked my lower extremities one after another, has left me just as well as ever again. My intention in sending you for so short a time at first was, that you might get accustomed to the place before you were fixed to a long continuance there. I suppose that among the Eton coaches you will be able to find a place for yourself and your brother as far as London, where I will meet you in person. We none of us expected that you would have been able to make your way so quickly; indeed, upon second thoughts, I almost repented of having sent you to such a vast establishment, particularly without a single friend there. It is much more creditable for you, as it is, to have made these for yourself, and I am perfectly pleased with almost the whole account. The tea and sugar which Henry mentions, I must confess that I think rather an unnecessary luxury. Bread and milk would do just as well, if not better; and when I was a boy I had nothing else. But if it be the custom, I would by all means continue it, as I should not wish you to be singular in any thing. Your mother has given you some cautions respecting accidents. I must beg of you also never to get in debt at any of those pastry-cooks' shops which Henry confesses are so alluring. I have known boys reduced to the most miserable shifts and evasions in consequence of this very fault: it is an imprudence of all others that I would wish the most to warn you against, and I shall trust to your good sense in this respect. You may give the same instructions to Henry, who perhaps requires them more than you do. You must remember that I am not an Etonian, and consequently must fortify yourself with an infinite quantity of patience to answer all the questions I shall put to you when I see you next week; for my curiosity will not be very easily satisfied. Do not accustom yourself to those

phrases which I know are peculiar to public schools : in the first place I shall not be able to comprehend them ; and, secondly, I do not consider them at all ornamental. All the family join in best wishes and remembrances to you and Henry ; with, my dear Samuel,

Your most loving Father,

R. RASHLEIGH.

### PEREGRINE'S SCRAP-BOOK.

#### NO. IV.

*May 1.*—Mr. Warren ! Mr. Warren !—I hear this day sad reports of you. You say that you were visited in the vacation by two of the Conductors of "The Etonian ;" and one was "a country-looking Gentleman," and the other a gentleman with a "pert" nose. Oh ! Mr. Warren ! Mr. Warren ! to talk in this manner of Gentlemen who have put so much money into your pockets. I blush for you ! Mind what you are about, Mr. Warren ! Somebody that you do not wot of is very anxious to obtain the post of our London publisher.

Και δωσω οί, έπει τυ μοι ένδιαθρυπη.

When next he comes to town, the Country Gentleman shall construe the Greek to you. Very few Country Gentlemen understand Greek, Mr. Warren !

I ought to have noticed, in our last Number, a composition which I received previous to its appearance. A Gentleman (I forget his signature,) has sent us a Parody of Gray's celebrated "Ode to Eton College." I must tell him plainly that such lines would suit Mr. Hone better than Mr. Courtenay. I cannot imagine what portion of our work has induced him to suppose that

"The Etonian" could derive either profit or popularity from the insertion of any thing so disgustingly gross. The Epigrams which he has subjoined want novelty sadly.

*May 4.*—I have the permission of the author of "Godiva" to insert the following Stanzas, which were originally a part of that exquisite poem, but were subsequently omitted. The first extract formed a sort of introduction to the subject :—

When last at Coventry, I stopp'd to dine  
At the King's Head, a house ne'er known to fail  
In Worcester cider, and in Shropshire ale.

The wine's not quite so good.—(Take notice, Reader,  
In case hereafter at that inn you call ;  
For my own part I'm but a moderate feeder,  
And 'tis but rarely I drink wine at all ;  
It's apt to make one bilious.—Should you need a  
Glass, lest your dinner or your palate pall,  
Restrain your appetite—and I'll engage  
You find good port at Da'entry, the next stage.)

This by the way. I sometimes step aside,  
As Poets always should, to give advice ;  
They are the world's instructors,—and should hide  
In trope and figure many a precept nice ;  
Morals and maxims they should all provide,  
And homilies for every sort of vice ;  
They should lash vice, and honour virtue too,  
In short—do all that Byron scorns to do.

Such were the bards of old—alone they wander'd  
In mystic dreams through haunted dell and grove,  
On thoughts sublime their giant spirits ponder'd,  
Holding high converse with the powers above :  
Mankind with awe their precepts heard, and wonder'd,  
And well repaid those precepts with deep love ;  
They fear'd no critic's censure—sought no praise—  
For critics lived not in those golden days.

But I, who am no wine-bibber, and rather  
With my beef-steak prefer a pot of beer,  
At Coventry resolved to go no farther—  
"I think," said I, "I'll take my dinner here.—"

I see my mare is in a perfect lather ;  
 Since dawn I've ridden fifty miles, or near."  
 And so I stopp'd, and bade my host prepare  
 Corn and veal-cutlets—for myself and mare.

The cutlets came, rich, and well-done, and smoking,  
 (Ketchup improves veal-cutlets very much)  
 My host came too, a man much given to joking,  
 Short, fat, and fond of smoking, like the Dutch,  
 So much, indeed, as to be quite provoking ;  
 But, being quite alone, I thought that such  
 A plump, good-humour'd, jolly man as he  
 Might prove indifferent good company.

And so in fact I found him—down we sate  
 To pipe and porter ; quick the jug went round,  
 And warm and warmer wax'd the high debate,  
 (I thought his politics extremely sound.)  
 But when he saw that it was growing late,  
 He brought a ponderous quarto, clasp'd and bound,  
 And read an old and wondrous tale, which I,  
 Most courteous Reader, mean to versify.

The next Stanza was intended to follow Stanza X.

Success to Cobbett ! Patriot wise and brave !  
 Long has he sacrificed at Freedom's altar !  
 Success to Cobbett ! May he shortly have  
 The rich requital he deserves—a halter !  
 Success to her whom he intends to save  
 From Slavery's chains, and may no scoundrel alter  
 Her old fine laws, no rebel hand tear down  
 Her dreaded Standard and her honour'd Crown !

After Stanza XI.—

We live in wiser days. Ere on our isle  
 Had Norman William bent his eagle eye,  
 The Saxon Nobles found it worth their while  
 To exercise a deal of tyranny.  
 The abject peasants scarce were seen to smile,  
 They lived upon hard blows and drudgery,  
 Follow'd their Lords to war with bills and axes,  
 And paid, in peace, unconscionable taxes.



The passage of Godiva through Coventry was described in the following manner :—

At length the trampling of a horse's feet  
 Dispell'd that breathless silence, the deep hush  
 Of hearts o'erflowing; and along the street,  
 Her cheeks o'er-crimson'd by a mantling blush,  
 Borne on a palfrey, whiter than the sleet  
 Unstain'd that flutters from some frozen bush,  
 Godiva pass'd—her charms unveil'd and bare—  
 It matter'd little—for no eye was there.

Oh that I was a Poet! that my pen  
 Could give the Reader the most faint idea  
 Of that most lovely vision! ne'er again  
 (At least I'm sure I hope not) shall we see a  
 Sight to compare with what—none look'd on then,—  
 So beautiful, or so shocking—could there be a  
 New spectacle of that kind, I foretell  
 A modern mob would not behave so well.

May 10.—I have received to-day what I cannot but consider a very extraordinary request, from a gentleman who dates from Plymouth, and signs himself “Devonienensis.” He wishes us to ransack the files of old newspapers in order “to rescue from oblivion an ingenious *jeu d'esprit*, which appeared in the *Morning Chronicle*, about eight years ago. It was written in the character of an Eton Boy, who was one of the Salt-bearers in the Montem, in the year 1812 or 1813, as well as I can recollect, and who, being stationed at a spot where the members of the Queen's Council must pass in their way to Windsor, had occasion to stop the carriages of those noble Lords, and make the usual application for Salt. His account of the reception which he met with from the different Lords, particularly Lords Eldon and Ellenborough, and Sir William Grant, was most humorous and characteristic.”

MY DEAR DEVONIENSIS,

I have a great respect for the *Morning Chronicle*, and I have a great respect for the Queen's Council, and I

have a great respect for the Salt-bearer, and I have a great respect for you! But, seriously speaking, my bureau has no room for antediluvian Chronicles, and my Publication has no room for political squibs.

There is yet another part of your letter which I must notice. You say, "I will give you, on the other side, a couplet written by the Marquis Wellesley, while at your illustrious Seminary—communicated by Sir Thomas Tyrwhitt." I will insert it, because I suppose it has (to use an expression of a friend of mine) "lots of wit, if one could find it out."

*"Tum Crocus obductam lento conamine glebam  
Dimovet, et summam flavus inaurat humum."*

I believe the Marquis Wellesley has much better verses than these set down to his account, in a compilation called the "*Musæ Etonenses* !"

*May 14.*—Transcribed some more Poetry, by Edward Morton:—

There was a voice, a foolish voice,  
In my heart's summer echoing through me ;  
It bade me hope, it bade rejoice,  
And still its sounds were precious to me ;  
But thou hast plighted that deep vow,  
And it were sin to love thee now !

I will not love thee ! I am taught  
To shun the dream on which I doated,  
And tear my soul from every thought  
On which its dearest vision floated ;  
And I have prayed to look on thee  
As coldly as thou dost on me.

Alas ! the love indeed is gone ;  
But still I feed its melancholy ;  
And the deep struggle, long and lone,  
That stifled all my youthful folly,  
Took but away the guilt of sin,  
And left me all its pain within.

Adieu! if thou hadst seen the heart,  
 The silly heart, thou wert beguiling,  
 Thou would'st not have inflamed the smart,  
 With all thy bright unconscious smiling;  
 Thou would'st not so have fann'd the blaze,  
 That grew beneath those quiet rays!

Nay! it was well—for smiles like this  
 Delay'd at least my bosom's fever!  
 Nay! it was well, since hope and bliss  
 Were fleeting quickly,—and for ever,  
 To snatch them as they pass'd away,  
 And meet the anguish all to-day!

I have to inform Amicus, who inquires after a reprint of our three first Numbers, that we think the 750 we have sold sufficient to answer the purpose for which this work was commenced, and that we do not, at present, contemplate any future Edition.

May 16.—Received this day a copy of verses on “*Sævior armis Luxuria*,” from our old correspondent, “*Robigo*.” This puts me in mind of a sort of promise I made that his Essay should appear in N°. VIII.; and, upon examining my papers, I am very sorry to be obliged to confess that the Article has been mislaid—I can find no traces of it. I am, however, the less vexed at this, because I had rather offend *Robigo* by the omission, than injure him by the insertion, of his Contribution. The truth is, that, in my opinion, neither the Essay nor the Poem come up to the high estimation in which the talents of the Author are so deservedly held. Let him revise such rhymes as these before he is very angry with me for the opinion which I have most sincerely expressed:—

“Till Venus rising,  
 “For sprightly song,  
 “Io Triumphe!

Ever-smiling”—  
 For ages gone”—  
 Loudly shout ye.”

Let him re-consider the following stanzas, and reflect

whether they are likely to add to a really high reputation. I will begin with his exordium:—

“ In days of yore, when fabled lore  
And mystic speech obtain'd,  
Th' Heavenly Conclave began to rave,  
Nor threats their spleen restrain'd.”

Next here is a bit of the boastings of Mars:—

“ Who can deny the Mastery  
To me whose arm is strong ;  
Whose powerful away, from day to day,  
Tolls Death's deep ding, ding, dong :”

I will extract one more stanza, but Robigo must pardon me for altering one word, and taking the sentiment into my own mouth :—

“ Ye *penmen* all, obey my call,  
Obey my sovereign will ;  
Which knows no law, which feels no awe ;  
Obedience yield—be still !”

*May. 18.*—Inserted a letter from our old friend Allen Le Blanc. I am so little acquainted with Oxford, its concerns, and its inmates, that I am ignorant whether the personages Allen describes are real or fictitious. If they are real, they are painted in such a manner that they cannot take offence at the colouring. If they are fictitious, I am sure nobody will feel any difficulty in finding an original for them somewhere.—There is life in every touch of his pencil.

*May 21.*—Many thanks to an ingenious Correspondent for his voluminous translation of Tasso's “Gierusalemme Liberata.” I can positively afford room for no more than the following description of Armida from Canto IV.

#### XXVIII.

Few suns had shone and set, or ere she came  
Where the Frank tents were bleaching in the gale  
Around the towers of Salem, nor had fame  
Been silent, far and wide was spread the tale ;

And as when in broad day some meteor flame  
Is seen above the astonish'd world to sail,  
The camp is roused : all eye to see the Dame,  
All ear to know the whence, the why she came.

XXIX.

No mien so noble, and no form so fair,  
Could Argos, or e'en Cyprus, boast of yore ;  
The glowing ringlets of her golden hair  
Shone through the elegant white veil she wore,  
Hid, but transparent, as the sunbeams are  
By fleecy clouds when faintly shrouded o'er ;  
Or, was her veil thrown back, those ringlets shone  
As bright and glorious as a noontide Sun.

XXX.

The wanton breeze, that 'mid her soft locks play'd,  
Added more curls to those which Nature wove ;  
With downcast look she stood, as if afraid  
She might too lavish of her beauties prove ;  
Her cheeks were of the ivory, inlaid  
With roses, and the blended colours strove  
As rivals for the mastery—her mouth  
Was roseate, with breath sweet as the sweet South.

XXXI.

Her bosom next disclosed its spotless snows,  
From whence the fires of love abroad are shed .  
Part only of her breast the tunic shows,  
Young, soft, and tender, and o'er part is spread—  
Envious ; and yet that envy only knows  
To stay the eyes, the amorous thought had sped  
Beneath the surface, and within is flown,  
Far from content with outward charms alone.

XXXII.

E'en as the sun's warm ray will penetrate  
Water or crystal, and yet not divide,  
Thus the free thoughts an entrance will await,  
Although the vest that entrance hath denied ;  
And sacrilegiously they contemplate  
The scenes which fancy pictures far and wide,  
And then describe them to the warm desires,  
And with new fuel feed the living fires.

*May 26.*—Received the following, amongst other more valuable contributions, from our old friend W.

Woman and Hope! I love the two,  
Though bards and sages flout them;  
They're tiresome oft, and oft untrue,  
But who could live without them?

*May 28.*—A friend informs me that the expression of Scaliger, relative to one of the Odes of Horace, was not the King of Persia, as I have erroneously put forth, but "*Rex Tarraconensis*." Another friend informs me, on Lady Morgan's authority, that the King in question was "the King of Naples."

"Strange that such difference should be,  
"Twixt Tweedle-dum and Tweedle-dee!"

My dear Critics, what does it signify to you or me, whether Scaliger's Hyperbole lighted upon *Rex Persicus*, or *Rex Tarraconensis*,—the King of Naples, or the King of Clubs?

*May 29.*—Bless me! Here is a *Corpus Poetarum* rushing in. I shall never get through the serried phalanx. I must make a desperate sally! First have at you Mr. "Remove!"—there; you are an inoffensive and well-disposed gentleman, so I will not hurt you. Aha! "Nestor!" I will not hurt you either, old friend!—you are too *old*. Holloa, good "Vindex," with your "Address to Lord Liverpool," you come with a threatening aspect indeed; there! I have brought him down; I have flung our tenth Resolution at him. What—"Senex" here? Oh! you are in a passion because I would not insert your "Letter to the Boys." I'll just sharpen a "Private Correspondence," and fling it at you.—He runs. "Judex" too—you are enraged because I have not enough serious stuff.—You make home-thrusts indeed! Where is No. IV.? It must be my shield! Murder! Here is the Editor of the "*Apis Matina*,"

with an Epic on the fall of Palmyra in his hand. I must send my "Aristotle" at him.—There! I have overturned him in a twinkling. Ha! ha! there is Mr. C—— in the way, with his sword of Hypercriticism. I think I won't run!—the weapon is very blunt. There is somebody in the rear of the battle, looking most kindly severe: what has he to say? He says, "We are all losing our time; we shall repent this at Cambridge." That was a hard hit; but take care, Sir! It shall go hard with you if any of the Club are Wranglers!—Bless me! here is "Bos," roaring that "there is no merit in 'The Etonian!'" It won't live fifty years! I'll shoot him in the head!—No! that's invulnerable!" Stay a minute, Sir;—I must load with the new Number!





## N°. IX.

## THE KING OF CLUBS.

*Saturni, 23<sup>o</sup> die Junii, 1821.*

THE Club met according to custom ; but there was little or no business to be transacted, and there was a melancholy apparent in every face, which checked every attempt at humour. It will not be difficult to account for this depression of spirits, when it is remembered that the existence of the King of Clubs is drawing to its close. Another brief Month, and the crowned head and sceptred hand will return from their exalted station to their original obscurity ; the King of Clubs will die, and the Gambling-house will be the receptacle of his body.—“*Sic transit gloria mundi.*”

The Members chewed the cud, and drank the punch in silence ; they had almost emptied the bowl, when Mr. GOLLIGHTLY, dipping his ladle somewhat deeper than usual, brought up a small piece of paper from the bottom. It was opened, and read by the President ; and as I have nothing else to insert, I am ordered to present to the Public the

## AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF THE PUNCH-BOWL.

“Autobiography is very much in fashion at the present day. Mr. Cobbett writes Autobiography, and Mr. Hunt writes Autobiography ; why then should Criticism turn up her nose at the Autobiography of a Punch-bowl ?

“I was made on the 20th of October, 1820 ; and was pronounced, by an admiring Public, a fine Bowl. Every body found something to commend in me ; some liked my sweetness, and some my acidity—some praised me because I was strong enough, and some because I was not too strong.

There were few tasters who did not look forward with pleasure to a second draught.

"In a short time the usual vicissitudes of popular favour afflicted me. People began to find in me a hundred faults, of which they had not so much as dreamed before. I was too sour, and too noisy, and too heavy; I inspired nothing but puns and quibbles; every fume I sent forth savoured of Satire; every cup I filled tasted of Absurdity. It was said, that I made young heads giddy, and disrespectful to their superiors; that I was a sad abettor of idleness and impertinence; that I was an utter enemy to all discipline and regularity; in short, that I ought never to be tolerated in the place of which I had possessed myself.

"Even my Patrons, the Members of the Club, began to cool in their good opinion of me. 'The King of Clubs,' like many other Kings, began to think of sacrificing his Favourite, in order to conciliate popular favour: my spirits subsided, and I began to be of opinion that the Members were all cracked, and that I should be cracked too, in a short time. I believe I owed my safety to a fortuitous circumstance, to which I never look back without exultation,—Mr. Oakley, my most formidable enemy, dared to introduce a Tea-pot into the Club-Room. The Members retreated from his flag with disgust; and, though I never could get rid of the vile little intruder, yet a proposal for exiling me, and substituting chocolate, was negatived by a large majority.

"I kept my place, therefore, and although I continued to meet with my *quantum suff.* of disapprobation from many with whose stomachs I disagreed, I did not cease from being the nectar of the Club, and the inspiration of the writings of 'The Etonian.' The fame of me was diffused far and wide, and the brightest ornaments of *Mater Etona* became anxious to have a hand in my composition. They were perpetually sending presents of ingredients, and my limited circumference was frequently unable to contain their liberality. One poured in a stream of Good Sense; another gave me a sparkling fountain of Wit; a third dropped from his hand the sugar of Urbanity; a fourth scattered on my surface the flowers of Parnassus. The disposition to jollity, which I

had upon my first appearance betrayed, was gradually refined. I became as quiet and civil a Punch-bowl as ever was concocted. Even Ladies ventured to sip from me, and Exquisites pronounced me tolerable. The playful Fancy, which dictated the 'March to Moscow' was derived from my influence—the pen which wrote 'Godiva' was dipped in my liquid. When I am accused of misdemeanors, and riot, and disaffection, I answer by holding up a list of my friends!—You shall know me by the company I keep.

"Yet why do I complain of hostility or censure? I never had reason to do so: my greatest friends, it is true, mixed up something of condemnation with their praises; but I need not fret on this account, since my bitterest enemies united something of approbation with their sarcasms. It has been my peculiar lot to please and to displease every body. One considered me lukewarm, but there was sometimes a mellowness in my taste which pleased him; another thought me insipid, but there was sometimes a little acid in my beverage, which redeemed me from total neglect; a third complained that too much of me sent him to sleep, but still he came to me, because he found a little of me was enlivening; a fourth swore I was death to the senses, but yet he had an affection for me, because I gave life to the feelings.

"The incidents of my short life have been few, but among those whom they immediately concerned they of course excited great interest. Wherever 'The Etonian' made his appearance, 'The King of Clubs' led the way with the Punch-bowl in his arms; I was tasted by the literati, who read every thing, and the illiterate, who read nothing at all. Many a glutton in literature smacked his lips at my approach, and many a boarding-school belle relinquished the unbroached 'Tears of Sensibility' for the more inviting flavour of the streams of his Majesty's Punch-bowl.

"These glorious days, however, are fleeting swiftly away! Once more will my orb be replenished, and the potion I will then afford shall be sweeter than I ever afforded before! Once more, and then my wonted spirits will no longer effervesce within me; my wonted friends will no longer laugh around me; I shall be as sorrowful as the hearts of my

patrons,—as empty as the heads of my detractors!—Almighty Bacchus! Shall his Majesty's Punch-bowl sink into a vile piece of crockery? Ere plebeian lips shall defile the rim which the touch of a King hath hallowed,—ere the vessel in which wit has bathed, shall become the receptacle of earthly liquor,—

‘ Be ready, Gods, with all your thunderbolts,  
Dash it to pieces.’

Before this dreadful consummation shall take place, let me, as far as possible, provide for the probable contingency. I know that when my protector, ‘The King of Clubs,’ shall have vacated his throne, a crowd of petty calumniators will arise, to hide my good qualities and exaggerate my failings. Let me, then, draw my own character before a less partial hand shall do it for me, and tell you what candour will say by-and-by of the Punch-bowl.

“It had many failings, but it had some virtues to counter-balance them; it promoted a fashion of levity, an indifference to rebuke, and an appearance of improprieties which never in reality existed. Many persons have assumed the dress of sanctity where sanctity was not; but few, like ‘The King of Clubs,’ have taken to intoxication in print, in order to appear to the world worse than they actually were. But, on the other hand, the Punch-bowl gave life and vivacity to ‘The Etonian,’ which had never been found in the shop of Mr. Twining. It had the grace of novelty, which is no small recommendation where youth is to be the judge; and it afforded an opportunity of talking a great deal of nonsense, which could not have been talked half so well round a copper kettle or a silver urn. It was always warming,—often exhilarating,—seldom, I hope, intoxicating,—never, I am sure, unwholesome.”

The composition, from whatever pen it proceeded, was received with great approbation; and as the punch and its biography were coming to an end together, the Club prepared to adjourn. Previous to their separation, however, Mr. COURTENAY rose and spoke to the following purpose:—

MR. COURTENAY TO HIS CONTRIBUTORS.

"Gentlemen,—As this is almost the last time I shall have the honour of addressing you in my capacity of President of your sittings, I wish to make one request of you and all our other Contributors. The curiosity of the Public is much excited respecting the names of our writers, and I, for one, am very unwilling to disappoint a Public which has been so very kind to us ;—I therefore hope that all those who have favoured us with their support, will let me know as soon as possible whether to all or to any of their articles they will allow me to attach their names in our Tenth and last Number."—(*Hear, hear, hear.*)

(Signed)

R. HODGSON,  
SECRETARY.

## THE COUNTRY CURATE.

———Tenui censu, sine crimine notum,  
Et properare loco, et cessare, et quarere, et uti.—HOR.

IT was with feelings of the most unmixed delight that on my way to the North I contemplated spending one evening with my old friend Charles Torrens. I call him my friend, although he is six or seven years my senior; because his manners and his habits have always nearly resembled those of a boy, and have seemed more suitable to my age than to his. Some years ago, partly in consequence of his own imprudence, the poor fellow was in very low circumstances; but he has now, by one of those sudden freaks of fortune, which nobody knows how to account for, become sleek and fat, and well-to-do in the world; with a noble patron, a pretty wife, and the next presentation to a living of a thousand a-year.

I arrived at the village of ——— about sunset, and inquired for the house of Mr. Torrens. Of the children to whom I applied no one seemed to understand me at all; at last one of them, a *cuter* lad than his companions, scratched his head for half a minute, and exclaimed, "Oh! why, sure, you mean Master Charles, our Curate! Gracious! to think of calling him Mr. Torrens!"—I afterwards learned that this hopeful disciple had the office of looking to the Curate's night-lines. However, he led me to the house, giggling all the way at the formality of "Mr. Torrens." I was prepared by this to find my old acquaintance as warm, and as wild, and as childish as ever.

His residence was a red brick dwelling-house, which you would call a house by right, and a cottage by courtesy: it seemed to possess, like the owner, all requisites for hospitality and kindness, and to want, like him, all pretensions to decoration and show. "This is

as it should be!" I said to myself, "I shall sleep soundly beneath such a roof as this;" and so I threw up the latch of the garden-gate, and went in. Charles was in the kitchen-garden behind the house, looking at his strawberry-beds. I walked round to meet him. I will not describe the pleasure with which we shook hands; my readers well know what it is to meet a dear and cherished friend after a long absence. I know not which was the happier of the two.

"Well," he said, "here I am, you see, settled in a snug competency, with a dry roof over my head, and a little bit of turf around me. I have had some knowledge of Fortune's slippery ways, and I thank my stars that I have pretty well got out of her reach. Charles Torrens can never be miserable while there's good fishing every hour in the day in his Lordship's ponds, and good venison every Sunday in the year in his Lordship's dining-room. Here you see me settled, as it were, in my *otium cum dignitate*, without a wish beyond the welfare of my wife, and the ripening of my melons; and what gives my enjoyments their greatest zest, Peregrine, is, that though the road to them was rather a hilly one, I kept out of the gutters as well as I could. What is it Horace says, Peregrine?"

"Neque majorem feci ratione malâ rem,  
Nec sum facturus vitio culpâve minorem;—"

that is, I did not grow rich like a rascal, and I sha'n't grow poor like a fool!—though (thanks to my uncle, the Nabob,) I can afford to give a young friend a bed and a breakfast, without pinching myself and my servants the next week! But bless me! how I am letting my tongue run on;—I hav'n't introduced you to Margaret yet," and so saying, he took my arm, and hurried me into his drawing-room. His bride was a very pleasing woman—a lover might well call her a beautiful one; she seemed about one-and-twenty, and possessed every requisite to confer

happiness upon a husband of my friend's wandering habits; she had sufficient good-nature to let him wander abroad, but she had, at the same time, sufficient attractions to keep him at home; her forbearance never scolded him for his stay at another's hearth, but her good sense always took care to make his own agreeable to him. A clever wife would have piqued him, a silly wife would have bored him; Margaret was the "*Aurea mediocritas*," and I could see that he was sincerely attached to her.

The next morning I walked into his library, and was not a little amused by the heterogeneous treasures which it presented. Paley seemed somewhat surprised to find himself on the same shelf with "The complete Angler," and Blair, in his decent vestment of calf-skin, was looking with consummate contempt upon the Morocco coat of his next neighbour, Colonel Thornton. A fowling-piece, fishing-rod, and powder-horn, were the principal decorations of the room.

On the table was a portfolio containing a variety of manuscripts, unfinished Sermons, Stanzas, complete in all but the rhymes; bills, receipts, and recipes for the diseases of horses. Among them I found a little Memorandum-book for 1818: it contained a sketch of his way of life previous to his accession of fortune. I transcribed four days of it, and hope he will thank me for putting them in print.

"*Monday, 10 o'clock.*—Breakfast. *Mem.* My clerk tells me admirable coffee may be made with burnt crusts of bread—an ingenious plan and a frugal!—am engaged to eat my mutton with the Vicar of the next parish, so that I have leisure to speculate for to-morrow.—*12 o'clock.* Rode over to my aunt Picquet's. N. B. A plaguy old woman, but has excellent cherry-brandy, and all the fruits of Alcinous in her garden. Managed to oblige her by conveying home some fine pines in a basket.—*5 o'clock.* Dinner.—Old Decker, his



wife, and young Decker of Brasennose.—*Mem.* Young Decker a great fool, but takes good care of the cellar. On my return sent my pines to the Hall (know Sir Harry's have failed this year), and received, per bearer, an invitation to join in the eating to-morrow.

"*Tuesday.*—After breakfast a water-excursion with the Hon. F. Goree; the poor little fellow very ingeniously fell out of the boat. I contrived to catch him by the collar in time to prevent him from spoiling his curls; but he was quite outrageous because I ruined his neckcloth. *Eh bien!* I lose nothing, for I never compassed a dinner with the Countess yet.—7 o'clock. Dinner at the Hall. A large party. Began my manœuvres very badly, by correcting a mistake of the old Gentleman's about "Hannibal the Roman General;" recovered my ground, unconsciously, by a lucky dispute I had with his opponent in politics. A good dinner. Hinted how much I preferred a saddle of of mutton *cold*. Praised the wine and drank it with equal avidity. In the evening played the flute, joined in a catch, and took a beating at chess from her Ladyship with all imaginable complacency. Have certainly made great progress at the Hall. Must dance with the Baronet's daughter at the ball on Thursday.

"*Wednesday.*—Wet morning. Nothing to be done. Cold saddle, with compliments, sent over from the Hall. Pocketed the affront and dined on the mutton.

"*Thursday.*—My mare has sprained her shoulder. How am I to get to the Rooms to-night?—1 o'clock. Walked out. Met young Lawson. Hinted Rosinante's calamity, and secured a seat in the curricule.—10 o'clock. The curricule called. L. nearly lodged me in a ditch. *Au reste*, a pleasant drive.—*Mem.* To dine with him at six to-morrow, and he is to take me in the evening to a quadrille at the Landrishes'. The Rooms very full. Certainly intended to dance with the Baronet's Beauty. Made a villanous mistake, and stood up with Caroline

Berry. My Roxana avoided me all the rest of the evening. How stupid! Have certainly ruined myself at the Hall!"

This sort of life must have been very annoying to such a man as Charles Torrens; however, he has now freed himself from it. "Good-bye," he said, as we shook hands, and parted; "You'll come to us again, Perry,—I was a harum-scarum dog when you knew me last; but if the river of life is rough, there is nothing like an affectionate wife to steady the boat!"

---

### PÆSTUM.

"Is this your joyous city, whose antiquity is of ancient days?"

ISAIAH, xxiii. 7.

YE corses of your former selves, who boast  
 Your frames gigantic, though the life be lost;  
 Whence came this desolation? O'er my soul  
 The mingled visions of past ages roll.  
 Since first the Dorian these proud structures placed  
 With all that grand simplicity of taste.  
 Which, eldest-born of Nature, plays its part,  
 Scorning the tricks of meretricious Art,  
 Builds on a model chaste, severe, sublime,  
 Then flings his gauntlet at the foot of Time.  
 Slow rose the work; forth from the shapeless stone  
 The fluted pillars leap'd, and like a zone  
 Begirt each fabric—then the sculptor threw  
 Frieze, cornice, architrave, in order due;  
 And last, with tablet plain, nor high ascent,  
 Tower'd above all, the ponderous pediment.  
 Tremble ye steers in neighbouring vales that feed,  
 Full many a victim at yon hearth shall bleed;  
 While mounts on perfumed gale the choral lay,  
 To greet the God whom Ocean's waves obey;

And round the shrine his pious votaries throng,  
Of morals pure, in rigid virtue strong.  
Hark to the lute and tabret! from each home  
The merry sounds of wassail blithely come,  
The wine-cup sparkles in the lamp's gay gleams,  
And female smiles dispense their brightest beams;  
Drink, laugh, and love, no toilsome morrow fear,  
'His Pleasure's holiday throughout the year.  
But who the reveller these feasts invite?  
'Tis he—the soft and sluggish Sybarite.  
Wake, bloated slaves of vice, at danger's call!  
The fierce Lucanian thunders at your wall;—  
And he shall lord o'er Pæstum, till *they* come,  
The lion-hearted legions of old Rome.  
She, Queen of Nations, o'er her subjects throws  
The ægis of protection and repose;  
The halcyon calm is lasting, while afar  
Rolls the black tempest of destructive war.  
At last that shield was shatter'd, but, though late,  
The crash was fearful, and the ruin great;  
In rush'd the Pagan and the Norman horde,  
Fire glean'd the harvest, which had 'scap'd the sword.  
Yet these gaunt structures still remain—to show  
Time too can ruin, though his work is slow.  
Meanwhile boon Nature, as in mockery, decks  
With braid of roses the old mould'ring wrecks  
Of prostrate sculpture; yet hath she denied  
The mantling ivy-foliage to hide  
The scars, which angry elements have made,  
When their wrath burst on that firm colonnade.

A. L. B.

## MICHAEL OAKLEY'S OBJECTIONS TO WIT.

"Parcas lusibus, et jocis, rogamus,  
Non cuicunque datum est habere nasum."—MARTIAL.

HOWEVER I may be censured and ridiculed, or deserve censure and ridicule, in deviating from the general opinions of my friends and the Club, I nevertheless feel convinced, that while I state a few of my objections against the mistaken notions of many, who fancy themselves witty and facetious (*nescio quo judice*), I am not the only one who has been repeatedly disgusted with those paltry and trifling quaintnesses which the multitude admire, and term wit. It has often been a source of wonder to me, that men, endowed with good sense and powerful abilities, should perpetually be employed in racking their brains, and torturing their powers of invention, merely for the purpose of gaining the applause and admiration of persons, who, in most instances, are unable to distinguish the sensible and praiseworthy from the absurd and ridiculous. In nothing are men so thoroughly and egregiously deceived, as in this particular. They mistake the babblings of a frivolous and petulant tongue, for the corruscations of genius; and fancy that they discover a fund of wit and humour in every fleeting joke, every sally of levity, which obtrudes itself upon their ears. But the man of sense restrains his words and sentiments, while the multitude are tickled and delighted with this folly. That man alone sees all its weaknesses and all its futility—hears the utmost extent of its powers;—yet disregards them. As a skilful boxer or cudgel-player, he reserves his attack upon it, until it lies completely at his mercy; and then, with one well-aimed and decisive blow, humbles it to nothing.]

The love of praise, that most powerful incentive to the human heart, attacks, by different plots and manœuvres,

the whole of mankind. But it is my opinion, that of all its methods of persuasion, few have been found more alluring than the prospect of becoming ennobled by the powers of Wit. There is something so fascinating in the idea of commanding the risible faculties of our hearers, as it were, by magic ;—of “setting the table in a roar,” at will : and exacting dread and respect from all, through the medium of our satirical powers, that we may (for a short time, at least,) cease to wonder, that so many have sought fame by this alluring, though difficult, path. But if we calmly and coolly reflect upon the obstacles which many before us have undergone and yielded to in the pursuit of this object, we shall, I am positive, be inclined to delay, if not to give up our purpose, previous to our enrolling, or attempting to enrol, ourselves, amongst the herd of Wits. For Wit is a capricious and fickle Deity ; nor is every one, who desires such a distinction, calculated to be one of her favourites. Few, very few, are so highly gifted : all others, who indulge any pretensions to it, deserve nothing, save contempt and ridicule. Let us remember, that “from the sublime to the ridiculous there is but one step ;”—that a man must either excel in this particular, or sink into a prattler of trifles and absurdity. Our friend Horace says,

“ *Mediocribus esse poetis*

*Non homines, non Dii, non concessere columnæ :*”

He might have mentioned the same with regard to Wits.

But these are not the only objections which I entertain towards Wit. However excellent and successful a man may be in this respect, I certainly deem it, to say the least of it, a most dangerous weapon. It may probably provoke the most quiet and generous temper ; and make us enemies of those who are most worthy of our friendship. Few can bear the venom of its shafts without some considerable degree of irritation ; nay, if we

can give any credit to the stories which are reported concerning Archilochus and Hipponax, it has driven those, against whom it was directed, to madness. But even supposing that these accounts are untrue, we must allow that Wit has often been attended with very serious consequences, and called down a heavy punishment upon the head which cherished it. What triumphs can the whole race of Wits, from former ages to the present day, boast of? We shall find that most of those triumphs were purchased dearly by them. They have been imprisoned, beaten, and tormented; they have incurred general odium from generation to generation. However that facetious marksman, Aster of Amphipolis, may deserve praise, who, when Philip was storming Methone, aimed an arrow at the conqueror, with the quaint direction, "To Philip's right eye;" we must confess that he acted foolishly in throwing away his life, however good the joke might be. Poor Aster! he found to his cost that the wit of his head was overbalanced by the weight of his heels. Neither can we be persuaded that the jest of Pasquin against the sister of Pope Sextus Quintus procured its author the most enviable reward. The Pope offered a reward to any one who would discover that author: and Pasquin, relying upon his generosity, delivered himself up to the clutches of his Holiness; who not only repaid him with the promised sum, but also with the loss of his hands and tongue; which utterly disabled the satirist. A man who has felt the severity of a well-aimed shaft of Wit will long perceive a rankling at the wound, and encourage no friendly sentiment against him that inflicted it.

Launcelot Villers is a young man of good abilities, good fortune, and good character; but employs all his talents in the service of that most disgusting and despicable species of Wit—Punning. So much has this *cacoethes*, this itch for a witty reputation, prevailed upon him, that he allows every good quality to be eclipsed by

it. No sentence escapes his lips, which does not teem with words of double meaning; with jests, in the production of which he tortures himself—in the relation, his hearers. He will, previously to his appearing in any of the polite circles, create a profusion of facetious remarks, which he treasures up in his mind; and then seeks the company of his friends, with a brain overflowing with nonsense. In the course of conversation, he introduces remarks, which he may play upon, and sets a kind of trap, as it were, for the words of others. By this means he contrives to publish his long-collected trash. But however my good friend Launcelot may congratulate himself upon his ingenuity and skill in this branch of the art, I must beg leave to differ from him in his opinions (*nil tanti est!*) and inquire into all the advantages which he obtains by persevering in these pursuits. We will allow that he feels great self-applause and satisfaction in his attempts as a punster:—but, alas! Launcelot is so delighted and engaged with this peculiar *forte* of his, that he little considers how many he troubles and vexes with his endless flow of nonsense;—how many fly from the torrent of words, which attends him everywhere;—and how many despise and disregard the newest and most elaborate effusions of his genius. Nor is this to be wondered at; for how can the remarks of an over-facetious companion always please us? Variety is agreeable in every thing; but if any one attempts to succeed in the pursuits of my friend, the stores of his brain must be inexhaustible, or his endeavours will inevitably fail. This is the case with Villers. We hear the same nonsense repeated day after day. His very name has become so notorious, that we hear his acquaintance defining every foolish and trifling pun, every stale and hackneyed attempt at wit, by that name. In short, he is looked upon as a most consummate coxcomb. Such is the reward of a punster!

Mark Egerton has the same good abilities, the same

application and perseverance in the pursuit of his favourite object, and the same eagerness for being dubbed a Wit, as my above-mentioned friend. But he seeks that object by another path; which carries him as far from the desideratum as that course which Launcelot pursues. In company he is silent and reserved; inso-much so, that many consider him as a mere cipher in the polite circles. But as soon as he has retired from the society of his friends, and has seated himself securely in his closet, he gives full scope to his pen, and vents his satirical talents in sundry epigrams, lampoons, satires; in short, in every mode of composition, which has been or can be converted into a vehicle for this species of Wit. He attacks the conversation, the habits, the reputations, and the feelings, of friends and enemies indiscriminately; and when he has, in his own mind, sufficiently acted the part of an executioner, he launches out his productions against those whom he has abused in the most absurd and unprincipled manner. But Mark's brain is, unfortunately, no more qualified for the formation of epigrams or lampoons, than is that of Launcelot for puns and witticisms. The consequences are, that while he is unable to amuse, he offends and disgusts the whole round of his acquaintance. No one smiles, but many frown at the fruits of his labour. At what price has he obtained the fame which, in fancy, he enjoys? He has involved himself in three duels; has been several times rewarded with a horsewhip; and has more than once been compelled by a Court of Law to pay damages for some effervescence of his wit, which he has dared to display at the expense of prosecution for a libel. Most of the clubs about Town have either expelled or black-balled him; and if he ever attempts to enroll himself in any of the others, he will doubtless be most resolutely opposed. Nor has his success with the fair sex been at all improved by his attempts at satire. Twice has he been on the point of marriage;—twice



have his hopes been defeated by some absurdity, not exactly suited to the taste of his intended bride. The remainder of the sex, knowing that, in the gratification of his Wit, he will neither spare their feelings nor their characters, have one and all agreed to reject his offers. From his own family he rarely experiences any kindness; nor is it to be wondered at. It is but lately that his father made an alteration in his will, considerably to Mark's detriment, for some abuse and ridicule against the Bank Directors; of which honourable and highly-respectable body the old gentleman is a member. What, then, are his triumphs? Despised and persecuted by men; rejected, though dreaded, by females; an object of resentment to his father, and of aversion to his family;—of what can he boast? Poor Mark! what a pity it is that he should sacrifice his talents, his expectations, and his friendships, to an object from which he will never gain honour or benefit!

Henry Lawson seeks the reputation of a Wit, by short and biting remarks; in the distribution of which he is peculiarly successful. He assumes the manners and character of a Cynic; and, to do him justice, they suit him remarkably well. His wit neither shows itself in the trifling and feeble puns of Launcelot Villers, nor in the epigrammatic nonsense of Mark Egerton; but in sharp and taunting sarcasms, which, although they are seldom uttered, are never uttered without effect. He imitates, when in the society of his friends, the same mode of conversation and behaviour which obtained, for a great literary man of the last century, the title of "Bear." And we certainly cannot refuse the praise those efforts deserve, which have procured for Henry Lawson the same enviable denomination. Not a shadow of doubt remains of his superiority in this particular: nor can we deny that he has been pre-eminently successful and triumphant; if that can be deemed success and triumph, which causes our friends to shun and avoid us, as they would

avoid a dangerous animal;—which creates us enemies from day to day, and calls down upon us universal odium. If this, I say, can obtain success, Henry has fully obtained it. Does he accost an acquaintance, with a view to conversation? his inquiry is hastily answered by those to whom he addresses himself;—they leave him immediately with the same speed which they would exert in flying from the wand of an enchanter. Does he make his appearance at the Public Dinners—the *Conversazioni*—the Concert—the Assembly—the Theatre? The seats which he approaches are deserted; the innocent mirth and sportive freedom of conversation cease; the song is hushed; the gaiety is at an end. All dread him as a Critic and Censor, yet all detest him as an Intruder and a Cynic;—he is alike the object of uneasiness and fear; of disgust and odium. What can be his motives for acquiring a name by such a morose, such an uninviting display of his talents?

So much for the Wit of words. I have stated my objections against Wit, taken in this light: I will now make a few observations upon that species, which is termed the Practical: to which I am not at all more partially inclined. This, although it generally affords considerable amusement to all, with the exception of those who are marked out for the purpose of displaying its powers, may, in many respects, be extended far beyond the bounds of reason or temperance. It may involve its authors in sundry unpleasant dilemmas, to say nothing worse of the matter; yet many are so completely addicted to it, that, for the sake of raising a laugh, they will not scruple to run into difficulties and absurdities, from which they will be unable to extricate themselves.

There is not a more jovial companion, a more amusing acquaintance, or a more warm and generous hearted fellow, take him all in all, than my worthy and merry friend, Anthony Sedgwick. But poor Tony is most consummately addicted to this last-mentioned species of

Wit ; and, although he frequently has cause to repent of his mischievous yet diverting tricks, I fear that he never will cease from them, until he precipitates himself into some fatal error. Poor Tony ! if there is a *row*, he must be concerned in it ;—if a hoax is to be played off upon some object of dislike, Tony is sure of being appointed head manager ;—if an insult is to be offered to any person, the care and direction of it devolves upon Tony. He certainly is esteemed amongst his companions as the soul of fun, and the life of mirth ; but this honour is purchased at a most exorbitant price. He is perpetually frightening his family out of their wits, by some ingenious contrivance or other. His brothers and sisters are alike the objects of his amusement, nor can he always refrain from irritating the weak nerves of his mother, or the passionate temper of his father. It was but last winter, that, after having performed the part of a ghost for several nights with great satisfaction to himself, and consternation to the neighbourhood, some one, more courageous than the rest, aimed a gun at him, by means of which he received a tolerable sharp admonition in his leg. When at Eton, his propensity to mischief hurried him into an infinity of punishments and difficulties. He was a perpetual, though unwilling votary of the block ; and was within an ace of expulsion, from sending a package to the Head Master, which upon examination was found to contain nothing more or less than a dead dog, and a score of brick-bats. His Dame also was a sufferer from several of his amusing, though dangerous, exploits. Not long ago, he was detected in distributing letters of invitation to the house of a rich citizen, and was compelled to make a most humble and degrading apology, that he might escape the punishment which hoaxers deserve. Another time, while crossing the Thames with his sisters, he attempted to terrify them by rocking the slender skiff in which they had embarked ; but giving it rather too sudden a motion, he absolutely upset it. His folly involved the whole company in a

complete sousing, and most probably would have terminated fatally, had they not been in the vicinity of other boats. He had reason to expect a considerable legacy from a maiden aunt, whose particular favourite he was, until he committed murder upon the bodies of two cats, whom I suppose he considered as his rivals in her affections; and in addition to this crime (heinous indeed in the eyes of an antiquated maid!) he contrived to precipitate a couple of daws down the chimney of her parlour; which, besides throwing the poor woman into hysterics, dislodged a considerable quantity of soot from its receptacle, to the utter abolition of that purity and neatness which pervades the apartments of a maiden lady. But it is needless to extend the enumeration of these tricks any further. All that I can hope is, that he may escape any unfortunate accident from the effects of his folly a few years longer, when he may perhaps be induced to discontinue them, by the more sound reasonings of maturity.

A few more words shall conclude the objections of Michael Oakley. Let us all consider, before we enter upon the various pursuits of Wit, whether the object which we seek will repay us for the difficulties, the hazard, and the odium, which we must undergo in obtaining it. Let us observe the repulse which others meet with—the slender triumph which generally crowns their most ardent expectations. It is not necessary that wisdom and talent should be discovered in Wit alone: on the contrary, an outward show of it frequently reveals to us a shallow brain and an insufficiency of understanding, which it labours, though ineffectually, to conceal.

I cannot conclude this essay better than in the words of Pope:—

“ Unhappy Wit, like most mistaken things,  
Atones not for the envy which it brings,

In youth alone its empty praise we boast,  
 But soon the short-lived vanity is lost,  
 Then most our trouble still, when most admired,  
 And still, the more we give, the more required,  
 Whose fame with pains we guard, but lose with ease,  
 Sure some to vex, but never all to please;  
 'Tis what the vicious fear; the virtuous shun;  
 By fools 't is hated, and by knaves undone."

M. O.

HORÆ SUBFUSCÆ.

"Ibant-obscuri solâ sub nocte per umbras."—ÆN. vi.

I.

COME not, dear thought of her I lost,  
 Amidst the cares of daily life;  
 Nor mingle with the vulture-host  
 Of self-reproach, or inward strife:

Nor come amidst the lighter joys,  
 Of youth and social feeling born;

\* \* \* \* \*

But in the mind's half-slumbering mood,  
 When weary care retires to rest,  
 When all within is solitude,  
 Descend, dear visionary guest!

—Nor come, sweet shadow that thou art!  
 Amidst the hum and glare of day;  
 Thy gentle visits to my heart  
 Must never meet her peering ray:

—But on the solemn verge of night,  
 When the great west is all on fire,  
 And, setting like a rose of light,  
 The sun seems softly to retire;

Or when the pearly moon on high  
 Her sail of beauty has unfurl'd,  
 And sheds in silence from the sky  
 Her softer sunshine o'er a sleeping world :

Or in that hour scarce less divine,  
 When twilight slowly yields to day,  
 And towers, and walls, and temples shine  
 White with the sun's unrisen ray :

—When nature and the hour sublime  
 Have wrought a curtain fit for thee,  
 Come, daughter of departed time!  
 Come, in the night of memory !

Come in the glory of the past,  
 The beauty which remembrance throws  
 O'er all the scene behind us cast—  
 Oh burst my dark and dull repose !

\* \* \* \* \*

## II.

The buzzing night-fly round me play'd,  
 The hollow rain-drop patter'd nigh,  
 While on my couch at midnight laid,  
 I watch'd, and thought of Emily.

And now, as by the clouded beam,  
 I pace these cloister'd walks along,  
 That name is still my fancy's theme,  
 Th' awakener of my lonely song.

I see thee still, my gentle friend,  
 Though far by time and fate estranged ;  
 I mark thee turning, on me bend  
 That smile of playfulness unchanged.

Then, as the evening tapers shine,  
 Beside thy chair I stand again,  
 Or on the well-known couch recline,  
 And listen to thy thrilling strain.

—Forget not him, once dearly known,  
Whom now thine eyes no more must see ;  
Forget not him, who here alone,  
'Mid night and silence, thinks of thee !

III.

'Tis silence—save that on mine ear  
A bird's low note is trilling nigh ;  
So soft, it serves but to endear  
The solemn hour's tranquillity.

Save that the winds of morning play,  
In half-heard murmurs, round my brow ;  
Save the hoarse watch-dog's distant bay,  
Or my own footsteps pacing low.

As through these courts (that, lighted here,  
By the pale dawn, lie there in shade,)  
My slow unvaried course I steer,  
What visions rise—what thoughts invade !

—I think, my Emily, of thee !  
I think of happy moments past ;  
From our young days of amity  
Down to the hour we parted last ;

And those late meetings of delight,  
So few, so short, so simply sweet,  
They 've left behind a track as white  
As many a bliss more exquisite !  
\* \* \* \*

The dawn is brightening o'er the sky ;  
I go, perchance to dream of thee ;  
Farewell—and trust in Him on high,  
My own heart-honour'd Emily !

IV.

'Tis night ; the welkin dimly lours ;  
The lattice flaps with sullen sound ;  
I hear at times the rustling showers,  
'Mid the dull wind that moans around.

But nought of human sounds is here :  
 The hum of daily life is flown ;  
 Great Nature's voice is all I hear,  
 Amidst the gloom she walks alone.

G. M.

---

### TO INTELLECTUAL LIBERTY.

FRIEND' of the human soul ! not thee I call,  
 Who 'mid the clash of armies, or the noise  
 Of jarring senates, in auxiliar power  
 Present, though not in form (as of old time  
 Pallas) dost guide the patriot's tongue or sword  
 To vict'ry, prospering the rightful cause :  
 Not thee, but her thy sister-power, I call,  
 Of higher name, or shall I rather say  
 Thyself, in thy superior power address'd,  
 For ye are one ; thou, whose *especial* seat  
 Is in the heart and in the faculties  
 Of heaven-descended man ; on thee I call,  
 O Liberty, and to thy name exalt  
 A song of supplication and of praise,  
 O thou, more potent and more beautiful  
 Than aught by Grecian poet e'er invoked  
 In hymn or high-toned ode ; for not like them  
 Art thou, an unessential form—a dream  
 Of grace and grandeur ; but an effluence  
 Direct from the prime Spirit of Good, in whom  
 All beauty and all potency do dwell.

\* \* \* \*

A. L. B.



## LETTERS FROM OXFORD.

NO. III.

TO PEREGRINE COURTENAY, ESQ.

M ——— College, Monday Evening.

CONGRATULATE me, my dear Courtenay, I am now an Oxonian *de facto*. I made my appearance here on Saturday afternoon, and immediately proceeded to take possession of my apartments. These had been prepared for my reception by the removal of every thing, which the *scout* and *bedmaker* had chosen to consider the private property of my predecessor, and I found little else than broken arm-chairs and an old-fashioned stained mahogany table awaiting my arrival. It may afford you some amusement, and will certainly throw considerable light on my future correspondence, if I attempt to give you some idea of the local peculiarities of my abode. In the first place, then, it is what Homer would call the *τὸ ὑπερφύσιον*, and the Vulgate *garrets*; but you know, my good Editor, that proximity to the earth is the characteristic of common mortals. Of the two flights of stairs, by which you are conducted to my eyrie, the lowest is wide and deep; wide enough for a coal-waggon to make its way up, and as deep, in each particular step, as the famous external ascent of the Pyramids: the other tapers upwards, in a winding direction, till you have mounted upon a railway landing-place, and you then find yourself in front of an old sturdy *oak door*, which, dented and battered, as it evidently appears to be, from the effects of many a brave resistance to the fury of besiegers, still bours defiance against all the efforts of the coal-hammer. Once admitted within its threshold, you are introduced to an

ante-room, or vestibule, which serves the purpose of a scout's pantry, and contains the crockery-cupboard, and wine-bin. On the left is the sleeping apartment, and directly facing you is the entrance of the sitting-room. You cannot fail to notice that this door is perforated at all quarters; and, had you accompanied me on my first taking possession, you would have found the same unaccountable signs of violence over the mantel-piece. I have since discovered that one of my predecessors had a particular ambition to excel in the art of *pistolng*, and was in the habit of practising this, his favourite pursuit, for a few hours every morning. His mark was either a picture of Lord Nelson, which frowned above the fire-place, or a card on the door; and thus all mystery is satisfactorily removed. I had previously heard that such perforations as these had been in use under the name of dun-holes, for the purpose of notifying the approach of any such disagreeable visitants, and thus affording time for the tenant of the room to make himself "Not at home." The chief chamber, which you have now entered, the very *penetrals* of the Muses, is square, small, and low, about six yards by five and a half, with a college-grate rather returning into the wall, so that the recess admits of two loop-holes on each side above the mantel-piece, which were intended, I suppose, by the architect, to afford light, but, as far as my limited experience goes, only serve to give entrance to all the smoke and smut of the College chimneys, when prevented from rising by a heavy atmosphere.

Here now, I declare you have almost as good a topographical sketch as Belzoni himself could have given you. I had a mind to subjoin a diagram, but I was afraid of offering an insult, and must therefore lay an equal tax upon your ingenuity and good-humour, for the right understanding of my description.

I was happy to find Sterling at Hall-dinner; I need

not say that he received me with cordiality, and, by the unwearied kindness of his small-talk, did away with many of those awkward feelings which a Freshman cannot but be awake to, amid the novelties of his situation. Our friend had been *hard all* at Æschylus and Divinity during the Easter vacation, for he had taken advantage of the permission of his College to remain up within walls; and his sallow cheeks were an earnest that he had called old Father Time to a sharp reckoning during the interval. You know that I used to do justice to our Club-dinners, and the good things which Clayton (rest his soul, poor fellow!) dished us up. There was no deficiency in the dinner before me, but somehow I had strangely lost my appetite. When I attempted to carve the fish, my hand trembled so violently that I thought I should drop the choice bit which I was conveying to my plate, and this merely because I fancied I heard one of my messmates inquire of his neighbour "Who that Freshman was?" And when requested for the salt-cellar, I handed it with as much trepidation as a *prepostor* gives the Doctor a list, when he is conscious of a mistake in the *excuses*. Happy was I when the Hall broke up, and Sterling bustled up to me;—"Old fellow," says he, "I want you to come to my rooms this evening. We will crack the best bottle of old Port I have in my cellar, and we can talk over your new prospects." The offer was readily accepted, and I joined him within the half hour. He was seated in his arm-chair before a blazing fire, which the chillness of the season rendered most acceptable;—decanters and dessert before him;—the sofa wheeled round for my accommodation; and the Scapula and Maltby shuffled into a corner. His sitting-room is as large as all my suite put together; but, although both spacious and lofty, there is an appearance of comfort in it when his heavy scarlet stuff curtains are let down. I could not help smiling at the first object which presented itself;—the

miniature plaster bust of my late revered Instructor, which had taken his station over the fire-place, and was depicted with all that awful gravity of countenance which inspires terror into the stoutest heart of the Upper Division. I said that I smiled on meeting with an *old friend* in a strange land; but my muscles were still more disordered on hearing an anecdote which Sterling related when he observed my attention turned towards the bust. "That," says he, "was presented to me by Carmarthen; who thought I should be interested by any reminiscence of Eton. He had been purchasing some casts of the Italian *chef d'œuvres*, when the shopman begged him to notice the little bust in the window; 'Dat is de reverend schoolmaster at Eton; many of de gentlemen do purchase him out of spite, and break de head.' Shame! thinks Mr. C. to himself; are there then boys in the University? I will save at least one image of the Doctor from outrage; and, if I mistake not, there is a certain individual I know, who can appreciate the learning and abilities of his *quondam Orbilius*. Thus the bust was bought, and you see it is now one of my Penates. You are wondering at the strange choice of the other two." "Homer and Eloisa," replied I, examining the figures upon the hand-screens, "why they?" They were pencilled, he told me, by a lady, from whom they were a present; and, although he had been dull enough not to understand the import of the characters at the time he received the gift, a sly friend had since cleared up the mystery by asking him whether he kept those figures on his screens as emblems of his pursuits,—Love and the Classics. "But come, set you down, and fill me a bumper to 'The Etonian.'" I obeyed. "Between you and me," continued Mr. S., "No. VII. was but mediocre. The run of the compositions were ordinary, and there was not a standard article in the bill of fare. I cannot help thinking but that Golightly was rather too free with

Mr. Tighe, of Corpus. That gentleman, I understand, has shown his sense in taking the matter with his usual good-humour. Indeed he is at present in high spirits, his Second Edition being on the eve of publication; and he has lately received what he considers a most invaluable treasure;—a copy of the Robsart pedigree. Strong hopes are entertained that this illustrious aspirant after the fame of an antiquarian will soon turn his attention to the ruins of the celebrated Godstow Abbey, which is within four miles of Oxford. The subject is well worthy of his attention, and we may confidently expect that the fact of the existence of fair Rosamond will now be established in spite of all the insinuations of a certain sceptical Historian of high name. But of course, Le Blanc, you will be more interested by my giving you some detail of your future mode of life. I will begin with your studies. You need not expect any great hardships in fulfilling your College duties. There are but four public lectures, of half-an-hour each, in the course of the week; and the rank of *sextile* at Eton is a sufficient warrant for your competency to appear on this arena, as the books are only ‘Diatessaron’ and ‘Grötius.’ I would have you particularly punctual in your attendance on the ‘Diatessaron’ days. Mr. Jackson is a very fair expositor in Divinity. (And here, by the way, I cannot refrain from mentioning the great satisfaction with which all the old Etonians at Oxford have viewed the slight alteration that took place last Christmas in the Eton system in favour of Sacred Knowledge. It had always been a subject of regret, that, although a good foundation had been laid in the lower parts of the school by the reading of ‘Watts’s Scripture History,’ and the ‘Harmony of the Gospels,’ no superstructure was afterwards raised. On the contrary, this branch of study was utterly neglected; for the ‘Burnet’ in Lent was a mere drop of fresh water in the ocean.) As for ‘Grotius,’ I cannot

give an opinion of the manner in which this lecture is got up, as I have not attended in Hall since the time when 'Cicero's Offices' were in vogue. In fact, even while I was one of the most regular at this levee (be it spoken with shame), I could not help amusing myself with the false quantities and rival pronunciations of my associates, and felt no small indignation as I observed any Eton man turn renegado, and use the Winchester tone; and this, when I ought to have been monopolized by the remarks of the Tutor on the lecture."

Here Mr. S. was out of breath, and a pause ensued while he filled up his glass and passed the bottle. He then apologized for the minuteness of the above detail; but, on receiving my earnest request to proceed, he informed me next of two other lectures, which I should be expected to get up every week for the Tutor's private room. This, by the way, reminded me that the whole scale of my studies had been drawn for me by Mr. J. during the course of my former visit; and I directed the conversation into a fresh channel by the following summary question:—"Whether a regular attendance on the lecture of the College would secure me a qualification against my first public examination; which is here called the *the Little-Go*?" "You are required," replied my friend, "to take into the *Schools* one Greek and one Latin Author; and the questions which will follow, after you have construed the required passage, are solely grammatical. Thus far, and including also the translation of a 'Spectator' paragraph, any decent Eton Fifth Form is qualified to pass. But besides these tests of proficiency in the Classics, you have your Logie or Mathematics to bring forward. I would prefer, however, treating of the subject when you have been with me to the *Schools*, and have made yourself master of a few practical ideas of the matter.

"Segnius irritant animos demissa per aurem,  
Quam quæ sunt oculis subjecta fidelibus."

By this time our Curfew-bell, the *Great Tom* of Christ Church announced *a quarter past Nine*, and the *scout* came in to lay the tea-things. My friend's attendant appeared a most respectable steady young man, and, to tell you the truth, was dressed as well as many of his masters. I mistook him for a *Cowman* on his entering the room. In fact, he was more like a gentleman's valet than what you might imagine a *College Football* to be, and gave the lie to several violent prejudices which I had brought with me to Oxford against the whole tribe. I am happy to tell you he is appointed also to wait upon me: and, as I would not deceive you with the idea that you are to take this individual as a specimen of the entire body, I ought to mention my having seen some others of the same class, who approach very near to the description of character intended to be conveyed in the Cambridge classical appellation of *Gyps*; which, as you are aware, is synonymous with our term *Scout*.

As I have long been fancying your "*Ohe! jam satis est*" to be dingling in my ears, I will hastily conclude with professions of esteem.

Yours sincerely,

A. L. B.

P. S. I have been more than ordinarily dull in the above composition; have the kindness to make allowance for the effects of that dreadful agony, the ear-ache. I can only attribute the disorder to a cold in the head, caught by wearing that abominable trencher instead of my hat. I hope my Address "*to Intellectual Liberty*," and "*Pæstum*," arrived safe. I accompanied them with a Sonnet from Robert Sterling, who is equally orthodox in principle with our worthy friend Martin.

TO FREDERICK GOLIGHTLY, ESQ.

*M ——— College, Tuesday Evening.*

MY DEAR GOLIGHTLY,

COURTENAY has transmitted your request that I would favour you with some detail of the manners and customs of this place. If I understand your particular aim, you are desirous of peeping behind the curtain at the way of life which we jolly fellows live here. I cannot better meet your wishes than by transcribing for you the last few pages of my Diary. They will embrace the second week of my residence; so, without further preface, I will lay the valuable manuscript before you.

“Sunt bona, sunt quædam mediocria, sunt mala plura.”

*Monday, Eight o'clock.*—Washed and went into Chapel. A change of Chaplains. N. B. The present one got through the service in twenty minutes.

*Nine.*—Went out to breakfast at E—— College with Williams, an old Etonian;—punctual, as per card of invitation; but, however, found my host in bed. Provision made for a large party, both dainty and solid food; two large ice-moulds inclusive. The company dropped in about a quarter before *Ten*. Conversation languid or confined;—riding and driving in all their branches;—the College lectures, and philippics against the severity of the Tutors, filled up intervals. I collected as much however, that Mr. T.'s cane here was thicker than Mr. Jackson's club (*metaphoricè dixerim*) at our own College. In the meanwhile I made up for other deficiencies by doing justice to the good fare. A neighbour, however, was very teasing; he endeavoured to amuse me, and at the same time give me an idea of his superior gentility, by finding fault with every article at table. He politely informed me, that, in all probability,



the pigeon-pie I was feeding upon was made up of young rooks, which the kitchen-boy was in the habit of hooking out of their nests from the belfry tower. Heard the clock strike *Ten*. Did not like to give the signal to rise, as I was quite a junior. Consequence was—too late for Hall Lecture. Got off, however, without notice. *Mem.* To be cautious in future.

*Eleven.*—Sat down to reading. Rather stupid after a heavy breakfast. Had got through eight chapters of Herodotus, when Sterling stepped in at *One*, to ask me if I would take a row up the river to Godstow. Leaped at the proposal. Embarked by Worcester College, and had a most delightful voyage. We rested half an hour on our oars opposite the Port Meadow, to take a view of the Archer-Club and their exploits. Dined at the Pot-house near the Abbey Ruins upon fried eels. *Mem.* To detail the whole expedition in a letter to Montgomery. It will give him a subject for a Sonnet.

Returned to Oxford about *Seven*, and hurried to the Christ Church Meadows, to see the boat-race between the Brazen-Nose and Jesus. The former won the day by a foot or two. Eton and Westminster support their reputation on the Isis. The stroke is rather in favour of the latter: our men pull too quick; the stream is nothing here, comparatively speaking. On leaving this animated scene, for both banks were crowded with spectators, who testified their enthusiasm by their clamours, we found the tea-things laid in Sterling's room; and we had but just seated ourselves when Mr. Carmarthen stepped in. He consented to join our party, and the remainder of the evening was spent socially and rationally. I have obtained for Courtenay a sketch of the state of modern literature at this University, and shall take an opportunity of dishing it up for him. By the way, I shrewdly suspect one of our party to be the author of a little *jeu d'esprit* which has just made its appearance, entitled, "The Reasons for the Examiner's

Choice of Pæstum, as a subject for the Prize Poem ; wherein the author attempts to prove that " Pæstum " is an allegory for the Queen. Before we separated for the night, Mr. C. went and fetched me an old treatise upon " Dreams and Fatal Necessity," by a Berlin Philosopher. A very treasure ! Sterling turned us out at *Eleven*. Slept well.

*Tuesday*.—Regular at Chapel.

*Ten o'clock*.—Hall Lecture. Committed myself sadly by laughing at a poor Grammar-schoolman for his false quantities ; only think of *prodūcunt* and *tessēra*, and the other day *hospītes* ! 'Twas all Sterling's fault, however, for, had he not previously mentioned the circumstance, my expectations would not have been raised, or my humorous fancies on the alert. On the breaking up of Lecture, a Mr. Tomline, who had shown me much attention at Hall dinner, gave me an invitation to a Wine Party in the evening, and asked me if I was inclined to step over the way and look into the Tennis Court for half an hour. I had a private Lecture on the *Medea* of Euripides to prepare against *One* ; but he assured me that there was plenty of time, and I yielded to his solicitations. I met several Eton faces in the room, and somehow the hours slipped by, and it was considerably past *Twelve* when I plucked up resolution to run away. Of course the Greek play was got up in a hurry, and I shamefully murdered that most beautiful passage,

Σκαιοντες δε λεγων, κονδεν τι σοφους, κ. τ. λ.

The Tutor was not very severe in his animadversions, and I therefore felt the more. At the close of the Lecture, however, he took the opportunity to express his disapprobation of black neck-handkerchiefs. *Adhuc sub judice lis est*. Am I to put myself to great inconvenience by double accuracy, and the loss of time besides required in the tie of a white cloth, and also hold at naught all retrenchment in the accounts of my laundress ?

or shall I venture for once to act in slight of authority ;— a proceeding I can never approve of, and must actually enter upon? *En passant*, it was the same unfortunate black neckcloth for which I was turned out of eight o'clock school by one of your masters.

*Two*.—Sallied out in my best coat and gloves, to make a few calls. *N.B.* The cards must simply contain your surname and College; you are finely ridiculed if you tack on a *Mr.* Among others I called upon a friend at Wadham, where I learnt that "The Etonian" was taken in by the Book Club, and was in high favour among the Members. Those men of Wadham are clever fellows. In my way back I stepped into the great *Great Go Schools*. Awful Chamber!—[now follows a long description which would afford materials for a whole letter; I will therefore defer the subject and pass on]—I then went to Jubber's to get a *paté*, and took my seat by the counter. I could not avoid hearing the conversation of those strangers, who were sitting in the recess of the shop. They were discussing the abilities of an individual, who proved to be no other than the author of "The Breakfast Ballad," in "The Poetry of *The College Magazine*." This gentleman, I discovered, intends to take up "Aristophanes," for his Greek book in the *Little-Go*, and the circumstance has created some sensations. Of course, the magnanimity or presumption of the attempt will be judged of by the event; though I would not forget that the poet said, "To dare nobly is to do nobly." From Jubber's I posted to an artist of the name of Whittock, for the purpose of inquiring when Mr. Tighe's portrait would make its appearance, and whether the costume would be the blue travelling cloak, or a High-street dress, with white hat, &c. The party in the evening were sadly riotous; I found that Mr. Tomline had no more of the accomplishment necessary for a president of a social meeting, than an anxious attention to passing the bottle. Conversation had long flagged before we adjourned to

another room for tea and coffee, while the supper was laying. On our return to Mr. T.'s room, we despatched this meal out of our way, and immediately the egg-flip and the bishop-jugs were placed on the table. Singing soon degenerated into mere discordant outcries, and mirth into a bacchanalian madness. About *One o'clock*, every glass had been swept off the table and smashed, and a party sallied out with a redoubtable coal-hammer. *N.B.* No man has a right to attack the rooms of one with whom he is not in the habit of intimacy. From ignorance of this axiom I had near got a horse-whipping, and was kicked down stairs for going to a wrong *oak*; whose tenant was not in the habit of taking jokes of this kind.

*Wednesday, Two o'clock, A.M.*—Helped my scout to put a friend to bed, and then slunk off to my room.

*Eight.*—Too much indisposed to get up for Chapel—mistook the bell for the funeral toll in "*Hamlet*," and, thinking that I was the Danish Prince, dreamed I was on the point of throwing myself into the grave of *Ophelia*.

*Nine o'Clock.*—Woke and found myself on the floor.

Half an hour after dressed, and sat down to a solitary breakfast, my own thoughts, and a head-ache.—*Mem.* Never to order in any wine from an Oxford Merchant, at least not till I am a Don, as I observe they send out a sort of essence of sloes, sheer black-strap, which they think quite good enough for us ordinary Under-Graduates.

After Lecture, looked into Sterling's room. Found that he had been disturbed by our last night's debauch, and was aware of my participation in it. He said little, and I felt the more.

I walked with him in the afternoon to a neighbouring eminence, cyleped Shotover. It is a wild heathy tract, only partially violated by that sacrilegious Inclosure Act. The fresh air revived me, and we amused our-

selves with botanizing and descanting on the beauties of the vast panorama around us. The range of hills, which incloses our Academus like the walls of an amphitheatre, is composed on the north-east by the Chiltern, on the south by a Berkshire branch; while the western outline has retired so far, that it is almost lost in the blue haze of the horizon. On a sudden I remarked a troop of horsemen in a hollow, near one of the stone quarries. I could distinguish them thus much, that they were University-men, and were apparently grouped round a certain individual, who seemed to be haranguing them. I could discern no farther. Were they fox-hunters at a loss, listening to the directions of some leading sportsman? I could see no dogs. They might be Cameronianians, for all I knew, assembled among the wilds of nature, to secure liberty of conscience, far away from the profane intrusion of the orthodox. There had been no end to my conjectures, had not my companion spared me any farther exertion of the imagination, by informing me that the squadron I had observed were composed of the pupils of the Professor of Geology. He went on—"It is Mr. B——, who is describing the course of the diluvian fluid, and its probable action in the formation of the surrounding hills; as also the direction of the different strata in the neighbourhood. The band are armed with long hammers of approved metal, with which these young philosophers make serious depredations on the stone walls, (for the fields in this part of the country are but rarely inclosed by hedges), and investigate the properties of every pebble. This course of Lectures are decidedly as agreeable and instructive as any in the University. You may learn if you please, to astonish the good people of Abingdon, Henley, Windsor, Eton, London, &c., by diverting the present channel of the Thames with the greatest facility, so that you happen to light upon the exact spot marked out by Mr. B—— as a gorge, and then you may send the river into Wilt-

shire or Hampshire." We passed, in our return home, through the little hamlet of Shotover. The cottages are built on the sides, or at the bottom, of certain hollows, which are among as many hillocks, or mounds of soil, as there are swellings in the crust of a cherry pie; I mention the fact, as I confess myself unable to divine whether those same appearances are natural or artificial. The village of Heddington lay in our way—near which, I understand, was the residence of the great Milton, and there still remains a little brook to mark the spot which furnished the Poet with imagery for the "*Il Penseroso*."

When I got back to my room I found a note of invitation for an evening party on my table. It was in the hand-writing of one of the fair daughters of a gentleman who holds an official situation in this University, and for whom I have brought up a letter of recommendation. I cannot say that I felt at all grateful for the kindness of the *billet-doux*, for I had had such an appalling lecture from Mr. Tomline on the formality and stiffness of the society in Oxford, that I shuddered at the very idea of subjecting myself to its trammels for a single evening. However, my curiosity got the better of my fears, so after dinner I brushed up my locks, and tied the best cloth my taste would allow me, and set off with palpitating heart to the scene of trial. When ushered into the drawing-room, I first observed a most formidable line of females, who were ranged in silent state at one side of the apartment. As in duty bound, and also in obedience to Mr. Tomline's directions, I stalked up to this party, made my bow to two or three ladies whom I recognized, and, having addressed some trifling sentence to each of them, shrunk back again to the group of gentlemen, who were posted in an opposite horizon. Woe be to the bold spirit who attempts to gain a footing by the chair of any Belinda, whom he may select for his attentions! He may think himself lucky if he does not get a dead cut by the end of his third

sentence. I, of course, expected a little sympathy among the ranks of my fellow Gownsmen; but no! we stared at one another like fighting-cocks, or bull-dogs; and I had made up my mind to sit kicking my heels for an hour or so, when I felt a jog at my elbow, and turning round, discovered our old Eton *con* MacLennox, at my side. Here then was an end of the blue devils, for my companion kept me in a continued glow of animation by the various anecdotes which he told me of the individuals in the room. "That Lady," said he, "in the centre, with the head-dress in the shape of a tiara, thinks of nothing below a gold tassel. Beware how you presume to approach her; for although you are but a Commoner, you have doubtless too much pride to expose yourself to insult, from the scornful-arrogance of a giddy-brained girl. Mark that tall figure in the dress of Lincoln green: that is an indigenous production of this place; her brother has just taken his Bachelor's degree, and I have heard that he is much indebted to Miss Anna's questions in Herodotus and Horace, that he passed his examinations with so much *eclat*." Here my kind Cicerone interrupted himself,—“I hope you have come well provided for the whist or loo table: you have need of a stout purse on these occasions. I would not have you rely either upon your personal or conversational attractions to throw any weight in your favour. There are some of those ladies as sharp as their own needles; and take care, for while you are admiring their daughters, depend upon it the mothers at least are attending to the main chance of the game.” My volatile neighbour was rattling on with this mixture of scandal and friendly admonition, when the card-tables were drawn out, and the party gradually composed themselves to their respective *divertissements* for the evening.

I have found, my dear Golightly, that the interpretations, which were absolutely necessary for the perfect understanding of my original manuscript have so far

swelled my materials, that it will be expedient to postpone farther extracts from my Diary to some future communication. For the present, believe me to remain,

Yours sincerely,

A. L. B.

## FURTHER EXTRACTS

FROM A TERRIBLE LONG MS. POEM.

\* \* \* \*

PAUSE on the green hill's brow :—beneath our eyes  
 How still the Village in its beauty lies !  
 Sweet spot, how calmly blends this evening sky  
 With thy serene and deep tranquillity !  
 As in rich floods the mellow sunset falls  
 On thy bright windows and still gleaming walls ;  
 Thy lonely church, and high white steeple shining  
 In the last ray behind the hills declining ;  
 Thou seem'st a seat of more than earthly rest,  
 Some lone and lovely dwelling of the Blest.  
 No jarring sounds of human passion rise  
 From thee, sweet Village, to those smiling skies.  
 Like some fair bark, with sails in sunshine furl'd,  
 Thou hear'st far off the tempest of the world.  
 The factious mob, the throng of busy feet,  
 The hum of commerce in the crowded street,  
 The war-drum's hoarse and melancholy tone,  
 The trumpet's summons, are to thee unknown.  
 But mirthful voices all around thee afloat,  
 Mix'd with the nightingale's entrancing note ;  
 And ever and anon thy deep recess  
 Breathe forth a quiet sound of happiness.

Hark ! 'twas the milk-maid's carol ———

\* \* \* \*



Now blither sounds are rising ; with a shout,  
 From durance long the village-school springs out.  
 A moment ! and the green, so still before,  
 With that wild joyous rout is flooded o'er,  
 As by a torrent, and the rapturous cry  
 Of young shrill voices rises to the sky.  
 It is their hour of freedom—toil and care  
 Are over—all is life, is motion there :  
 With quick, light steps, retreating and advancing,  
 Through many a tangled maze, like shadows glancing,  
 Float the small elves ; how free their motions swim,  
 Now the life tingles in each little limb !  
 With leap and frisk they nimbly shake the ground ;  
 With shout on shout the welkin rings around.  
 Nor know they why they shout ; a rapturous sense  
 Of joy pervades their hearts of innocence ;  
 In every frame the pulse beats wild and high,  
 And the soul's laughter fills each kindling eye.  
 Perchance o'erwearied by their boisterous play,  
 One grave-eyed boy steals silently away ;  
 Urged by some gentler impulse to receive,  
 In his lone heart, the calm repose of eve.  
 From Earth's dull scenes his soaring soul is far,  
 High converse holds he with the Evening Star ;  
 Wanders, in thought, o'er some celestial shore,  
 And feels such bliss as manhood feels no more.

\* \* \* \*

Now darker shades o'er earth and sky prevail—  
 A deeper stillness creeps along the dale ;  
 Hush'd is the milk-maid's song, the schoolboys' shout  
 The toil-worn labourer's cottage-light is out,  
 And early sleep is heavy on the eye  
 Of simple, weary, patient industry.

Still, as faint twilight fades along the skies,  
 From hill and village wandering sounds arise :  
 The owls take up their melancholy tune,  
 The deep-voiced watch-dog bays the rising moon :  
 While, in rich volumes, through the thicket swell  
 The thrilling strains of heart-sick Philomel.

Now first in murmurs by the breeze convey'd,  
Is heard some tuneful lover's serenade;  
And the wild laugh comes dancing from afar  
Of the maid listening at her lattice bar.

Who steals so softly through the twilight vale,  
With melancholy footsteps, wan and pale?  
Whose vest of mourning, and whose pensive pace,  
Hold sad accordance with his woe-worn face?  
'Tis he—oh! let no heedless step intrude  
On that poor mourner's holy solitude!  
This is his hour of peace—the hour that hears  
His lonely sighs, that sees his quiet tears.  
Sad widower, through the twilight's deepening gloom,  
He steals to weep upon his lost one's tomb;  
To commune with her image, and give way  
To dreams his manly spirit checks by day.  
No weak enthusiast, no fond dreamer he,  
When the world calls for active energy;  
And thoughts, that whisper of his children's weal,  
'Midst dull exertion bid him cease to feel;  
Still with the troubles and the cares of life  
All day his spirit holds unyielding strife;  
And none, who see him in his toils, can trace  
The heart's deep workings in that patient face.  
But when at Eve's return his weary brain  
From toil reposes, Nature wakes again;  
And, as his playful children round him press,  
With many a winning innocent caress,  
His glistening eyes amid their gambols swim,  
And Earth, he feels, has raptures still for him.  
An hour ago, and who so blest as he,  
When those young prattlers hung about his knee,  
With gentle kisses press'd his forehead pale,  
With breath suspended heard the promised tale,  
Bending on him their earnest eyes, which shone  
With love which call'd up tears into his own;  
Then one by one, by weariness oppress'd,  
Sunk into quiet slumber on his breast.

And he hath closed the curtains of their bed,  
 And smooth'd the pillow for each weary head,  
 Hath kiss'd the heavy eyelids of their sleep,  
 And wander'd forth, on that low grave to weep.

Lonely the spot—no pomp arrests the eye,  
 The turf looks dark beneath the starless sky,  
 And many a wild-flower droops its dewy head  
 O'er the cold dreary dwellings of the dead.  
 There, gently leaning on a sculptured stone,  
 Sits the pale dreamer, silent and alone :  
 There will he sit, from earthly cares removed,  
 In blest communion with the saint he loved,  
 Till night's cold breeze and deepening shades recall  
 His spell-bound spirit from such gentle thrall.

• • • • •

JUAN.

---

### ESSAY ON THE POEMS OF HOMER, AND THE MANNERS OF THE AGE IN WHICH HE LIVED.

“PHILO-MUSUS” has sent us an Essay, of considerable length, upon the merits and beauties of the Art of Poetry. We are persuaded, however, that of such merits and beauties none of our readers need to be informed; and therefore “Philo-Musus” lies at our Publisher's till called for.

We are going, however, to make some observations upon one advantage to be derived from Poetry, which our good friend has altogether omitted. We mean the power which it possesses of handing down to posterity an exact picture of the customs and manners of a very distant age. By its aid we can trace through successive years the variations which gradually take place in warfare and in letters, in habits and in costume; we can gaze with reverence upon the superstitions which have become

extinct, and smile upon comparing the nascent follies of the age of Demigods with the full-blown follies of the age of Men. Homer, as he stands pre-eminent among the ancient bards in all other requisites, is equally so in this. Notwithstanding the force of his numbers, the fertility of his invention, the grandeur of his story, and the excellency of the moral precepts which are interspersed throughout it, we are inclined to value him less upon these considerations than upon the faithful representation which he has given us of the manners of his heroes. For these reasons we have put his name at the top of this paper, although, in the course of it, we shall probably indulge ourselves in more frequent digressions than ever the old gentleman himself made use of. To those who had rather have from us a well-digested essay than a series of straggling remarks, we must say what we have often said before :—" We are boys, and we have not the presumption to suppose ourselves capable of criticising the studies, or regulating the taste, of our schoolfellows. Our aim has not been, and is not, to instruct, but to amuse." With this preface, we put our Homer before us, mend our pen, and begin.

The Odyssey, which describes the travels and sufferings of an individual, has, of course, more numerous sketches of private life than the Iliad, the actors in which seem, as it were, to be upon a public stage, and to stalk in the tragic buskin from one end of the poem to the other. But we cannot help wondering at the manner in which the poet has so frequently interwoven in his most gorgeous descriptions some allusion to the commerce or the arts of his countrymen ; his similes, in particular, are perpetually borrowed from the works of the farmer or the mechanic. Some have found fault with Homer upon this head, arguing that the images which he introduces are, in some instances, too mean for the dignity of the epic style. He has been defended from the charge by abler pens than ours ; and therefore we shall only observe,

at present, that, allowing these passages to be blemishes, they are blemishes more valuable to us than the greatest beauties could have been: if his descriptions of rustic manners are faults, Homer, like his own Achilles, would be less interesting were he less faulty.

The first observation which occurs to us (for we intend to write, like sentimental ladies, quite at random,) is, that the besiegers of Ilium were ignorant of one of the fiercest pests of modern times, coined money.

Ἔθεν ἄρ' οἰνίζοντο καρηκομῶντες Ἀχαιοί,  
 Ἄλλοι μὲν χαλκῷ, ἄλλοι δ' αἰθωνί σιδήρεϊ,  
 Ἄλλοι δὲ ῥηνοῖς, ἄλλοι δ' αἰτωσίσι βουσσίν,  
 Ἄλλοι δ' ἀνδραποδίσσιν·

“ Each, in exchange, proportioned treasures gave;  
 Some brass, or iron; some an ox, or slave.”

Not a word in the bargain of pounds, shillings, and pence! If these noxious ideas had then existed, we should have had the sellers of the wine exclaiming, in the style of one of our old ballad writers,

“ Noe pence, nor halfpence, by my faye,  
 But a noble in gold so round !”

And we should have had the buyers replying, in all the lengthy insolence of Homeric compounds,

“ I have gold to discharge all that I call!  
 If it be forty pence, I will pay all.”

Again, when Agamemnon endeavours to appease the anger of Achilles by the offer of sumptuous presents, he presents him with a magnificent list of the cities in his gift; and, in order to describe the value of them, is obliged to have recourse to the vague epithets of “ἐν ναίομενα”—“ποιήσσαν”—“βαδυλειμον”—“αμπελοεσσαν.” Now, if Homer's heroes had understood any thing of coinage, the Poet would have avoided all this circumlocution, and pre-

sented us at once with a clear statement of the yearly revenues, in the style of the above-quoted songster.—

“ For Plumpton Park I will give thee,  
With tenements fair beside ;  
*’Tis worth three hundred marks by the yeare,*  
To maintain thy good cow-hide.”

This, however, is mere jesting. The next consideration we shall offer will be a more serious one. How happy were the men of that age ! They had no such crime as forgery ;—no discussions about stocks ;—no apprehensions of a paper currency. There was no liability to imposition ;—no necessity for pamphlets. At the present crisis, when the increase of forgery, and the dread of national bankruptcy, occupy so large a portion of public attention, we, in common with other more practised quacks, come humbly forward with our nostrum. Is it not “ a consummation devoutly to be wished,” that Britain would consent to forego the use of these horrible mischief-workers, these bits of silver, or of silver paper, and return contentedly to the original method of traffic, making her payments in oxen or in sheep ? The veriest bungler may forge a shilling, but the veriest adept would find it plaguy difficult to forge an ox.

If it be true that the ancient Greeks were thus ignorant of stamped money (for we are only repeating what has been observed upon the subject before us) it cannot but surprise us that they had made so great a proficiency in other arts, without the use of what appears in modern times absolutely indispensable to social intercourse. From the descriptions of Homer, they should seem to have been, in a great measure, in possession of our arts, our ideas of policy, our customs, our superstitions. Although living at so remote a period, they enjoyed many of our luxuries ; although corrupted and debased by the grossest of religious codes, they entertained many of our notions of morality : the most skilful artisan, and the most enlightened sage, may, even in our days, find in the

poems of Homer always an incitement to curiosity, and frequently a source of instruction.

Many a lady of ton (if ladies of ton were in the habit of studying Homer) would be astonished at learning that her last new lustres would sink into insignificance by the side of the candelabras of Alcinous :—

Χρυσίδι δ' ἄρα καὶ ἰὺδαίων ἐπὶ βωμῶν,  
'Εσάσαν, αἰδομένας δαΐδας μετὰ χερσὶν ἔχοντες,  
φαίνοντες νυκτὸς κατὰ δώματα δαιτυμονισσῶν.

“ Refulgent pedestals the walls surround,  
Which boys of gold with flaming torches crown'd;  
The polished ore, reflecting every ray,  
Blazed on the banquets with a double day.”

Nor would she be less amazed, upon turning from these inanimate attendants, and learning the number and duties of the housemaids :

Πεντηκόντα δὲ αἱ δμῶαι κατὰ δῶμα γυναῖκες, κ. τ. λ.

“ Full fifty handmaids form the household train;  
Some turn the mill, or sift the golden grain;  
Some ply the loom; their busy fingers move  
Like poplar-trees when Zephyr fans the grove.”

Indeed, throughout his whole description of the palace and gardens of Alcinous, the poet seems to have expended all his ideas of luxury and magnificence. The colouring of the picture must of course be supposed to be much heightened by the graces of fiction and ornament; but nevertheless the objects of it must certainly have been sketched from the manners and usages which were before the eyes of the designer. Upon the first of these passages it is to be observed, that the Greeks of those days were ignorant of any contrivance in the way of lamps; they banqueted or deliberated by the light of fires, or the blaze of torches;—rude even in their refinements, and barbarous in their most surpassing splendor. As to the fifty housemaids, we must recollect that it was

necessary to retain a great number of female attendants, where the women had the charge of almost every menial employment, and the males seemed to live for little else but pleasure and war.

One example we may derive from the rude manners of that age, which it would be well if the more polished society of this would remember, and imitate; we allude to the constant reliance which was placed upon religion in affairs of every kind. No voyage was commenced—no war undertaken—no treaty concluded—without a recurrence of sacrifice and ceremony. Hence the extraordinary sanctity which was always attached to the persons of their priests; hence also the veneration which was paid to their poets; for as the themes of their earliest songs were generally the praise or the actions of some member of their multifarious mythology, the celebrators partook of the honours which were paid to those whom they celebrated; and the verse, which flowed in the name of any of their divinities, was supposed to proceed from their immediate inspiration. Princes therefore generally retained in their household a Bard, or Sage (for the terms were nearly synonymous), though we are not so wicked as to suppose that the office of Fool, among the ancient Saxons, bore any analogy to that of Bard, among the ancient Greeks. There is an example of this custom in the opening of the *Odyssey*, which has always pleased us very much. The poet has been describing the debauchery and insolence of the suitors of Penelope,—

“ A brutal crowd,  
With insolence, and wine, elate and loud.”

And when his readers are disgusted by the extravagance and luxury which revels in the property of another, he introduces, by way of relief to the glaring colouring of the rest of the picture, the person of an old man, who still retains the post which he had held under Ulysses,



and is compelled reluctantly to sweep the strings of his lyre by the mandate of the dissolute usurpers :—

Κερεξ δ' ἐν χερσὶν κίθαριν περικαλλία θηκε  
 Φημιω, ὅς ῥ' ἤϊδε παρὰ μνηστῆρσιν ἀμαγνῇ  
 Ἦτοι δ' φορμίζων ἀνιβαλλετο καλὸν ἀείδειν·

“ To Phemius was consigned the chorded lyre,  
 Whose hand reluctant touch'd the warbling wire;  
 Phemius, whose voice divine could sweetest sing  
 High strains, responsive to the vocal string.”

This, however, is a custom by no means peculiar to the Greeks. We know that each of the Highland Clans retained a Bard expressly for the purpose of celebrating the Clan and its Chief. We imagine we have seen something of the same kind mentioned relative to the American and Indian Tribes.

The subject of the Iliad of course calls forth long and spirited descriptions of the mode of warfare in use among the ancient Greeks. This appears to us to exhibit plainer marks of barbarism than any other part of their character. They had all the untutored ferocity, the dependence on personal strength or courage, which is characteristic of the earliest ages; without the studied manœuvres and the laboured machines which malicious invention afterwards introduced. The greatest quality inherent in a commander was not skill of head, but strength of limb; few seemed to lay claim to any nobler distinctions than those which were to be found in the space between their shoulders. We know not whether the rude struggling of these uncultivated warriors is not a more interesting spectacle than the cold-blooded massacres of modern days. In the hand-to-hand conflict of two princes there is passion, and fury, and enthusiasm, for which we look in vain to the cold and calculating tactics of *l'art militaire*.

The war, indeed, of those times was naturally deficient in every thing technical or scientific. It abounded in instances of individual devotion and of desperate en-

terprise, but had no means of supplying by art the defect of numbers, or of overcoming an obstinate enemy by a regular siege. It rather resembled the foray of a few pillaging tribes, than the contest between two powerful nations.

We shall see nothing to wonder at in this their undisciplined warfare, when we remember that piracy, which it so nearly resembled, was a mode of life to which they were greatly addicted. They saw in it nothing dishonourable; but on the contrary esteemed it a brave and worthy employment: their greatest heroes exercised it without the smallest scruple. They rather gloried in their robberies; and recounted with a feeling of pride their achievements and their plunder. Here again there is a manifest similarity between their ideas and those of the Highland Clans. We do not know indeed if a very close parallel might not be drawn between the greaved Greek and the plaided Mountaineer. We shall throw out a hint or two upon the subject, and recommend the plan to Mr. Golightly, if he wishes to be witty in No. X.

In the first place, the love of rapine which we have just mentioned is inherent in both: the towns which fall beneath the ravages of the Greek are probably little superior in importance to the villages which excite the cupidity of the Scot. Both nations possess the same romantic notions of individual bravery: both value their booty rather from its being the prize of battle, than from the weight of the gold, or the number of the cattle, of which it consists. And to say the truth, when we behold on the one side Achilles retiring from his conquests, with his captives, and his treasures, and his beeves; and when we see on the other the Chieftain of some kilted Clan, returning to his native fastnesses, and driving the fat of the land before him, we hardly know which of the two cuts the more respectable figure. Why do we attach such splendid ideas to the terror of Troy?

His rival is a more picturesque object for the design of the painter; he is as muscular a model for the chisel of the sculptor; but the piracies of the Mountaineer will never be celebrated like the piracies of the Myrmidon; for, alas! Gaelic will never sound so classical as Greek!

Many of the superstitions of the one nation bear a striking resemblance to those of the other. Both of them believe that their Sages have the faculty of foreseeing and predicting future events; both of them place great reliance on signs and auguries; both imagine that the soul exists after death, and that it continues to take an interest in the pursuits and the friends whom it left upon earth. Much as we are attached to the fooleries of our old friends before Troy—to the victims, and the priests, and the oracles, we must confess that, to our taste, the plaided Seer, wrapt up in his vacant trance of second-sight, is a more interesting and a more poetical object than all the mummeries of Delphos or Dodona. But there is one point in this legendary species of religion, in which the similarity appears to us rather remarkable. We allude to that extraordinary union of the opposite doctrines of free-will and predestination, which so forcibly obtrudes itself upon our notice in examining the traditions of both countries. To discuss this point at any length would require a greater portion of time than we can devote to it; and we shall therefore content ourselves with observing, that the fabulous self-devotion of Achilles, who is said to have remained at Troy, although conscious that he was destined to die there, appears to us to have taken its rise from those notions of an unavoidable fate which Homer so frequently expresses. But this trait, which, as has been often observed, adds such an exalted merit to the character of the hero, has many parallels in the conduct of the Scottish clansmen, whose Chieftains we frequently find going with alacrity to battle, although feeling a consciousness that they are seeking their death. But

look you there again!—the self-devotion of the Mountaineer will never be celebrated like the self-devotion of the Myrmidon; for, alas! Gaelic will never sound so classical as Greek!

Another conspicuous ingredient in the character of both is the pride which both take in ancestry. The Greek and the Highlander take an equal delight in tracing the river of their blood through distant generations, although we fancy that the latter pays rather the most attention to the purity of the stream. When he looks over the tree of his genealogy, and exults in the glorious names which he finds among its foliage, his feelings are not the less honest, nor his happiness the less fervent, because he sees no Jupiter in the root, and no Venus perched among the branches. And truly we do not see why the descent of the Greek is of greater moment than the descent of the Scot, except that Patronymics in *ides*, and *ion*, and *iades*, have certainly a nobler sound than plain, simple, unsophisticated *Mac*. But, look you there again!—The ancestry of the Mountaineer will never be celebrated like the ancestry of the Myrmidon; for, alas! Gaelic will never sound so classical as Greek!

When any important quarrel calls for a union of the forces under their numerous petty Princes, the gathering of the Greek nations is precisely the gathering of the Highland Clans. In both the Commander-in-chief is chosen by the vote of the assembled Leaders; in both, his authority is cramped and frustrated by the exclusive allegiance which is owed by each separate Clan to its respective Chieftain. In both, as may be supposed from the ill-concocted materials of which both armies are composed, quarrels and dissensions are perpetually taking place. And why are not the disputes of the Tartans as worthy of song as the disputes of the spears and the helmets?—They often arise from the same passions; they often spring from equally insignificant causes; they often

lead to equally tragical results. But look you there again!—The quarrels of the Mountaineer will never be celebrated like the quarrels of the Myrmidon; for, alas! Gaelic will never sound so classical as Greek!

We might go on to trace the simile, in the same strain, through many other qualities and customs. We might instance their mutual fondness for athletic exercises—the absolute authority exercised by the Chiefs over the persons of their followers—the belief prevalent among both nations of the efficacy of music and charms in the cure of wounds—the custom of being constantly attended by large dogs—the union of heart and hand, which in both cases exists between the Chief and his Foster-brother:—but this is idle; the *tout-ensemble* of the Mountaineer will never be celebrated like the *tout-ensemble* of the Myrmidon; for, alas! Gaelic will never sound so classical as Greek!

And now that we come to the end of what ought to have been ended a page ago, we recollect that we have been wandering through a great track of paper; and we hear Mr. Golightly bellowing in our ears a reproof, in which we fear our readers will join him—Mr. Swinburne, Mr. Swinburne, *Quid ad rem?*”

MATTHEW SWINBURNE.

---

## FRAGMENTS OF AN ADDRESS TO THE SPIRIT OF POETRY.

—————Wilt thou too depart,  
Genius, or Muse, or Feeling, or Delight,  
Or Power, or Spirit, whatsoe'er thou art,  
And by what name design'd, who dwell'st the light  
Of song within us —————

\* \* \* \* \*

Oh! sweet as Love, ere blunted by possession !  
 Sweet as the " vernal joy" by nature sent  
 Into the soul of man ! whose best expression  
 Is in the heart's unspoken language ; lent  
 To light our dulness, and with sweet aggression  
 Forcing old Night and Chaos to relent,  
 To waft aside the universal veil,  
 And make Creation's beauties visible.

Thou teachest man, that there is more on earth  
 Than what he hears, or sees, or feels, or knows ;  
 An inward treasure, of uncounted worth,  
 Hid like the invisible honey in the rose ;  
 A world of wonders,—a mysterious birth,  
 Which thou but to thy chosen dost disclose ;  
 An immaterial glory, passing far  
 All palpable light of gem, or sun, or star :

A cloud of beauty brooding o'er the world—

\* \* \* \* \*

Great spirit ! beneath whose full-exerted power  
 Our bodily frame doth tremble, like a bough  
 Rock'd by the wind ; before whom, in thy hour  
 Of charmed potency, the great mind doth bow  
 In royalest submission, with her dower  
 Of gifts and graces ; yet can lift her brow  
 Triumphant, and with thee strange contest hold—  
 Controlling thee, and yet by thee controll'd.

For she can grasp thy influences, that fly  
 As vague and viewless as the folding air,  
 And fix them in her clayey moulds, thereby  
 To shape them into forms so glorious fair,  
 (Tho' spoil'd of half their might) that the great eye  
 Of earth shall, while time lasts, be riveted there ;  
 The trophies of her splendid strife with thee,  
 Crowning that strife with immortality.

G. M.

## SONNET,

TO CATHARINE SEYTON.

So thou would'st tempt me, pretty Neophyte,  
 Me, bred in those learn'd halls whose sons erst broke,  
 With arm polemic, Rome's usurped yoke,  
 Though all unfit to wage with eyes so bright  
 And smiles so sweet the controversial fight;  
 Me, whom no few as Methodist assail,  
 Me thou would'st tempt to quit the happy pale  
 Of England's Church, to pope and priest my right  
 Of thought resigning. Cherish, gentle friend,  
 The new-found light, if light it be, and tread  
 Thy clouded path to heaven; and let me wend  
 My way, with difficulty sore bested,  
 Nor needing more incumbrances, alone,  
 Free from thy Church's fetters, and thy own!

R. S.

## BOUNCE.

———"optata luce fruatur."—VIRG.

TIME and Fortune! mighty powers,  
 Rulers of creation,  
 Ye, on whom these hearts of ours  
 Wait in expectation;—  
 Time and Fortune! have ye not,  
 In your sunless treasure,  
 One unmingled happy lot—  
 One enduring pleasure?  
 Time! there is but one whose bliss  
 Baffles thy enhancing;—  
 He, who finds in Lucy's kiss  
 Pleasures past advancing!

Fortune! there 's but one on earth  
 Who thy power despises;—  
 He who prizes Lucy's worth,  
 He whom Lucy prizes!

F. GOLIGHTLY.

## THE WEDDING;

### A ROMAN TALE.

“ Oh! snatch'd away in Beauty's bloom,  
 On thee shall press no ponderous tomb!”

BYRON.

By the side of the Latin way, amidst many other *mementos* of fallen greatness or faded beauty, there arose a small pillar of white marble, bearing neither emblem nor inscription. The singular simplicity of its appearance frequently excited the attention and inquiries of the passers-by, but no one gratified their curiosity. She whom that marble commemorated was known to few; and those who remembered her told not of her virtues; for they shrank from the pain they felt in the recital.

Julia was the daughter of distinguished and wealthy parents, in the reign of Tiberius. She was an only child, and had been educated with the fondest attention. When she attained her eighteenth year she was very beautiful: she was taller than most women; her nose was aquiline, her hair dark and glossy; the smile that played on her lips was provokingly arch, and in her large blue eyes dignity was inexpressibly combined with tenderness. The qualities of her heart were not inferior to those of her person; so that it is not to be wondered at that the hand of Julia was solicited in marriage by the heirs of many of the first families in Rome.



But she had early given away her affections to the son of her father's brother. Young Cœlius was younger than his cousin, and fortune had given him a lower station in life, and a humbler property. He was very handsome however, very accomplished, and perfectly amiable; so that the parents of Julia made no difficulty of acceding to the match. The preliminary ceremonies had been gone through: the hallowed straw\* had been broken between the young couple; the dower had been settled; the Augurs had been consulted, and had returned a favourable answer. Finally, Cœlius had presented to his future bride the sacred ring, which was to be the pledge of their eternal affection. It was a plain circle of gold, with the inscription "*in æternum* !" It was customary to put these rings upon the fourth finger of the left hand, because it was imagined that a vein ran immediately from that finger to the heart. It was a foolish superstition, but Cœlius was observed to shudder when Julia placed her ring upon the wrong finger.

One of the rejected suitors of Julia was a favourite with the Emperor. When our tale is of a creature so pure and so unhappy as Julia, we cannot waste our time in describing the characters of the wretches by whom her death was effected. It is enough for our purpose to say that Marcius made use of the influence he possessed in such a manner, that the father of Julia trembled for his fortune and his life; he began to retract the engagements by which he was bound to his nephew, and to devise plans for the marriage of his daughter with the court-favourite.

Cœlius was an orphan. He had been educated under the same roof with Julia; and his guardians had hitherto been amply repaid for the expense of his maintenance by the reflection that they were instructing the husband of their child. Now, however, they began to be vexed by

---

\* *Stipula*. Hence the term *stipulation*.

having him always before their eyes ; they saw that the accomplishment of their scheme was impossible while he remained with their daughter, and they prepared to remove him. The union of those affectionate hearts was procrastinated for a long time upon various pretences ; at last the young man was sent, in order to complete his education, upon a tour, with permission to return in a year and claim his betrothed bride.

The year passed sadly away. He was forbidden to keep up any correspondence with his cousin until its expiration. At last the happy June arrived which allowed him to return ; which permitted him to meet the gaze of those bright eyes, in whose sight only he seemed to live. He flew to Rome on the wings of expectancy !

As he approached the dwelling-place of his hopes, his thoughts, his happiness, circumstances occurred which filled him with the gloomiest forebodings. Several of his young acquaintance, when they met him, shook their heads, and endeavoured to avoid his address. As he passed by the mansion of his once-contemned rival, he observed a slave clad in unusual finery ; and "What !" he said, "is Marcius to feast the Emperor to-day ?" "Marcius," said the slave, "will feast a fairer guest ;—he will bring home his bride to-night !" Cœlius started as if a viper had crossed his path ; but he recovered himself immediately. "It was but a suspicion !" he said, "and I will have done with it !" He said no more, but ran on with desperate impetuosity to the well-known door. He heeded not the malicious rumours, and the compassionate whispers, which were circulated around him : with a fluttering heart and faltering step he hurried to the chamber which had been the scene of their last parting. As he put his hand upon the door, a thousand visions flocked upon his brain. "*Then* she was good, and affectionate, and beautiful, and true ; and she looked upon me so tenderly, and spoke to me so kindly ;—and *now*, will her look be as tender, and her

voice as kind? I will be in suspense no longer!" He thrust open the door and stood in her presence.

She was sitting at the window, half-shaded from his view by some beautiful orange-trees. She did not seem to have observed his entrance; for she did not rise from her seat, nor move her head from the delicate white hand which was supporting it. "Julia!" he cried, in a voice of the wildest passion; but she did not stir. "Julia," he said, coming nearer, and speaking in a calmer tone; still she was motionless. "Julia," he whispered gently, bending his head over the orange-blossoms. Their lips almost met; she started from him as if from profanation. "Cœlius!" she exclaimed, "this must not be! I have broken the holy cake \* with another! to-night I shall be the wife of Marcus."

He lifted his hands to Heaven;—a curse rose to his lips. "May the vows you have falsified,—may the hopes you have blighted,—may the heart you have broken—but no, Julia," he continued, as he gazed upon her rayless eye, and her colourless cheek,—“You have suffered much—and I cannot—I cannot reproach you!” He hid his tears with his hands, and rushed into the street.

She had indeed suffered much! Her face had become pale and emaciated, her step melancholy and slow: she no longer took her wonted care in arranging her dress, or setting in order her luxuriant hair; but this was not the alteration which had shocked her unfortunate lover; it was the languor which had succeeded to her natural liveliness,—the despondency in her every accent,—the absence of soul in her every look!

The evening came, and the ceremony was near at hand. Julia suffered her attendants to adorn her, reckless herself of the pains they took, and the decora-

---

\* The ceremony was rarely, if ever, used in the reign of Tiberius.

tions they bestowed. They put upon her a long white robe, quite plain; it would have well set off the bloom of her loveliness, but upon the paleness of her sorrow it seemed to sit like a shroud. They made large masses of her hair to flow dishevelled down her neck, and mingled with it locks of wool, to signify that, in her new station, she was to imitate the purity of the Vestals, whose peculiar emblem it was. The extremities of her long ringlets were curled and arranged with the steel of a lance; and among her attendants there were many pretty flutterings and drawings-back as they handled so terrible a comb. Then they suffered her to wait in quiet the approach of the bridegroom. He was not long in his coming. They drew over her head the crown of vervain, and concealed her deathlike features beneath the flame-coloured veil. They put on too the yellow slippers, which it was the fashion for brides to wear: they were so contrived as to add considerably to the height, but Julia's was so much diminished by sadness and disease, that even with this assistance she did not seem near her usual stature.

It was night; and she was borne to the house of her husband by the light of flambeaux. Three young persons, whose parents were still living, were her conductors. Two supported her, and Julia indeed stood in need of support; the third walked before her, bearing a torch of pine. A distaff and spindle, a child's coral, and other emblems of her future duties, were carried behind her. Her friends and relations also followed, each bearing in his arms some present to the new-married couple. Cœlius was among them, but he concealed his face in the folds of his gown, and his smothered sighs attracted no observation.

At last they came to the threshold of the bridegroom; it was tastefully adorned with wreaths of flowers; and woollen fillets, smeared with oil, were hung round to

keep out enchantments. The master of the house stood at the door, and the crowd gathered round it to witness the conclusion of the ceremony.

They asked her, according to custom, under what title she came? She had opened her lips to answer, when Coelius ran forward and threw himself between Marcus and his beloved. "Oh! no, no!" he cried; "I cannot hear it!—do not, do not kill me quite!"—"Back, back!" she said, shuddering,—“shall I not obey my father?” The youth heard not—saw not; he was led away, senseless and unresisting; and the ceremony proceeded. Again she was asked under what title she came; and she answered, as was prescribed for her, in a low but distinct tone, "*Ubi tu Caius, ego Caia!*"\* They lifted her from the ground, for it was reckoned an evil omen to touch the threshold in her entrance. They lifted her from the ground, and she spoke no word, and made no struggle. But ere they had set down her foot upon her husband's floor, she trembled with a convulsive quivering, and her head fell back upon the youth who supported her left shoulder. Again they put down their burden, but it was quite motionless! They tore the veil from her head;—her look was fixed and quiet;—her eye open and dull;—she was quite dead!

P. C.

---

\* This was the customary response, signifying, "Where you are the master I shall be mistress!"

## PRIVATE CORRESPONDENCE.

[Mr. Courtenay is both surprised and grieved to hear that the unwarrantable curiosity of the Public has cast a sacrilegious eye upon his *Private Correspondence*; and that his *Private Letter* to a brother Monarch has been made the subject of animadversions totally unjustifiable. To prevent mistakes, he thinks it necessary to inform the Public, that his *Private Correspondence* is—NOT TO BE READ.]

## IV.

*Peregrine Courtenay to Mr. B. Bookworm.*

MY DEAR BENJAMIN,

ALLOW me to congratulate you upon the happy termination of your literary labours. Allow me to congratulate you, not hypocritically, or sarcastically, or triumphantly, but sincerely, and as a friend. We have been long opposed to each other, as writers; and although the sword of attack was sheathed by me almost as soon as it was drawn, on your side its point has been constantly protruded in a very threatening attitude. I mean not to complain of this; I will say nothing but what is civil and conciliatory; it would be unmanly in me to do otherwise, now that my adversary is *hors du combat*. Well then, you have said your say, and we will, if you please,

“Leave this keen encounter of our wits,  
And fall to something of a slower method.”

I have heard it remarked, my good Benjamin, that your last Number is somewhat dear. I must confess, and I believe you must confess, that the matter contained therein is somewhat scanty; but nevertheless, as it is the last time I shall have an opportunity of patronizing you, I have not grudged you my shilling. You have taken leave very decently, or, in the words of the old house-

wives, "You have made a good end!" I must say I rather envy you. But there is one passage in your last scene which rather surprised me:—

"If the '*Etonian*' has behaved in a manner unworthy of its Conductors towards the '*Salt-Bearer*,' there is no reason that I should retaliate a single word upon them!"

My magnanimous rival! let us go over the grounds of our squabble temperately.

I was originally, as you know, the Conductor of a small Miscellany, in manuscript; I was requested to establish a Periodical Publication in its place. I declined it, on the ground that the talent of Eton was not adequate to such an undertaking. Soon after, "*The Salt-Bearer*" was advertised. I felt a curiosity to know something of its authors, because, had the work been conducted by any person upon whose discretion or authority I could rely, I should have been glad to have supported him to the best of my abilities. I made inquiries, without effect, among such of my schoolfellows as were most distinguished for genius or industry: it was suggested to me that "*The Salt-Bearer*" was not actually set on foot by an Etonian, or, at least, not by one at that time belonging to the School. I made inquiries upon this point at your Bookseller's, and could get no answer. Was it not natural enough for me to believe that my suspicions were correct? I *did* believe so, and I made no secret of my belief. Was I obliged by any motive of justice to withhold my ideas respecting one who voluntarily thrust himself in a mask before the public? Who has any scruple in expressing his opinions relative to Junius?—or the Scotch novelist?—or "*John Bull*?"

Well! the work appeared, and if I thought that it was not calculated to advance the credit of Eton, my judgment may have been erroneous; but it was the judgment of many persons, wiser far than either Pere-

grine Courtenay or Benjamin Bookworm. I expressed that judgment, and my reasons for it, very openly ; and again I must ask, by what principle should I have been withheld from doing so ? There were one or two cuts at myself in your *debut*, but they were so insignificant that I cannot even censure you for making use of them.

The work proceeded, and some friends, who took more interest in my little Manuscript Miscellany than it deserved, wished me to publish some extracts from it, in order to do away the stain which the reputation of Eton had suffered from the writings of "The Salt-Bearer." It is needless for me to explain why the project of the "Selection" was given up, and that of the "Etonian" substituted in its place. Suffice it to say, that the hearty promises of support which I immediately received convinced me that those of my schoolfellows, whose good opinion I wished to enjoy, were not displeased at the steps I had taken.

When the First Number of "The Etonian" was in a state of forwardness, I received from a friend, whom no one can know without esteem, some very witty remarks upon "The Salt-Bearer," intended for insertion in the King of Clubs: it had been my intention to refrain from any mention of your publication, but the remarks in question amused me so much, that I felt very loath to withhold them from my readers. While I was thus wavering, your Fourth Number appeared, in which I was alluded to in a most extraordinary manner. I have not room to quote the whole of your attack. I was accused of "rancour;"—"malice;"—"pride;"—"hatred;"—"and a variety of ill-natured offences."

Alas ! the infirmities of human nature !—I confess it, Mr. Bookworm, I flew into a most devouring passion ;—I lost my temper, Mr. Bookworm, and I shouted, "To Arms !" And truth to say, a youth like me, who had all his life preserved a good, respectable, quiet, silly sort of character ; who had always had a great propensity to



sitting in doors, and a great horror of duelling; who had borne no reputation more disgraceful than that of "*Sap*;" no nickname more opprobrious than that of "*Toup*;"—I say, Mr. Bookworm, such a youth as this might fly off at a tangent, when he was fulminated at by so terrible an assailant. I repeat it,—I lost my temper; I hurried to the Printing-office; and I not only discharged the light javelin\* which had been put into my hands by my friend, but took from my own armory a less keen, but more ponderous weapon, which you may look for in the "*Second Meeting of the Club*." I confess it; I was very abusive. But my abuse lighted upon *literary*, not *moral* character. I believe I accused you of dullness, stupidity, presumption;—I am not sure if I did not call you a blockhead! But if I had said one word of "*malice*,"—"*rancour*,"—or "*hatred*,"—I should have felt it my duty to apologize for it long ago!

Well! N<sup>o</sup>. I., with all its severity, went forth to the world; I grew cool, and I was sorry that I had been so violent. I said to myself, "if the author of this work receives my attack in silence, and honours me with not one word in reply, he will take a high ground, and obtain a superiority over me which I shall never be able to recover." This made me very uneasy.

By-and-by your next Number appeared! I was happier than you can conceive! Every sarcasm I had uttered was answered by one twice as furious; if Peregrine was angry, Benjamin was mad: I hugged the dear invectives with delight; as you waxed more wrathful I waxed more pleased; and at last, when, as the climax of my happiness, I found that you had been carping at the "*Lines to ———*;" those lines which would have done honour to any living poet; those lines which, had they appeared in your columns, would have made "*The Salt-*

---

\* The greater part of the satire here alluded to was retrenched in our Second Edition.

"Bearer" worthy of immortality;—*then* I flung down the book in transport, and exclaimed, "Our enemies are the best friends we have!"

From that time to the present "The Etonian" has never renewed the contest. The answers, however, which you have published to the strictures of a Correspondent upon Wordsworth and Coleridge, have shown that "The Salt-bearer" was somewhat reluctant to lay down the cudgels. There was also an occasional sly hit at Peregrine;—especially one on the score of plagiarism, which the author did not think fit to support by any examples. You remember the lines "To a Young Lady on her 14th Birthday," inserted in your Fourth Number?—You have accused *me* of plagiarism, but I did not retaliate. Neither was I severe upon your literary connexion with a certain Mr. H., because I believe that connexion was at least *commenced* when you were ignorant of the man's notorious character.

And now, after the furious reply in your Fifth Number, and the occasional hits in its successors, you come forward and say, "there is no reason that I should retaliate *a single word*." The palpable absurdity of this generosity must be so evident both to yourself and your readers, that I need say no more upon the subject.

At all events, our warfare is now over. I know not what your feelings may be towards me, but I assure you that in mine not a particle of hostility exists: if I may use the expression, I have shaken hands with you, not *re verâ*, but by a poetical license. I feel no reluctance in allowing that the prose composition of your latter Numbers has exhibited many signs of improvement; and that, if the support you have received has been no greater than I believe it to have been, the Editor of the "Salt-Bearer" has gone through his work respectably.

You and I, Mr. Bookworm, have made much noise in our day, and have excited, among our fellow-Etonians, a greater sensation than two such insignificant beings ever excited before. There has been much talk about us,

which has now, I believe, ceased; and there has been much hot blood between us, which has now, I trust, grown cool. For my part, I can look back to our early disputes as if they were the events of a former age; and detect our respective blunders and mistakes as calmly as if I were making the same examination into the conduct of our great grandfathers.

When I throw a glance over the journey which our Etonian writers have travelled, I fancy that I see three different routes leading towards the same point. In the centre, Messrs. Griffin and Grildrig are riding a couple of clever nags, at a good round trot: on one side, Mr. Bookworm is bestriding what is commonly termed "a safe Cob for an infirm Gentleman;" which scrambles over his ground in such a manner, that the spectators imagine he will come to a dead stop every instant: on the other side is Mr. Courtenay,—whip and spur, whip and spur, the whole way;—up hill and down hill, bush and briar, furze and fence,—it is the same thing. Mr. C., they say, never uses a curb; and the animal occasionally waxes so formidably obstinate, that he has infinite difficulty in keeping his seat.

The meaning of all this is, that it would have been well for you to have had a little less discretion, and for me to have had a little more; it would have been well for you to have drunk a little more punch, and for me to have drunk a little less. But what could I do? The "Salt-Bearer" appeared, and was voted milk and water! It was necessary for me to prepare a more potent beverage! I will venture to assert, that if the "Microcosm" itself had appeared immediately after "The Salt-Bearer," its success would have been precarious. Eton wanted something more pungent! "The Etonian" substituted the punch-bowl for the tea-pot; and people ran away from Mr. Bookworm's best bohea, to see Mr. Golightly squeezing the lemons.

I, Peregrine Courtenay, as is well known, am a very sober long-faced sort of Editor, somewhat of a friend to

a quiet pint of ale, or a social glass of old port, but a most abominable enemy (I hope Sir Thomas will not be angry) to every thing that bears the name of downright jollification.—I was therefore not less surprised than my friends at finding myself a Member, nay the President, of a Club, so formidably jovial. Many times during the first week of my reign did I turn round in an absent fit and exclaim, “How in the name of sobriety did I come here?” However, finding that there were no spirits in our punch-bowl saving the spirit of good-humour, and no danger of intoxication saving the intoxication of success, I gradually became reconciled to my situation, and can now get drunk, *in print*, with very tolerable success. With you, however, my dear Sir, I am quite sober. I would not have ventured to obtrude myself upon your retirement in a condition of which you could have disapproved. I do assure you, upon the word of an Editor, that I have drunk nothing this morning but some “Meanders of Sensibility,” by “Juvenis,”—very weak and corky indeed; and some “Tricklings from Tweed,” by “Allena-Dale,” the first bottle of which has poisoned half the Club.

I have been remarking upon the birth of you and me. Let me now look back to your decease, and forward (alas!) to my own.

You have taken leave of your readers, I must say, pretty decently. I regret, however, that you have not thought fit to disclose to the world the names of your several Correspondents, and the papers for which you are indebted to them. I regret it, not, believe me, from any silly curiosity, but merely from a regard for your own character. I wish you had shown (*I know you could have shown*) that it was not *your* hand which put rancour and malice and hatred into your Fourth Number; that it was not *your* ingenuity which coined that unlucky nullæ in your Fifth. But however—you have delivered your Farewell Address, and I am getting ready mine. On the 28th of July, (I weep as I think

of it) the Club will be dissolved, and "The Etonian" will be no more.

In the concealment of your Correspondents' names, I think I shall not imitate you. It is at present my intention to adopt a contrary line of conduct. I am actuated in this by two very opposite motives—by a feeling of modesty and a feeling of pride. Modesty induces me to take care that I may not be commended, as I have been, for writings which are another's; and that others may not be abused, as they have been, for writings which are mine. Pride, on the other hand, compels me to wish that my name may appear in print, coupled with names which are, and long will be, a part of our most triumphant recollections. When I reflect exultingly on the powerful minds upon which Peregrine Courtenay has leaned for support, I would fain hope that in after-years he may continue to share in *their* praises—to partake of *their* immortality!

I shall be very sorry, Mr. Bookworm, to give up my Editorship; and yet, upon second thoughts, I think I shall be very glad. To say the truth—the plain, honest, unvarnished, unsophisticated truth,—Editorship is a desperate bore. *Eh bien!* I did not encounter it voluntarily! As Shakspeare says, "some are born great, some achieve greatness, and some have greatness thrust upon them!"

What a bore it is to have an idle Contributor!—"My dear Mr. Montgomery! your pen has been dry a long time, and we can ill do without you." "I will go to work immediately, Mr. Courtenay; what shall it be?—another Essay!"—"Excellent!" "But then I'm so idle! or another Somnium?"—"Admirable!"—"But then I'm so idle! or another poem in the *Ottava Rima*?"—"Inimitable!"—"But then I'm so incomprehensibly idle!"

What a bore it is to be criticized by a blockhead!—"Mr. Editor, the public opinion of your merits is higher than it should be."—"I beg your pardon, Sir, but I think

you are singular in your opinion.”—“ Mr. Editor, your levities are disgusting !”—“ I beg your pardon, Sir, but I think you are mistaken !”—“ Mr. Editor, your impertinence is insufferable !”—“ I beg your pardon, Sir, but I think you are ————.”

What a bore it is to have a troublesome Contributor ! “ Mr. Moonshine ! it’s absolutely impossible for me to insert your Ode !”—“ My Ode ! oh ! dock it, and dress it, and alter it ; I leave it quite to your judgment ! you’ll oblige me ! really now !”—“ I have made a few corrections here, Mr. Moonshine ! I hope you approve !”—“ Approve ! why zounds ! Courtenay, I won’t swear, but you’ve cut out the sting, the point, the attraction of the whole. Look here, man, what have you done ! Bless me ! what have you done with Urien’s beard ?”—“ Urien’s beard, Sir ? Oh ! Urien’s beard was too long, a great deal too long, Sir ; flowed through three stanzas and a half ! I have used the razor, shaved him pretty close, indeed !”—“ Ignorance ! may you never have a beard of your own to shave, or a razor to shave with ! And, murder ! Sir, what have you done with *Ætna* ? my ‘ ejaculated flames,’ my ‘ vomit of sulphur,’ and my ‘ artillery of Tellus ?’”—“ Why, really, Sir, without a joke, your *Ætna* was too loud, too loud a great deal, Sir ; and you have put too much fire in it ; Oh ! by far too much fire ; more fire than *Ætna* ever vomited since she swallowed her first emetic !”—“ Fire, Mr. Courtenay ! you have left my verses cold as the love of a blockhead, or Sir Thomas Nesbit before his morning’s draught ! However, Sir, I depend on my picture of Melpomene in my last strophe ! Don’t you think it must strike, Mr. Editor ?”—“ Strike ! Sir, I have struck it out !”—“ Struck it out ! struck out Melpomene ! what ! the ‘ pale blue eye,’ and the ‘ gaze of wonderment,’ and the ‘ long dishevelled hair,’ and the dagger, and the bowl !”—“ It went to my heart, Sir, to strike out a bowl of any sort, but it was the most insipid bowl I ever tasted !”—“ Go to the Devil, Mr. Courtenay !”—“ I am going

there this minute, Mr. Moonshine; but, upon my honour, the Ode can't go with me!"

What a bore it is to be pointed at!—What a bore it is to be laughed at!—What a bore it is to correct manuscripts!—What a bore it is to correct proofs!—What a bore it is to scribble all day!—What a bore it is to scribble all night!—What a bore it is to———but I will stop before I work myself into a fever!

*Helas!* My trammels are indeed heavy upon me! but you have got rid of yours. Whether you have retired to your Sabine farm, or to the sacred recesses of Granta; whether you are chopping logic, or chopping cabbages; whether you are invoking Mathesis or the Muse; whether you are dreaming of problems or of proof-sheets—of the senate house or of second editions;—assure yourself, Mr. Bookworm, that the best wishes of Peregrine Courtenay are with you; and allow him to conclude, as he began, by congratulating you most sincerely.

Your's, editorially,

PEREGRINE COURTENAY.

## TO HOPE.

KIND Spirit! balm of care and wrong,  
Sweet playfellow of Reason,  
Accept a light May-morning song,  
A song of thy own season.

Thou'rt fairer than thy comrade, Joy,  
Though she's the younger sister;  
Hadst thou been ours without alloy,  
We never should have miss'd her.

Sweet Hope! thou lov'st us well, and yet  
Thou wilt not serve us blindly;  
Thou hast no petted favourite;  
Who loves, must use thee kindly.

Too delicate for the rough play  
Of boisterous expectations,  
From their rude grasp thou slipp'st away,  
And leav'st us to impatience.

We chide thee, Hope, and wish thee oft  
By Pleasure superseded;  
Yet thou art kind, however scoff'd,  
And com'st again when needed.

Thou fall'st upon us like a gleam  
Of sunshine unexpected;  
Thy sports, like children's, aimless seem,  
Yet are they heaven-directed.

We call thee false—'t is but thy ape,  
The thing that so deceives us,  
Comes without cause, an airy shape,  
And without reason leaves us.

For thou art of immortal birth;  
No thing of *here* or *now*;  
Thy place of dwelling is on earth,  
But not of earth art thou!

W.

May 7, 1821.



## THE RASHLEIGH LETTER-BAG.

v.

*Mr. Samuel Rashleigh to Lady Caroline Rashleigh.*

Eton Col. May 7, 1821.

MY DEAR MAMMA,

ACCORDING to your particular desire I have sent you a pretty quick account of our arrival, which was as safe as you could ever have possibly desired; and as to time, the only fault was that we were rather too soon. Perhaps you and Papa will think this impossible; but I assure you they tell me that it would have been much better for us to have stayed in London a few hours longer, and not to have come here so unfashionably early. Henry is very much of their opinion, as in that case he would have been able to have visited a few more sights, particularly the wild beasts, which he declares he will take especial care never to miss again. You cannot imagine any thing more dismal than Eton looked as we drove into the College boundaries; or any thing, in fact, more totally different from the gay and crowded appearance which the Long Walk exhibited to the astonished eyes of a new comer. There was scarcely a single creature in the street, excepting a few Collegers moping about in their long black gowns, the very picture that one would fancy of every thing that is sorrowful. The Chapel, the School-Room, and all the buildings in the place, looked ten times blacker than usual, and many of them, from their barred and grated windows, bore a very near resemblance to so many prisons. The shops, which, as I think I told you, are pretty numerous in the immediate neighbourhood of the *Dames'* houses, were almost all closely shut up, as I understand they always are during

our holidays,—a pretty good proof how these pastry-cooks, and such sort of people here, live upon the boys. Towards evening they all began to brush up their windows, and to set out their dainties in the nicest possible display, in order to entice some newly-arrived customers—determined, I dare say, to make up for three weeks' lost time by an additional squeeze of the well-lined pockets. Indeed there seems to be a sharp contest among the harpies of Eton, to see which shall get the most of the boys' money before it is all gone. Between them all this last purpose is pretty soon accomplished.

The Fifth and Sixth Form boys will be here in a very few days, and then every thing will go on as regularly as ever again. I should think that they composed half of the School. By-the-by, it is high time for you to know that I am called *Rashleigh Major*, and Henry *Rashleigh Minor*; and this is the only means of distinction which it is proper for me or any body else to use. To be sure it seems very ridiculous to be obliged to learn a new way of addressing one's brother; but if I was, by any mischance, to call him by his Christian name, I should most infallibly be laughed at. I must allow that I think Mr. Plodwell's method is superior to the Eton one in this point; for he always used to mark us plainly enough by the old plan of Senior and Junior. Some of the boys have already pitched upon a spot of ground in the Playing-Fields, intending to ask leave of the Captain of the School to appropriate it entirely to the use of our Cricket. The knowing ones tell me that it is excellently adapted for the purpose; and, with a little mowing and rolling, and such sort of care, which they intend to give it, will become really beautiful. The principal mover in all these affairs is a young Baronet, by name Sir W. Roby, who is also, as I understand, to be head bowler. He has astonished me wonderfully by various accounts of the amazing distance to which he can drive a ball; Heaven defend me from ever going half so far to fetch it!

But it is some consolation to consider that he is rather given to the marvellous. Henry, I find, took a very early opportunity of going up to the shop, according to his agreement with Papa, and choosing a bat. He is quite in ecstasies at having got one so much streaked as to resemble mahogany, and declares that it was quite his own unassisted selection. It certainly is a very pretty one, and I hope it will turn out well. My Tutor tells me that I must take very great pains with my verses, in order to be *sent up for good* before my trials for the Fifth Form, which take place at the beginning of next month. But I suppose this will want explanation. The Assistant Master, who always inspects our compositions, takes any one copy that he thinks deserving, and, after we have altered the faults, and written it over very neatly, sends it up to the Head Master, who takes some opportunity to read it out to the boys assembled in School. This is reckoned a very great thing, and much greater than I have any hopes of succeeding in; but of course I will do my best. I find there are two parties, a boat party, and a cricket one; and they consider it quite impossible to belong to both. The latter are at a stand at present, because the principal leaders are not yet arrived; but the boats are all ready, and look very gay, with their fine gilding and painting, even to the blades of the oars. I will tell more a bout their proceedings by-and-by. There are a good many new boys already, and I am happy to say that they look quite as foolish, appear quite as confused, and get rather more teased, than I did. You know it is a great satisfaction never to be singular. It is to be hoped something will happen to make my next letter a little more interesting. In the meantime, you must accept our united loves, and believe me to be, my dear Mamma,

Yours affectionately,

SAM RASHLEIGH.

## VI.

*Mr. Samuel Rashleigh to the Rev. Marmaduke Bradshaw.*

Eton, May 23, 1821.

MY DEAR UNCLE,

I imagine that you have already discovered that I have acquired, among other qualifications peculiar to an Etonian, an extreme unwillingness to letter-writing. This fault is a very fashionable one here now, and I have no doubt it prevailed a little even in your time. Like other people in similar circumstances, I comforted myself most ingeniously by the expectation that you would hear all about us from home, where we both sent very ample despatches, and confirmed them in the holidays. Now I have positively sat down to beg pardon for past offences, or, to speak in Eton language, to ask for my *first fault*—to profess better manners in future—and punctually to give you my very best thanks for a most effectual piece of service, which you rendered both of us, and which I shall proceed faithfully to relate. You may fancy my astonishment, and my alarm too, when I was ordered, quite unexpectedly, by a sudden messenger, to come to Swinburne, one of the Sixth Form. I made a thousand conjectures about the reason of his sending for me, and began to consider and try to recollect if I could have offended him by not *shirking* him out of bounds, or any other transgression. I asked the boy who was despatched for me “if he was sure that I was the right person? if he knew my name, or what I was wanted for?” with innumerable other questions, all in vain. However, it was not in my power to disobey the summons; so I followed along quietly enough, but in a terrible fright, and looking, as I should judge, very much like a criminal. What then must have been my

surprise, or rather delight, when upon my arriving in the presence of this formidable man of authority, he first of all mentioned your name, and asked "if I was not your nephew? How long I had been here? What part of the School I was in? and how I liked it?" This was not the examination I expected, so I plucked up my spirits, and answered with a little confidence. After this he took me to several of his friends in the same part of the School as himself, and desired me to thank them each for their *Liberties*, which he had obtained from them in my behalf. Of course I did as I was ordered; but it was very absurd to thank a person before you knew that he had done any thing for you. If I had been in a laughing humour, I am afraid I should have offended them. However, Swinburne gave me an explanation of the business; and as I think it is an old custom, I shall take it for granted that you know all about it. The advantage of these *Liberties*, as they call them, I assure you I have already experienced; for I can go about with twice the satisfaction, now that I can be seen by these great people at a distance, out of bounds, with impunity. It appears that your friend Swinburne was determined not to do things by halves; for, after doing me this service, he volunteered to be my protector, and particularly enjoined me to apply to him in case any one should *bully* me. Nothing as yet has obliged me to have recourse to his mediation; and it is to be hoped that nothing will: however, a powerful friend is not a bad thing anywhere, and his name may do a good deal for me. This interview had the very contrary effect from what I expected. I went away as happy as a prince, and ten times better pleased with Eton than ever. Some short time afterwards, on a *whole holiday* morning, I received a note, containing an invitation from my new patron to breakfast at ten o'clock. I suppose we are rather later now than you used to be. This seemed to

me rather a strange occurrence, but it was not for me to reason upon it, so away I posted exactly at the hour, with my rolls in my hand; and found my way to Swinburne's room. There were no powdered footmen to announce me, so I opened the door and walked into an apartment,—to be sure it was not a very large one,—quite full of company, who received me as I made my bow with a general laugh. This is not at all to be wondered at, considering how laughable a figure I must have been with the rolls that I carried, staring around like one thunderstruck, without the least motion either one way or the other. Luckily enough, Swinburne was roused by this noise from a deep conversation he had entered into with Courtenay; and perceiving me in the situation just mentioned, came very opportunely to my relief, and introduced me as a new subject of his Majesty the King of Clubs, in whose honour the breakfast was given. It was, indeed, fit for any King of any country, unless he chooses to dislike (which he certainly has no right to do) eggs, chocolate, ham, chicken, beefsteaks, meat-pies, *pâtés*, and various other good things with which the table was covered. The party then present seemed to be quite of my opinion, for every thing decreased most rapidly under their knives and forks. I had no idea of such a various display; it was a complete *dejeûné à la fourchette*, and, after our little tea-table, looked quite magnificent. They say, however, that nothing which another person would eat at dinner comes amiss to an Etonian by way of breakfast. Perhaps they had not carried their luxury so far in your time. The fags were at a side-table, busily employed in eating too, unless when they were sent away to fill up a chocolate-pot, or get some more eggs, or other errands of the same kind. Now that I have given you so good a description of the entertainment, I must tell you a little about the guests. Courtenay I have mentioned; then

there was a good-natured-looking man of the name of Harvey, a very great favourite with all the lower boys; another, called Rowley, who ate prodigiously, and gave his opinion upon every thing, whether it was good or bad, in a most authoritative manner; Sir Thomas Nesbit, Lozell, Oakley, and a host of other worthies, not forgetting Golightly, who came in about the middle of breakfast, a thorough Dandy, and made a thousand excuses. The fact is, he was longer than ordinary in arranging his neckcloth, which is a curious piece of mechanism. However, he contrived to talk more, and cut more jokes, than any other in the room, though only in half the time. The conversation turned a good deal on the "Etonian," a book which is written by some of the boys, and comes out monthly. I verily believe that some of the company I have just numbered have a pretty deep interest in it. I remember now, very well, having seen the magazine in the bookseller's shop, with a dismal print of the King of Clubs on the outside, and this is no doubt what Swinburne wished me to pay allegiance to. I shall certainly buy the last Number, thus far testifying my good disposition; and shall send it to you pretty soon, for I am sure you would like to see any thing that comes from Eton. Henry is to have the *Liberties* as well as myself; I am to give him instruction about them. Now all this I with very good reason attribute to you; and I have taken an early opportunity to testify my gratitude, although an unlucky *Saint's Day* has given us what the Head Master calls a "wholesome" *four Exercise-week*, and we are just in the middle of it. The cricketers complain bitterly of the cold weather. I begin to understand the game, and to handle the bat with proper attitude, which all agree to be indispensable. Indeed, all the best players have each his peculiar, and, as it appears to me, inimitable, sort of action, which they display while the bowler is preparing to deliver the ball.

This consists in squaring of elbows, in various contortions of the wrists, and many other evolutions, equally useful and elegant. Some shake their bats with considerable violence, others wield and flourish them with perfect ease and command. In fact, there seems to be as much art necessary for the management of this instrument, as a lady requires for the graceful use of her fan; so, of course, an inexperienced boy like me cannot expect to attain it in a day. However, I flatter myself that I shall astonish you when I come home, for I positively bowled out one of the first-rates in our club the other day, and once *hit* hard enough to entitle me to walk with a great air once or twice round my wicket after I had done running, by way of recovering my breath. To do this in proper style, is, I assure you, reckoned a most difficult thing among the most expert performers; utterly unattainable, I am sure, by any of the rustics (*Etonicè Clods*) whom one sees playing at home. I have written to you in plain English, fearing that the dialect which we use in general has been imported since you left the School. By the way, your name still continues in existence on several of the Upper School panels, though the art of cutting out seems to have been considerably improved since your time, or rather I suppose it was not formerly considered too much trouble for a boy to undertake the task himself; whereas now, very few boys condescend to be seen engaged in such a degrading employment. Indeed, there is a man who is specially occupied, and, I fancy, gains no inconsiderable emolument from the simple office of conferring immortality at the moderate charge of half-a-crown, (be the length of the name what it will—monosyllabic, or tetrasyllabic) on any body who chooses to pay for it. As it is the fashion, therefore, for boys on leaving school to be so immortalized, I have given special injunctions that a space may be reserved for Henry and myself, immediately under “M. BRADSHAW, 1787.”



Swinburne and Henry desire me to remember them kindly to you; and, with many thanks to you for this friendly introduction to Swinburne, believe me

Your affectionate nephew,

S. RASHLEIGH.

P.S.—Remember me kindly to Guidott. I hope he was in time for “the Little Salisbury.”

---

VII.

*Lady Caroline Rashleigh to the Masters Rashleigh.*

Stapylton Hall.

MY DEAR BOYS,

Your letters came quite as soon as I could have wished; that is to say, much sooner than any body expected. The news, too, is as good as we possibly could have desired; and, in fact, the whole epistle is quite free from that heaviness and sorrow which used to distinguish the first notice of your return to Mr. Plodwell's; and which was never enlivened by the various touches and alterations which it used to receive from the hands of that worthy gentleman. You seem to be rather vexed at arriving so much earlier than you need have done. It was entirely owing to our over-anxiety for you to be in good time; and we will take care, in future, to manage these matters better, and not to commit so serious a mistake. We think of you very often, and miss you very much, I assure you. It is not a little consolation, however, to think that you like Eton so well, as hardly to consider it in the light of a school. I do not think that you looked very gloomy at starting; and I am sure that your late letter bore no marks of Black Monday. You are a happy person to live in such a busy place, where you have always plenty of subjects for

writing upon. Here we go on in our regular course ; and nothing appears to occur that you would wish at all to hear. The dogs, horses, and the other living creatures, will not furnish a single line ; and our neighbours' affairs are not a bit more interesting than our own. I must not forget to tell you that the gamekeepers have discovered two fellows in the act of stealing some pheasants' eggs. How they are to be punished I do not at present know ; but your Papa declares that they shall not escape with impunity, if he can prevent it. I hope that he will not put himself too much forward on the occasion, for these poachers are always in confederacy, and perhaps they will attack us in gangs, as they have done other people, when they find that they will be caught if they come singly. We positively think of going to town very shortly, and Mr. Rashleigh is at this time looking out for a house. Perhaps you will be able to get leave to pass a day or two with us there ; perhaps, even, we shall come down to Eton, which I have a great wish to see : but nothing is settled, and I would not have you flatter yourself too much with any expectation of the sort. The principle object of our journey would be to get masters for your sister, which, as you know, are not to be met with at home. It does really seem quite a pity to leave the country just as it is beginning to look pretty ; and I cannot conceive what infatuation it is that induces every body to crowd to London in the very loveliest time of the year. You talk a good deal about your cricket-club, and seem as if you liked the thoughts of it. You must not suppose me to know any thing about the game ; but I have always understood that it is a good one for boys and men too : so I am glad to hear that you take an interest in it, particularly as I think it much better to amuse yourself in that manner, than in going on the water. Pray do not get into one of those odious boats before you can swim. I shall trust to you for preventing Henry. When he likes to write,

and has plenty of time, we should be very glad to hear from him, as well as from you;—the oftener the better. The Westburys intend to send their little boy to Eton as soon as he is old enough. Your account has quite turned their heads; and your being there is not a little inducement; for no doubt you would be able to help him on a good deal. Your father and sister desire their best loves to you and Henry.

Yours, very affectionately,  
C. RASHLEIGH.

---

## VIII.

*Master Henry Rashleigh to Miss Rashleigh.*

Eton, June 7.

MY DEAR SISTER,

I am determined to show you that I have not forgotten the promise that I made you in the Holidays; and partly from my own inclination, and partly too, it must be confessed, from my brother's orders, I have sat down with a sheet of letter-paper before me, manfully resolving to cover it at all hazards. Samuel has written to my Uncle to thank him for asking Swinburne, one of the Sixth Form, to take notice of us, which he has done very effectually; and is a capital friend, I assure you. One would hardly suppose that any body could have been so good-natured, who knows as little of us as he does. But I will not talk to you about these stupid things any longer; for I am certain that they will suit my brother ten times better than me, as you will discover when he chooses to give his account. I am much too cunning to take so much trouble; besides, I think I shall eclipse all his prosing by the splendid description I mean to give you of the annual Regatta which took place on the 4th, and a very pretty sight it was. You

must positively come here when it happens again, and we will take care to send you timely notice. All the long boats (to the number of nine or ten) were ranged along the bank of a large meadow, just out of Eton, and, at a settled time, they all set off, in order, to the sound of music, and rowed a long way up the river, to a place called Surly-hall, where there was a large supper laid out in the open field, not only for the crews, but also for all the Fifth and Sixth Form. If it had been a week later, Sam would have been there; as it is now, he is not better than I am—merely a lower boy. But to return to my story. The river-side was lined with an immense number of people—all collected to see the boats start, or rather to see the dresses of the rowers. They had mostly straw hats, and very gay embroidered blue or white jackets, besides great gilt buckles in their shoes, such as one observes old codgers wearing, only that they were newer, and wreathed. But the steerers were the principal attraction—all dressed out in silks and velvets and gold, after the Turkish or some other outlandish fashion. I must say, some of them looked more like girls than boys, and I cannot help thinking that those were the wisest who had naval uniforms; for it seems more in character. I must not forget to mention that every boat had a particular flag, painted with some device or other, and a motto. Directly after the procession had begun, there was such a scampering and racing about, that you would positively have imagined that half Eton was on horseback. I could hardly recognise some of my acquaintances, metamorphosed as they were by their new equipments of spurs, top-boots, hunting-whips, and straight-cut coats. What capital fun it must be hiring a horse for a couple of hours, just to show off! (to be sure we were not locked up in *our house* till half an hour later than usual that night.) The Master said, that he could not tell the reason why that indulgence should be given then more than at any other time;

but I dare say in reality he knows well enough. I do believe that Smirk would have cut a very respectable figure there, and I am sure he would have beaten most of them. You never saw such animals collected together in your life before, many of them with hardly a leg to stand on, and bones peeping through their skins; others just taken up from a common, with all their winter hair about them, as if they had never felt a curry-comb; and the best were but poor creatures. Then there was such flogging, and hollowing, and riding against one another, that the Epping Hunt could never have been more ridiculous; and great part of the company preferred going to look at them eating their supper. However, all managed to arrive at Windsor Bridge, or somewhere about it, before the fire-works began; and most of the carriages, as you may imagine, brought with them pretty good loads of the boys, who managed to cram themselves in every part. Samuel and I got into a house, which commanded an excellent view of the place where the fireworks are exhibited, viz. a sort of island in the middle of the river, covered with willows, which they call here an *eyot*, and perhaps elsewhere too, but I never heard of the same. It was quite dangerous to stand on the bridge, from the pressure of the horses and vehicles, not to mention that the fabric itself is very shaky, and not at all unlikely to tumble down with any extraordinary weight. When the boats came down, they pursued each other round this *eyot*, and under the bridge with the utmost rapidity; and I understand it is reckoned a great triumph if they can strike the one before them with their bow, and this they call *bumping*. By this time it was getting quite dark, and the fireworks, which they tell me were unusually good, showed themselves to the greatest advantage, as well as some variegated lamps, which were ranged about upon trees and poles. The water-rockets pleased me better than any thing. The Captain of the Oppidans

has the arrangement of all; and they say that the present one (Sir Thomas Nesbit) deserves great praise for his part of the business. I am very well content that he should have as much as he 'can possibly wish for, because I think him a very good fellow, which is quite as much as one Eton boy can say for another. Of course it is quite unnecessary for me to inform you that we all got home at the proper time. And so much for the 4th of June! If you are half as well pleased with the relation as I was with the sight, I shall be perfectly satisfied; and you must allow that I have sent you a very full one. Samuel is at this moment deeply employed in his verses, or he would have sent a few lines. However, he begs to join in love to you, Mamma, Papa, with, my dear Harriet,

Your very affectionate Brother,  
H. RASHLEIGH.

P. S. I have already ascertained that our *Election* Holidays (so they call them) commence on the 30th of next month.

---

IX.

*Mr. S. Rashleigh to R. Rashleigh, Esq.*

Eton, June 11.

MY DEAR FATHER,

I am so well pleased with my elevation to the dignity of a Fifth Form, that I have taken up my pen to give you the very earliest intelligence of my delivery from fagging, which, by-the-by, I always cared for but little, and of my power to fag, which at present I care for still less. I have passed through my trials much more easily, and much more successfully, than I expected; for I really have taken the places of three boys who were

before me. Neither of them were very transcendent geniuses; but still I had not the most distant idea of being put above them. The change of which I have just informed you is termed a *Remove*, and affects more or less the whole School. Henry, among the rest, has felt its influence, and is now in that part which I have just left. He has acquitted himself extremely well in trials, and is very happy at the thought of changing his Terence for some other authors, which I do not wonder at; for it is certainly rather above the comprehension of boys of his age, or mine either. My studies, too, are a little changed; but with the exception of Homer, Horace, and Virgil, they lie principally in two volumes, containing extracts from various writers lumped together, as the title-page sets forth, "*In usum Regiæ Scholæ Etonensis.*" Then I have nothing further to do with the tracing of maps on paper over a glass, or the other means here used for the learning of Geography; besides, I both say and construe my lessons to a different Master. It is quite incredible how very little an Etonian knows of Arithmetic. I verily believe that many here, not considered deficient in abilities, would be very much puzzled with a simple multiplication sum, and the very cleverest would stand a bad chance if they were tried in the Rule of Three. There are people who teach ciphering, but I do not see that many learn, or, if they do, I am afraid that they recollect but little. I am exceedingly glad that Mr. Plodwell taught me as far as he has done; for I stand but a poor chance of acquiring any knowledge of that sort. There are speeches now every week. I suppose they are exercised often against the grand display, which takes place before the next Holidays, when the School is crowded with ladies and gentlemen. The Orators are all from the Sixth Form: they walk out into the middle of the School, in full dress, and spout, and saw the air, with various success. The speeches are generally Latin,

sometimes Greek, and, on the great occasion, a chosen few are favoured with English, for the edification, it is to be supposed, of the female part of the audience, who (no disparagement to their learning) ought to be in some degree recompensed for listening so long, and so attentively, to what they cannot understand.

It is quite ridiculous to observe what great politicians some of my schoolfellows are. There are a good many pastrycooks' shops where they take in newspapers, which are much more eagerly devoured than any of the cakes, or other good things, especially when Parliament is sitting. It is incredible with what vigour and animosity one will attack the Ministers, and another defend them. In fact, if you believe their arguments, they seem to know a great deal more than any of the leading Members in the House of Commons. I hear that some time ago a few of the most violent actually drew up an Address to the Queen, which they would have sent, if they could have got sufficient signatures. I have already picked up a great number of very agreeable *Cons*, as we term our acquaintance here, and, if you put your projected scheme of paying us a visit into execution, I shall be happy to introduce them to you. In the mean time, with best love to Mamma and Harriet, believe me,

Your affectionate Son,

S. RASHLEIGH.



( 195 )

## GOG :\*—A POEM.

BY FREDERICK GOLIGHTLY, ESQ.

### CANTO II.

“ A most delicate monster ! ”—SHAKSPEARE.

THE morn is laughing in the sky,  
The sun hath risen jocundly,  
Brightly the dancing beam hath shone  
On the cottage of clay, and the abbey of stone,  
As on the redolent air they float,  
The songs of the birds have a gayer note,  
And the fall of the waters hath breathed around  
A purer breath, and a sweeter sound ;  
And why is Nature so richly dress'd  
In the flowery garb she loveth best ?  
Peasant and Monk will tell you the tale !  
There is a wedding in Nithys-dale !

With his green vest around him flung,  
His bugle o'er his shoulders hung,  
And roses blushing in his hair,  
The Minstrel-Boy is waiting there !  
O'er his young cheek and earnest brow  
Pleasure hath spread a warmer glow,  
And Love his fervid look hath dight  
In something of ethereal light :  
And still the Minstrel's pale blue eye  
Is looking out impatiently,  
To see his glad and tender bride  
Come dancing o'er the hillock's side.

---

\* In this his second Canto, Mr. Golightly has taken most unwarrantable liberties with his metres. He has the authority, he says, of all modern Poets ; but I enter my protest against all such innovations.—P. C.

For look ! the sun's all-cheering ray  
Shines proudly on a joyous day ;  
And, ere his setting, young Le Fraile  
Shall wed the Lily of Nithys-dale !

A moment, and he saw her come,  
That maiden, from her latticed home,  
With eyes all love, and lips apart,  
And faltering step, and beating heart.  
She came, and join'd her cheek to his,  
In one prolong'd, one rapturous kiss,  
And while it thrill'd through heart and limb,  
The world was nought to her or him !  
Fair was the boy ; a woman's grace  
Beam'd o'er his figure and his face ;  
His red lips had a maiden's pout,  
And his light eyes look'd sweetly out,  
Scattering a thousand vivid flashes  
Beneath their long and jetty lashes ;—  
And she, the still and timid bride,  
That clung so fondly to his side,  
Might well have seem'd, to Fancy's sight,  
Some slender thing of air or light !  
So white an arm, so pale a cheek,  
A look so eloquently meek,  
A neck of such a marble hue,  
An eye of such transparent blue,  
Could never, never, take their birth  
From parentage of sordid earth !  
He that had search'd fair England round,  
A lovelier pair had never found,  
Than that Minstrel-boy, the young Le Fraile,  
And Alice, the Lily of Nithys-dale !

Hark ! hark ! a sound ! it flies along,  
How fearfully !—a trembling throng,  
Come round the Bride in wild amaze,  
All ear and eye to hear and gaze ;

Again it came, that sound of wonder,  
 Rolling along like distant thunder;  
 "That barbarous growl, that horrid noise—  
 Was it indeed a human voice?  
 The man must have a thousand tongues,  
 And bellows of brass, by way of lungs!"  
 Each to his friend, in monstrous fuss,  
 The staring Peasants whisper'd thus:—  
 "Hark! hark! another echoing shout!"  
 And, as the boobies stared about,  
 Just leaping o'er a mountain's brow,  
 They saw the Brute that made the row;  
 Two meadows and a little bog  
 Divided them from cruel Gog!

Maiden and matron, boy and man,  
 You can't conceive how fast they ran!  
 And as they scamper'd, you might hear  
 A thousand sounds of pain and fear.  
 "I get so tired"—"Where's my son?"—  
 "How fast the horrid beast comes on!"—  
 "What plaguy teeth!"—"You heard him roar?"  
 "I never puff'd so much before!"—  
 "I can't imagine what to do!"  
 "Whom has he caught?"—"I've lost my shoe!"  
 "Oh! I'm a sinful"—"Father Joe,  
 Do just absolve me as we go!"  
 "Absolve you here? pray hold your pother;  
 I wouldn't do it for my mother!  
 A pretty time to stop and shrive,  
 Zounds! we shall all be broil'd alive!  
 I feel the spit!"—"Nay, Father, nay,  
 Don't talk in such a horrid way!"  
 "Oh! mighty Love, to thee I bow!  
 Oh give me wings, and save me now!"  
 "A fig for Love!"—"Don't talk of figs!  
 He'll stick us all like sucking-pigs,  
 Or skin us like a dish of eels—"  
 "Run—run—he's just upon your heels!"

"I promise the Abbey a silver cup,  
 Holy St. Jerome, trip him up!—"

"I promise the Abbey a silver crown!  
 Holy St. Jerome, knock him down!—"

The Monster came, and singled out  
 The tenderest bit in all the rout;  
 Spite of her weeping and her charms,  
 He tore her from her Lover's arms.  
 Woe for that hapless Minstrel-boy!  
 Where is his pride—his hope—his joy?  
 His eye is wet,—his cheek is pale;  
 He hath lost the Lily of Nithys-dale!

It chanced that day two travelling folk  
 Had spread their cloth beneath an oak,  
 And sat them gaily down to dine,  
 On good fat buck, and ruddy wine.  
 One was a Friar, fat and sleek,  
 With pimpled nose, and rosy cheek,  
 And belly, whose capacious paunch  
 Told tales of many a buried haunch.  
 He was no Stoic!—in his eye  
 Frolic fought hard with Gravity;  
 And though he strove, in conversation,  
 To talk as best beseem'd his station,  
 Yet did he make some little slips;  
 And in the corners of his lips  
 There were some sly officious dimples,  
 Which spake no love for roots and simples.  
 The other was a hardy Knight,  
 Caparison'd for instant fight;  
 You might have deem'd him framed of stone,  
 So huge he was of limb and bone:  
 His short black hair, unmix'd with gray,  
 Curl'd closely on his forehead lay;  
 His brow was swarthy, and a scar,  
 Not planted there in recent war,  
 Had drawn one long and blushing streak  
 Over the darkness of his cheek.

The Warrior's voice was full and bold ;  
 His gorgeous arms were rich with gold ;  
 But weaker shoulders soon would fail  
 Beneath that cumbrous mass of mail ;  
 Yet from his bearing you might guess  
 He oft had worn a softer dress,  
 And laid aside that nodding crest  
 To lap his head on Lady's breast.

The meal of course was short and hasty,  
 And they had half got through the pasty,  
 When hark !—a shriek rung loud and shrill,  
 The Churchman jump'd, and dropp'd the gill ;  
 The Soldier started from the board,  
 And twined his hand around his sword ;  
 While they stood wondering at the din,  
 The Minstrel-boy came running in,  
 With trembling frame, and rueful face,  
 He bent his knee, and told his case :—  
 "The Monster's might away hath riven  
 My bliss on Earth, my hope in Heaven ;  
 And there is nothing left me now  
 But doubt above, and grief below !  
 My heart and her's together fly,  
 And she must live, or I must die !  
 Look at the Caitiff's face of pride,  
 Look at his long and haughty stride ;  
 Look how he bears her o'er hill and vale,  
 My Beauty, the Lily of Nithys-dale !"

They gazed around them !—Monk and Knight  
 Were startled at that awful sight ;  
 They never had the smallest notion  
 How vast twelve feet would look in motion.  
 Dark as the midnight's deepest gloom,  
 Swift as the breath of the Simoom,  
 That hill of flesh was moving on ;  
 And oh ! the sight of horror won  
 A shriek from all our three beholders ;  
 He bore the maid upon his shoulders !

"Now," said the Knight, "by all the fame  
 That ever clung to Arthur's name,  
 I'll do it,—or I'll try at least,  
 To win her from that monstrous Beast!"  
 "Sir," said the Friar to the Knight,  
 "Success will wait upon the right;  
 I feel much pity for the youth,  
 And though, to tell the honest truth,  
 I'm rather used to drink than slay,  
 I'll aid you here as best I may!"  
 They bade the Minstrel blow a blast,  
 To stop the Monster as he pass'd;  
 Gog was quite puzzled!—"Zounds—I'feg!  
 My friend—*piano!*—let me beg!"  
 Then in a rage towards the place  
 He strode along a rattling pace;  
 Firm on the ground his foot he planted,  
 And "wonder'd what the deuce they wanted!"

No blockhead was that holy man,  
 He clear'd his throat, and thus began:—  
 "O Pessime—that is, I pray,  
 Discede—signifying, stay!  
 Damno—that is, before you go,  
 Sis comes in convivio;  
 Abi—that is, set down the lass;  
 Monstrum—that is, you'll take a glass?  
 Oh, holy Church!—that is, I swear  
 You never look'd on nicer fare;  
 Informē—horridum—immane!  
 That is, the wine's as good as any;  
 Apage!—exorcizo te!  
 That is—it came from Burgundy;  
 We both are anxious—execrande!  
 To drink your health—abominande!  
 And then my comrade means to put  
 His falchion through your occiput!"  
 The Giant stared (and who would not?)  
 To find a monk so wondrous hot;

So fierce a stare you never saw ;  
 At last the Brute's portentous jaw  
 Swung, like a massy creaking hinge,  
 And then, beneath its shaggy fringe  
 Rolling about each wondrous eye,  
 He scratch'd his beard and made reply :—  
 " Bold is the Monk, and bold the Knight,  
 That wishes with Gog to drink, or fight,  
 For I have been from east to west,  
 And battled with King Arthur's best,  
 And never found I friend or foe,  
 To stand my cup—or bear my blow!"  
 " Most puissant Gog! although I burst,"  
 Exclaim'd the Monk, " I'll do the first ;"  
 And ere a moment could be reckon'd,  
 The Knight chimed in—" I'll try the second!"

The Giant, ere he did the job,  
 Took a huge chain from out his fob ;  
 He bound his captive to a tree :  
 And young Le Fraile came silently,  
 And mark'd how all her senses slept,  
 And lean'd upon her brow, and wept ;  
 He kiss'd her lip, but her lip was grown  
 As coldly white as a marble stone ;  
 He met her eye, but its vacant gaze  
 Had not the light of its living rays ;  
 Yet still that trembling lover press'd  
 The maiden to his throbbing breast,  
 Till consciousness return'd again,  
 And the tears flow'd out like summer rain ;  
 There was the bliss of a hundred years  
 In the rush of those delicious tears !

The helm from off the warrior's head  
 Is doff'd to bear the liquor red ;  
 That casque, I trow, is deep and high,  
 But the Monk and the Giant shall drain it dry ;  
 And which of the two, when the feat is done,  
 Shall keep his legs at set of sun ?

They fill'd to the brim that helm of gold,  
And the Monk hath drain'd its ample hold ;  
Silent and slow the liquor fell,  
As into some capacious well :  
Tranquilly flowing down it went,  
And made no noise in its long descent ;  
And it leaves no trace of its passage now,  
But the stain on his lip, and the flush on his brow.

They fill'd to the brim that helm of gold,  
And the Giant hath drain'd its ample hold ;  
Through his dark jaws the purple ocean  
Ran with a swift and restless motion,  
And the roar that heralded on its track  
Seemed like the burst of a cataract.\*  
Twice for each was the fountain fill'd,  
Twice by each was the red flood swill'd ;  
The Monk is as straight as a poplar tree,  
Gog is as giddy as Gog may be !

“Now try we a buffet !” exclaimed the Knight,  
And rose collected in his might,  
Crossing his arms, and clenching his hand,  
And fixing his feet on their firmest stand.  
The Giant struck a terrible stroke ;  
But it lighted on the forest-oak ;  
And bough and branch of the ancient tree,  
Shook, as he smote it wondrously :  
His gauntleted hand the Warrior tried ;  
Full it fell on the Giant's side ;  
He sank to earth with a hideous shock,  
Like the ruin of a crumbling rock,  
And that quivering mass was senseless laid  
In the pit its sudden fall had made.

That stranger Knight hath gone to the tree  
To set the trembling captive free ;

---

\* An indifferent rhyme, but patronized by Lord Byron.



Thrice hath he smitten with might and main,  
 And burst the lock, and shiver'd the chain;  
 But the knotty trunk, as the warrior strove,  
 Wrench'd from his hand the iron glove,  
 And they saw the gem on his finger's ring,  
 And they bent the knee to England's King.  
 "Up! up!" he said, "for the sun hath pass'd,  
 The shadows of night are falling fast,  
 And still the wedding shall be to-day,  
 And a King shall give the bride away!"

The Abbey-bells are ringing,  
 With a merry, merry tone;  
 And the happy boors are singing  
 With a music all their own;  
 Joy came in the Morning, and fled at Noon;  
 But he smiles again by the light of the Moon;  
 That Minstrel-boy, the young Le Fraile—  
 Hath wedded the Lily of Nithys-dale!

## PEREGRINE'S SCRAP-BOOK.

## NO. VII.

*June 2.*—I am confident that my readers will be amused with the following Fragment, purporting to be from the pen of Mr. Swinburne: and I am equally confident that they will regret with me that it is *only* a Fragment.

## I.

I've always thought Biography the neatest  
 And most instructive kind of composition,  
 Especially if written (as is meetest)  
 By literary people of condition.

I never liked the records (though completest)  
 Of kingdoms, battles, wars, wounds, ammunition ;  
 Preferring Plutarch, Charles the Twelfth, Munchausen,  
 Robinson Crusoe, Valentine and Orson.

## II.

Besides, I 've lately read the life of Sully,  
 And Wraxall's Memoirs, written by himself ;  
 They 've both confirm'd my old opinion fully .  
 The latter to be sure 's a curious elf.  
 He often writes both nauseously and dully,  
 And well deserves to lie upon the shelf ;  
 But yet he gives some pleasant information  
 About Lord North, Lord Nelson, and the Nation.

## III.

I own too that I like a little scandal,  
 I like to know what heroes thought and said ;  
 I like to hear how Pitt put out his candle,  
 What time exactly Fox got into bed ;  
 And whether Burke preferr'd Mozart or Handel,  
 What kind of nightcap wrapp'd Lord Nelson's head.  
 One loves to see all these important facts  
 Elucidated by authentic tracts.

## IV.

But what I own I like much more than any thing  
 Is the biography of learned men ;  
 Whene'er such people condescend to pen a thing  
 About themselves, it reads as well again  
 As all that kind of rascally catchpenny thing,  
 Which blockheads write who live upon the pen.  
 But good Biography excels Orthography,  
 Geography, and every kind of *ography*.

## V.

Therefore (I follow Mr. Keates's plan,  
 Who in "Endymion" forms a like conclusion),  
 I will essay, as ably as I can,  
 To write with clearness, and without confusion,  
 The life of Matthew Swinburne, gentleman  
 Of Eton School : the name's but a delusion,

Meant my own goodly person to environ,  
Just as "Childe Harold" signifies "Lord Byron."\*

## VI.

These first five stanzas form an introduction,  
And now to business I must straight proceed.  
*N. B.* This work is meant for the instruction  
Of all young persons who can write and read.  
They should imbibe, with all the pow'rs of suction,  
These very entertaining tracts indeed,  
Besides, I'll paint, for grown-up people's knowledge,  
-The manners, customs, and affairs of College.

"Alcæus Minor" will, I am afraid, be again "a little disappointed;" but, nevertheless, I must say I think it advisable neither for him, nor for myself, to insert more of his Verses than are here subjoined. He will excuse some trifling alterations.

And is it so, and must we part?  
Then be this hour to parting given!  
Go! it may rend my bursting heart,  
But thou shalt keep thy vows to Heaven:  
Thou goest to a foreign land,  
Thou goest o'er the barren water.  
For look! a Father's dying hand  
Is beckoning to his absent Daughter!

Alas! I will not hold thee!—go;  
I yield thee to a Father's claim;  
Yet when for him thy tears shall flow,  
Forget not, Sweet! thy Lover's name;  
Oh! sometimes breathe a liquid kiss  
Across the dark dividing brine;  
And when thy daily cares are his,  
Oh! let a fleeting thought be mine.

*June 5.*—Found the following Scraps on my table, in Bellamy's hand-writing.

---

\* *Vide* vol. i. p. 328.

## I.

'T was in an hour that hath its charm,  
When the Sun, although unseen, is warm,  
And dusky cloudlets floating lie  
On the face of the white and dazzling sky.

## II.

The Sun had not yet lost his power,  
But all was silent as midnight hour;  
And the bay of neighbouring dog did sound  
As if heard through midnight's gloom profound.

Yet the skies were blue, and the Sun shone bright,  
And the air was cheerful, and cold, and light;  
But I sate and wept alone the while,  
For my heart was sore, and I could not smile.

## III.

(*Fragment of a Valentine.*)

From his wintry sleep profound  
Youthful Love is just awaking;  
And the frozen chains, which bound  
The heart so long, at last are breaking.

Glad spring noon is in the air,  
Birds their wild sweet notes are trilling;  
What have we to do with care,  
While the world with joy is thrilling?

June 10.—Somewhat surprised at discovering the following Parody from Scott's "Allen-a-Dale," written on a blank page of Jasper Harvey's "*Scriptores Romani*."

Young Mr. Thrale to his wooing is come;  
The Uncle he ask'd of his household and home—  
"Though the villa at Twick'nam show stately and fine,  
Yet a fairer domain," quoth the Poet, "is mine;"  
"My castle 's a cloud, which I hold in entail,  
And my farm is Parnassus," quoth young Mr. Thrale.

The Uncle was stiff, and the Aunt she was hard;  
They return'd not his calls, and they own'd not his card;

But soon shall their pride and their haughtiness cease,  
He had laugh'd on the maid in the yellow pelisse,  
And she went down to Fleet-street to hear a love-tale,  
And the youth it was told by was young Mr. Thrale.

*June 11.*—"Candidus" wishes me to lend a helping hand to a young gentleman who has spoken very highly of me. "Candidus" must excuse me. I cannot return the compliments, and therefore I shall hold my tongue.

Some contributions to-day from Gerard; I shall say nothing of their merit, for I am unwilling to say any thing but the truth; and, in the present instance, the truth would look like flattery.

*June 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19.*—Wholly occupied upon an Epic.—A plaguy drawback on N°. IX.; but I have already told you, my Public, that I never mean to work upon "The Etonian" till I have got over those concerns which you and I know to be of greater importance. If you grumble at this, my Public, I shall clap my Epic into my next Number; and if that don't poison you,—you must have very strong powers of digestion,—that's all! I can tell you the said Epic Dose is composed of very formidable ingredients. There are two or three battles and sieges, including the usual proportion of "arrowy sleet," "crimson flood," and "tottering walls." Then there is a Queen on horseback all over blood, who of course is of great use; killing five or six strapping grenadiers with her own hand, and affording scope for some very fine description. Then I have a philosopher with a long beard; who happens, like me, to send an impertinent letter to a Monarch: he is executed for his pains. Next I have a triumph, abounding in gold, jewels, captives, soldiers, garlands, and dumb show. After having taken my reader by the hand through all these wonderful things, I finally conclude in a delightful strain of meditative soliloquy over the ruins of Palmyra by moonlight!—*Euge poeta!*

What say you to a specimen, my Public? You make a wry face! Never mind, I have nothing better to give you, so there it goes—bang!

Walk in, Ladies and Gentlemen, walk in;—here's old Longinus going to be executed, and Queen Zenobia in hysterics:—

## XIX.

His hands were fasten'd, and his neck was bare,  
 Short time was giv'n for converse or for prayer;  
 "O Death," he whisper'd, "thou hast heard me call;  
 Thou, the sure blessing, or the bane of all;  
 How shall I look upon thee? not with dread,  
 Thou quiet pillower of the restless head;  
 How shall I look upon thee?—not with mirth,  
 Thou silent dweller in the dreamless earth!  
 Art thou indeed a sorrow, or a joy?  
 Dost thou indeed give being, or destroy?  
 How dark art thou! how ignorant are the wise!"  
 I come to learn thee—Death!"—He closed his eyes;  
 Quick flash'd the stroke, and quickly pass'd the pain—  
 They did not open to the day again!

## XX.

Zenobia saw her servant kneeling there,  
 She saw the weapon gleaming in the air,  
 And still she did not move her hand to stay—  
 Her eye to comfort—or her lip to pray.  
 Perchance by that forced calmness she would show  
 How light she held the fury of the foe:—  
 Perchance the woes she had been wont to see  
 Blunted the edge of what was yet to be.  
 But when the blow descended, and the dust  
 Drank the warm life-blood of the wise and just;  
 When the meek head lay rolling on the sand,  
 And the red rain was sprinkled on her hand,  
 Hopeless and careless, desolate and pale,  
 Without a word of passion or of wail,  
 But one long shriek, which those who heard aghast  
 Shudder'd, and look'd, and pray'd it were the last;  
 She fell beside!—she lay in her distress,  
 As deadly chill, as coldly motionless,

As the white features of a fallen stone,  
Or the fix'd look of him she gazed upon.  
The wondering guard had aim'd that weapon well,  
Yet he might fancy that on her it fell !

*June 22.*—Received six pages of Love-Verses. I am much puzzled what I ought to do with the "*Nugæ Canoræ*" which I have lately received, for my time is growing so short that I am loath to make myself enemies by their rejection; while, at the same time, in closing my career, I am loath to injure my character by their insertion. In the present instance, however, I feel little difficulty. What can I do with a writer who is so rude as to put among his Love-Verses the following?—

I never wish'd, in face or dress,  
That you should seem a saint, my love !  
And yet, ah ! yet, I must confess,  
I wish you wouldn't paint, my love !  
You can't conceive how ill you look,  
You can't conceive, indeed, my love,  
When all your face appears a book,  
And "pride" is what we read, my love !  
I gave you once a lover's vow,  
You'll think me quite absurd, my love !  
But I'd rather wed a picture now,  
I would, upon my word, my love !  
For when "My life, my love," I cry,  
A frown I often see, my love !  
The picture, with its constant eye,  
Would always smile on me, my love !  
A lack of brains you both would show,  
And both a made-up cheek, my love ;  
But then you've got a tongue, you know,  
A picture couldn't speak, my love !

I have taken some liberties with the following Stanzas "on Memory;" the author is apparently unused to composition, for his verses run on so carelessly that I hardly know whether I ought rather to apologize to him for altering so much, or to my Readers for not altering more.

How sweet are the moments which Memory's pen  
 Devotes to the time that is pass'd ;  
 As we dwell on the joys we may ne'er taste again,  
 And pleasures too brilliant to last.

How sweet is the tear which flows fast from the eye,  
 When remembrance awakens the mind  
 To the thought of the friendships for ever gone by,  
 The warm, and the firm, and the kind.

Oh ! suffer the tear in the eye to appear,  
 And forbid not the stream to flow on ;  
 'T is the dew-drop of heaven that falls on the bier  
 Of the joy that was bright—but is gone.

'T is the balm that affordeth a gentle relief  
 To the heart overburden'd with woe ;  
 And shall I forbid it to glisten in grief,  
 Or deny it permission to flow ?

Oh ! forbid it, my God, that my folly should dare  
 What thy Providence wills to arraign ;  
 But when Sorrow has blighted the hopes that were fair,  
 We may weep, though we may not complain.

Still, still there's a hope in the sadness of woe,  
 That Death cannot separate Love ;  
 That the spirits, so closely united below,  
 Shall unite in their raptures above !

*June 25.*—I am afraid Cynthia is angry ; but how can she expect me to write long letters, when I have so much business on my hands ? However, here is an apology in rhyme, and I hope I shall receive my forgiveness by the next post :—

My dearest Cynthia,  
     If you knew  
 Half of the toil P. C. goes through,  
 You'd never dip your spiteful pen  
 In Anger's bitter ink again,  
 Because the hapless author woos  
 No correspondent—save the Muse.



Was ever such a wretched elf?  
 I ha'n't a minute to myself!  
 My own, and other people's cares,  
 Are dinn'd incessant in my ears!  
 I can't get rid of Mr. "Vapour,"  
 With all his silly "midnight taper;"  
 Nor Mr. Musgrave's learned paper,  
     "Diseases of the Hoof;"  
 E'en now, as thus I sit me down,  
 Scared by your thunder and your frown,  
     Two Fiends are hid aloof;  
 Two Fiends in dark Cocytus dipp'd;  
 A Blockhead with a Manuscript,  
     A Devil with a Proof!  
 Alas! alas! I seem to find  
 Some torment for my weary mind,  
     In every thing I see!  
 My Duck is old,—my Mutton tough,—  
 To some they may be good enough,  
     They smell of "Press" to me;  
 And when I stoop my lips to drink,  
 I often shudder as I think  
 I taste the taste of Printer's ink,  
     In chocolate and tea.  
 And what with friends, and foes, and hits  
 Sent slyly out by little Wits,  
     A fulminating breed;  
 And what with Critics, Queries, Quarrels,  
 Fame and fair faces, love and laurels,  
 Sermons and Sonnets, good and bad,  
 I'm getting—not a little mad,  
     But very mad indeed!  
  
 But you, who in your home of ease,  
 Are far from sorrows such as these,  
 Maid of the archly-smiling brow,  
 What folly are you following now?  
 With you, amid the mazy dance,  
 That came to us from clever France,  
 Does he, that bright and brilliant star,  
 The future Tully of the Bar,  
     Its present Vestris, glide?  
 Or does he quibble, stride, look big,  
 Assume the face of Legal Prig,  
 And charm you with his embryo Wig,  
     In all its powder'd pride?

Is he the Coryphæus still,  
 Of winding Waltz, and gay Quadrille?  
 And is he talking fooleries  
 Of Ladies' love, and looks, and eyes,  
 And flirting with your fan?  
 Or does he prate of wheres and whys,  
 Cross-questions, queries, and replies,  
 Cru. Car.—Cru. Jac.—and Cru. Eliz.  
 To puzzle all he can?  
 Is he the favourite of to-day,  
 Or do you smile with kinder ray  
 On him the grave Divine;  
 Whose periods sure were form'd alike  
 In Pulpit to amaze and strike,  
 In Drawing-room to shine?  
 Alas! alas! Methinks I see,  
 Amid those walks of revelry,  
 A Dignitary's fall;  
 For lingering long in Fashion's scene,  
 He 'll die a Dancer, not a Dean,  
 And find it hard to choose between  
 Preferment,—and a Ball!

I do not bid thee weep, my Dear,  
 I would not see a single tear  
 In eyes so bright as those;  
 Nor dim the ray that Love hath lit,  
 Nor check the stream of mirth and wit,  
 That sparkles as it flows.  
 Be still the Fairy of the dance,  
 And keep that light and merry glance,  
 Yet do not, in your pride of place,  
 Forget your parted Lover's face,  
 A poor one though it be!  
 Among the thousands that adore,  
 Believe not one can love you more;  
 And when, retired from ball or rout,  
 You 've nothing else to think about,—  
 Why, waste a thought on me!

*June 28.*—Just read the Review of "The Etonian" in the dear "Quarterly!" How delightfully civil! All our friends are looking as pleased as Punch! and all our enemies are looking long in the face, and grumbling something about partiality; which I have not time to

listen to. Partiality, forsooth!—Let the good Gentlemen be as partial as they please, and Peregrine will never be angry with them. But oh! horrible! The Critic talks about the “Unsightly and unseemly emblem” on our cover. If this is not High Treason, tell me, Mr. Attorney-General, what is! His Majesty of Clubs “unsightly and unseemly!” God save the King! Who ever suspected the “Quarterly” of designs against Monarchy? I am getting in a terrible passion, so I shall shut up my Scrap-Book.



N°. X.

---

## THE KING OF CLUBS.

### ABDICATION OF HIS MAJESTY.

**WE**, Peregrine, by our own choice, and the Public Favour, King of Clubs, and Editor of the Etontian, in the Ninth Month of our Reign, being this day in possession of our full and unimpaired Faculties both of Mind and Body, do, by these Presents, address ourselves to all our loving Subjects, whether holding Place and Profit under us, or not.

Inasmuch as we are sensible that we must shortly be removed from this state of trial, and translated to another life, leaving behind us all the trappings of Royalty, all the duties of Government, all the concerns of this condition of Being, it does seem good to us, before we are withdrawn from the eyes of our dearly-beloved Friends and Subjects, to Abdicate and divest ourselves of all the Ensigns of Power and Authority which we have hitherto borne; and we do hereby willingly Abdicate and divest ourselves of the same.

And be it, by all whom it may concern, remembered, that the cares and labours of PEREGRINE, sometime KING OF CLUBS, are henceforth directed to another world; and that if any one shall assume the Sceptre and the Style of PEREGRINE, the First King of Clubs, such Person is a Liar, and Usurper.

**Nowbeit,** If it shall please our trusty Subjects and Counsellors to set upon our Throne a rightful and legitimate Successor, WE WILL that the Allegiance of our People be transferred to him; and that he be accounted Supreme over Serious and Comic, Verse and Prose; and that the Treasury of our Kingdom, with all that it shall at such time contain, Song, and Sonnet, and Epigram, and Epic, and Descriptions, and Non-descripts, shall be made over forthwith to his charge and keeping.

And for all Acts, and Writings, made and done during the period of our Reign, to wit, from *the Twentieth Day of October, Anno Domini Eighteen Hundred and Twenty, to the Twenty-Eighth Day of July, Eighteen Hundred and Twenty-one, inclusive*, we commit them to the memory of Men, for the entertainment of our Friends, and the instruction of Posterity.

**Further,** If any One shall take upon Himself the Office of commenting upon any of the Deeds and Transactions which have taken place under our Administration, whether such comment shall go forth in plain Drab, or in gaudier Saffron and Blue, We recommend to such Person charity and forbearance; and in their spirit, let him say forth his say.

**And be it hereby known,** That for all that has been said or done against Us, during the above-mentioned Period, whether by Open Hostility or Secret Dislike, We do this Day publish a general and hearty AMNESTY: And We Will that all such Offences be from henceforth committed to Oblivion, and that no Person shall presume to recall to Our Recollection such Sins and Treasons.

And we also entreat, that if, in the course of a long and arduous Administration, it has been our lot to inflict wounds in self-defence, or to wound, unknowingly, those who were unconnected with us, the Forgiveness which we extend to Others will be extended by Others to Us.

And we Do, from This Day, release from all Bond, Duty, and Obligation, Those who have assisted us by their Counsel and Support; leaving it to all such Persons to transfer their Services to any other Master, as seemeth to them best.

**The Decree** That our Punchbowl be henceforth consecrated to Our lonely Hours, and our pleasant Recollections; that

no one do henceforth apply his Lips to its Margin; and that all future Potentates in this State of Eton, do submit to assemble their Privy Council around a Coffee-pot or an Urn.

And we most earnestly recommend to those dear Friends, whom We must perforce leave behind Us, That, in all places and conditions, they continue to perform their Duties in a Worshipful manner, always endeavouring to be a credit to the Prince, whom they have so long honoured by their service.

And now, as our predecessor, Charles of Germany, in the meridian of his glory, laid down the Reins of Empire, exchanging the Court for the Cloister, and the Crown for the Cowl,—Even so do We, PEREGRINE OF CLUBS, lay down the pen and the paper, exchanging Celebrity for Obscurity, Punch for Algebra, the Printing-office for Trinity College. And we entreat all those who have our welfare at heart, to remember Us sometimes in their Orisons. And so We depart.

*Peregrine.*

*Given in our Club-Room, this Twenty-Eighth  
Day of July, A. D. 1821.*

## ON ETONIAN POETS.

" Multa poetarum veniet manus, auxilio quæ  
Sit mihi."

HORACE.

IN the last few days of my existence at Eton, when I am upon the point of closing a work in which my Contributors, my powerful and kind Contributors, have ensured to me a success almost unexampled in the Annals of Etonian literature, it is natural for me to reflect upon the glories of the place I am leaving, and to look with a feeling of veneration upon those who have exalted the reputation of that Temple, of which I have been an earnest, though, perhaps, an unprofitable servant. We live, as every body knows, in an Age of Poetry, when every body writes rhymes, that can; and every body reads them, that will—" *Scribimus indocti doctique!*" From the romantic "Oscar," to the homely "Able Seaman;" from the Fashionables of the Row, to the Prentice-boys of Manchester,—all are, or, to speak more correctly, all would be, Poets.

Well does our Eton maintain her character in this terrible inundation! It is quite comfortable to hear the echo of those Great Names, whose talents it was hers to cultivate. It is the fashion, I know, to look back to other days with exaggerated admiration, and to believe that the reputation of modern times falls short of the reputation of our Forefathers. But for myself, when I think on the Etonians who already live in the praises of their generation; when I think too on those, who are now just bursting into celebrity, and making trial of the wings which are hereafter to carry them to immortality, I feel, and I will not doubt the dictates of that feeling, that this day is a proud day for Eton.



What, my Friends ! have we not Milman, realizing in his meridian the predictions which were made in his dawn ? Bright as his genius is, it derives an additional splendor from the cause of righteousness to which it is devoted,—the only cause which is worthy of its exertion ! We turn from the Zelicass and Zuleikas of a perverted taste to the mild and delicate purity of Miriam, with the same feeling with which we quit the sighing and sobbing heroines of the Radcliffe Romance for the meek and long-suffering Rebecca of our Scottish Fabulist. Not for a world of Turbans and Tiaras would I lose either of those gentle images ! The sorrow in which they are involved throws a beautiful halo around them ; and the virtue with which they endure it, sanctifies the feeling of compassion which they excite. Genius only is sufficient for the delineation of passions, and their causes,—for the narration of crimes or quarrels ; but something more than Genius is required from an author who would take his theme from the fount of Scripture, and erect his edifice on the foundation of Holy Writ. The thoughts which one cannot but connect with the mention of “The Fall of Jerusalem,” made it an awful thing for a writer to attempt the painting of such an event. Not to have failed, in such an effort, is much ; to have succeeded is more ;—but such a success !—Alas ! I wish my admiration were as valuable as it is warm !

Shall I turn to Shelley ?—Yes !—No !—Yes !—I wish that such a mind had not ranked itself among those depraved Spirits, who make it doubtful whether we should more admire their powers, or lament and condemn the abuse of them !—that he had rested contented with the admiration, without extorting the censure, of mankind. He is one of the many whom we cannot read without wonder, or without pain : when I consider his powers of mind, I am proud that he was an Etonian ; when I remember their perversion, I wish he had never been one. However, he has made his election ; and

where Justice cannot approve, Charity can at least be silent !

Then there is Gally Knight, one of *us* !—I shall say nothing of him, however, inasmuch as I know nothing of him except through the medium of Reviews. And there is Chauncey Hare Townsend ; but neither of him shall I say any thing, because one of our Correspondents, in our present Number, has done justice to his merits.

Reader ! did you ever, on a fine evening in August, get up from a table, where arguments and wines have been discussed together for three hours, and fling yourself into the open air, beneath a clear sky and an unveiled moon ? Did you ever at the latter end of the season in Town withdraw yourself from a crowded assembly, where half the company are talking, and half endeavouring to talk, in order to enjoy an hour's chat with a party of dear friends ? Did you ever—but I will not multiply interrogatives ; in short, do you know what it is to escape from glare and excitement to calmness and repose—from weariness or revelry to silence and reflection ? If you do, you may form an idea of the feelings with which I yesterday laid down “the Cenci,” by P. B. Shelley, and took up “Childhood,” by E. T. S. Hornby. I shall say a few words upon it, because I think that it is not yet so well known among our schoolfellows as its subject and its merits entitle it to be.

Those who expect to find in “Childhood” any overwrought description, any overworked characters, any decorating of vice, any excusing of voluptuousness, will be mistaken, and will deserve to be. But he who holds dear the untainted affections of the heart, and sets their proper value upon genuine and virtuous feelings, will find those affections and those feelings beautifully conceived and elegantly expressed in these few pages. To our schoolfellows, however, the poem has an additional

interest, since no inconsiderable part of it consists of a delineation of those scenes and those pleasures which we have the good fortune to enjoy. "We!" did I say? Alas! when these lines shall meet the public eye, the writer of them will be on the eve of retiring from the friends he addresses. Those scenes, however, will be always dear to him; and even, if it were possible for him to forget them, Mr. Hornby's descriptions would be delightful and never-failing remembrancers. I should like to give my Readers an extract, but I am at a loss where to make my selection. Shall I take the Picture of the Private School, the entrance there, and the impatience which subsequently arises for something more great and manly? or shall I take the animated Sketch of the Playing-fields, or the Description of our Amusements on the Water, or the Lines on that dear haunt of our Musings, the "Poets' Walk?" I will open the book at random, and trust that my Readers will soon be familiar with the whole.

"Far diff'rent scenes attract that motley brood,  
 Close by yon Arch that spans th' impatient flood!  
 In breasts like theirs more boisterous joys prevail;  
 Hark! to the flutter of that busy sail  
 That shoots athwart the stream!—where every hand  
 Plies its prompt task to quit th' o'ercrowded strand.  
 One guards the helm; while here a manlier force  
 Turns the light prow, to stem the current's course.  
 Each creek, each winding cape, and willowy shore  
 Rings to the music of the measured oar?  
 Each breast is glee!—for Labour's wholesome toil  
 Gives sweetest fruit, when Pleasure turns the soil:  
 And dear the boast that boyish spirits find,  
 In feats and freaks to leave their peers behind;  
 To toil untired while others feebly rest,  
 To own no stiff'ning arm, no lab'ring chest,  
 Long distance to encounter, fear to spurn,  
 Though time fly fast, and Prudence urge return;  
 Joys such as these oft tempt the truant race  
 To cope with pain, with danger, and disgrace."

Are there any more Etonian Poets?—Oh! yes! There is Walker, who only needs to exert his strength, in order to have it felt and acknowledged: and there is H. N. Coleridge, whose name would be a sufficient voucher for him if he had never written a rhyme; and there is the Hon. F. Howard, to whom Eton will look for something more than the Newdigate Prize, which he has just obtained. There are many other names which claim a notice; and, if I had twenty pages to spare, I could easily fill twenty pages with expressions of my gratitude to some, and my esteem for all.

And what should I say of Moultrie? The humorous Moultrie, and the pathetic Moultrie, the Moultrie of "Godiva," and the Moultrie of "My Brother's Grave?"—Truly I should say nothing of him, for his genius is so incomprehensible, and his capabilities so varied, that if I were to attempt to draw his character or define his powers, it would be ten to one that the next effort of his pen would prove my every word a lie. I am safe, at least, in predicting, that he will be great, whatever he attempts; and that, whether he chooses to laugh or to weep, he will laugh and weep to some purpose. And here I stop. Some weeks ago what I have said might have been considered an interested piece of flattery; at the present time, and under the present circumstances, I am free, or I ought to be free, from such an imputation.

P. C.

## THE RASHLEIGH LETTER-BAG.

## I.

*Mr. Samuel Rashleigh to R. Rashleigh, Esq.*

Eton Coll. June 29, 1821.

MY DEAR FATHER,

I PERFECTLY agree with you that the routine of Eton lessons is much more difficult to learn than the lessons themselves; and perhaps many things that appear very plain and simple to me, from being so accustomed to them, may seem to you quite incomprehensible. Indeed almost every week is different; for something or other interferes to break the regular course: sometimes a Saint's day, sometimes an anniversary, or any happy event at the present time entitles us to drop one or more of the exercises, according to the number or efficacy of these fortunate interruptions. When a proper and lawful reason occurs, the two first in the School go on a sort of embassy to the Head Master, in the name of the Boys, and ask for the *indulgence*; so that every birth and marriage, in which we can be said to be at all concerned, is celebrated by us with quite as much joy and pleasure, as by the parties themselves. Verses, however, can never be dispensed with under any pretence; or, as the phrase is, *skipped*. We are obliged to do a certain number, but it is reckoned very idle to be contented with doing that, and, indeed, one ought very nearly to double it. When Henry first came he had some easy English given him to turn into Latin verse. This they call *sense*. By degrees he had less and less, and at present he trusts entirely to his own ideas, or what the Master supplies him with, when he sets the subject. All our lessons are construed over to us beforehand, at our

Tutor's; so that we are expected, when we come into school, to be ready and prepared at all points. It is considered the height of ill-nature not to prompt and assist your neighbour to the utmost of your ability, whenever he happens to fail, even at the risk of a flogging to yourself, which is pretty sure to follow, if you are discovered. Swinburne has particularly cautioned me against being any body's *Poet*, which means doing all his exercises; for he says it is a very great trouble, for which you are hardly thanked: besides, it is very likely to make you careless in your own verses, from being accustomed to do bad and slovenly ones for other people. No doubt he is quite right, and I shall be fully contented with getting through with my own business as well as I can. Some have an innūmerable quantity of *old copies*; that is to say, compositions of all kinds for the last seven or eight years past, which they keep hidden with particular care, as of course they are unlawful, but very valuable, possessions; for directly the subject is given out, away they fly to their treasure, and unless very unluckily a new theme has been started, they generally succeed in finding some of the labours of their predecessors exactly suited to the present occasion. If this resource fails, they get one or two couplets, or a few lines of prose, as each may be wanted, from some of their friends, and, between them all, contrive to patch up something resembling an exercise.

I am afraid that I have already sinned unpardonably in disclosing to you these mighty mysteries of Eton Education; and, in case that these accounts of mine should leave any bad impressions behind them, I must give you a description of some of my studious school-fellows, the brightest luminaries of "our little world," as one of the learned writers in "the Etonian" calls it. Perhaps you will hardly believe that there are some boys who look as pale as a sheet from positive hard reading; who dread a cricket-ball as much as if it were discharged

from a cannon ; who would, in fact, prefer doing a good long copy of Greek verses to the finest match that has ever been contested. There are a sort of persons who consider it quite a crime to be seen within the precincts of the Playing-fields, unless by chance they happen, in a truly contemplative mood, to take a few turns in Poets' Walk, or to lie down, on a hot summer's day, with a book in their hand, under one of the trees by the water side. Sometimes too I have caught them fishing for dace, and suchlike small fry in the river here ; which I am sure is quite enough to exhaust any body's patience ; for the fish are very few, and those more shy than you can possibly conceive. It does not appear to me, however, that these respectable folks are the most clever, although they may be most persevering. They are, generally speaking, boys of rather steady than brilliant abilities, who wish to accomplish by their diligence what others do more easily by means of superior talents. You can hardly imagine in how many ways this temper shows itself. They are always particularly careful to write down every word that they are not acquainted with in the lesson, and to mark its meaning and origin ; they fill their books with appropriate quotations from every quarter they can think of, and try to ingratiate themselves with their superiors by their punctuality and strict observance of every little duty, which is rather likely to escape your attention. I heard a story of somebody of this description, who, after he had been at school very nearly a year, wished to know which was the way to Slough. Now Slough is hardly more than a mile off ; and I should just as soon have thought of asking the way to Windsor ; for, before I had been here a month, I had visited that, and most other places within a good deal longer distance.

Now I would not have you imagine, for all the world, that I mean to vilify my studious friends. On the contrary, I believe them to be a very great credit to Eton ;

and, as Matthew Swinburne tells me, very good contributors to "The Etonian." By-the-by, I understand that this renowned Publication is upon its last legs, as all the principal supporters take their leave after the next Holidays. It is a thousand pities that it should be dropped after it has gone on so long; and I am the more sorry, as I have just begun to take a little interest in it; and Henry, I assure you, when he does read any thing, likes to take up his schoolfellows' productions. It is infinitely better that he should amuse himself with this than reading a pack of horrible stories of ghosts and enchanted knights, which one sees in innumerable quantities, displaying their fairy frontispieces in the shop-windows; and indeed, I am sorry that many of the little boys are much better acquainted with them than their Greek and Latin Grammars. Perhaps, too, there is a deeper interest in these performances than you would be likely to guess; for some of the authors may be found at no very great distance, who, actuated no doubt by a very laudable desire of appearing in print, have chosen to try their youthful talents in this romantic style of writing. These things are termed here indiscriminately *pamphlets*, and every one that comes forth from the prolific London press, with the words, "By an Etonian," on the title-page, possesses a natural charm, and is sought for with the utmost avidity by the devourers of this kind of literature. I have interdicted Henry from all things of this kind, and have given him very fair notice that I shall burn the very first that I find in his possession. He told me the other day that one of his particular friends subscribed to a circulating library in Windsor, where he gets as many Novels and Romances as he can manage. I could very plainly discern that he had a great inclination to add his name to the list, but this I positively set my face against.

They tell me that some time before I came here there was a theatre first started, and afterwards entirely supported,



by the exertions of various amateur actors, all belonging to this same all-powerful School. Many who had seen their performances declared to me that they were really excellent, and that many of the players were equal, if not superior, to the best in the Windsor company. Perhaps the testimony of such an audience is not always so impartial as one might wish; but, be that as it may, I would rather have seen a common farce at Eton, with bad scenes and worse dresses, than the finest spectacle ever displayed on the London stage. This theatre remained for a long time undiscovered, which is not at all surprising, for it was concealed in a place where no strolling manager would have thought of raising his apparatus. However, at last, like every thing else, it came to the ears of the Higher Powers, and the whole business was stopped in the most unceremonious manner. I do almost wish that some new Rosciusses could revive the theatrical fame; for I should like beyond all things to look at my schoolfellows rustling in petticoats, or strutting about in military uniform, or in old men's clothes, with painted wrinkles, wig and cane, and all the stage paraphernalia. I cannot think how any spectator can keep his countenance.

Our Cricket Club goes on famously, but I have hardly room to tell you much about its proceedings. It is my intention, if I go on improving, to promote myself to a higher one, where there is better ground and better players; but the end of the season is now not very far off, and nobody thinks of touching a bat after the Holidays, however fine the weather may be. It would be very unfashionable. Henry shall write the next letter, that you may judge if he advances as favourably in the epistolary style as he does in all other kinds of learning; besides it is but right that he should relieve me sometimes.

We are allowed now to bathe at certain times and certain places, where a man is always ready, to guard

against any accident. I hope this will quiet Mamma's fears on this head. Remember me kindly to her, and to all at home, and believe me, my dear Father,

Your affectionate Son,

SAMUEL RASHLEIGH.

---

XI.

*Master Henry Rushleigh to Miss H. Rushleigh.*

Eton Coll. July 18, 1821.

MY DEAR SISTER,

Samuel takes such infinite pains in explaining to you all that may appear difficult in our school business, that it would be an unpardonable shame if I were to trespass on any of his rights in this way: positively I have neither inclination nor ability to interfere with his dry details, so I must endeavour, in lieu of instruction, to amuse you by a very faithful account of a Cricket-match which took place the other day, between eleven of our best players, and eleven gentlemen who came on purpose to try their strength with them. In the first place, you must imagine a most beautiful spot of ground,—not such a one as you may have seen for the same purpose among our open naked downs at home, but surrounded by the finest trees, and commanding views of the River, Windsor Castle, the College, and enough others, in fact, entirely to fill up your sketch-book; and, let me tell you, it could hardly be better used. The middle of this of course is reserved for the combatants; two tents are pitched on the outskirts, which are lined, almost in a circle, by a great crowd of Ladies, Gentlemen, or Boys, lying, standing, or sitting, in various groups; so that altogether they form the prettiest sight imaginable. To enjoy all this perfectly, you must fancy a most glorious

day, as it really was;—you must wish for us to be victorious, as we were, and easily too;—and you must take the same pleasure in reading about a game of Cricket, although I am the historian, as the Eton belles appear to have in looking at one. You cannot conceive how many happy faces there were whenever one of the heroes on our side struck a ball with more than usual violence. Such a buz ran through the field,—such a bustle took place immediately,—as evidently showed that very few were indifferent spectators. Then if the fatal wickets fell,—if any thing happened at all unfavourable to us, one might easily observe the interest that every one took by the sudden silence and the serious looks of the Etonian party. For my own part, it seemed to me quite extraordinary afterwards, how I could care so much for the result of a Cricket-match; but the feeling seems to be very infectious, and no doubt I caught it from some of my friends. These contests always take place on some Holiday, when, as no doubt my brother has informed you, we have to go into Church instead of School. From this the cricketers are totally exempt, as well as from answering to their names at other times of the day; so Eton certainly ought to shine in that game above all other Schools, since it receives so much encouragement.

Some years ago we were defeated by the Harrow boys, which was a dreadful and unexpected blow, for the Etonians are particularly jealous of their pre-eminence in this respect; but one can hardly even then call it a fair defeat, for as the match was played in London, and only two of our best were there—the rest were a crew principally collected on the ground, and totally unworthy of a place among the Eleven of Eton. This disgrace was to have been wiped off by our present champions; but unluckily our holidays and those of our antagonists are so separated in point of time, that it is impossible for them to meet us; and for any other

School to come here is totally contrary to all law and custom. I assure you, that this is a very great disappointment to all of us, and to me among others, for I am almost sure that we should have gained the victory, and I should have rejoiced most heartily, either to have seen it or heard of it. However, it is to be hoped that they may not yet escape with impunity, and may feel, at some time or other, the strength of Eton arms and Eton bats, which perhaps at present they despise rather more than they ought to do, and attribute to fear or unwillingness, what is really to be imputed only to necessity. We shall take especial care to bring all our cricket implements home with us. I have thought of a place that will exactly do for the wickets; and I dare say, what with the young Forders, and other recruits that we can raise in the neighbourhood, we shall be able to get up a very tolerable set. I am sure Samuel now plays ten times better than half the clowns that one sees, even in their grand matches. He has quite given up the little club that I belong to, and is now a member of a very superior one; for you must know there are at least six or seven, some consisting exclusively of Oppidans, some of Collegers, and the greatest of all of both mixed together. I am happy to say now that I can count up to the Holidays without any very great trouble. It would be a very good plan, I think, for Papa, and you, and my Mother, to come here then to look at the place, and to see the procession of the Boats, hear the Speeches in the great school-room, and a thousand other things that you can have no idea of, without personal inspection. My Dame tells me, that she would be excessively glad to see you, and I am sure you know two other persons here who would be equally so. Samuel desires his love to you all, and intends to speak for himself directly he has received a letter in answer to this. In the meantime, with the kindest remembrances, I remain,

Your affectionate Brother,

H. RASHLEIGH.

## XII.

*Mr. S. Rashleigh to R. Rashleigh, Esq.*

Eton Coll. July 24, 1821.

MY DEAR FATHER,

We are both excessively delighted to hear of your intended visit to Eton; for my own part, I never thought that Henry's arguments would have had such power, though he confessed to me that he had tried all he could to persuade you. No doubt he told you of the grand display of oratory, which of course you are bound to applaud. Some have English Speeches; but whether these are given to those who can do most justice to them, or merely to such as are highest in the School, I cannot ascertain. The others have either Greek or Latin ones. Frequently two carry on a dialogue, standing opposite to each other, which I should think must be much more animated and interesting than the common way. For my own part, if I had my choice, my native language would be the very last that I should wish to use in such an exhibition; for in that every body is qualified to be a critic, particularly the ladies, who are frequently rather unsparing in their remarks. Now the learned tongues are totally unintelligible to all, except a few good scholars, who may happen to be in attendance; so if you use a few tolerable grimaces you are sure of pleasing, even though you make utter nonsense as far as the words go. I have secured you rooms at the Christopher, which appears to be a very decent inn, and is within a very few yards of the College, so that staying there would almost answer the same purpose as going to school, for the boys are before the windows at almost all hours of the day. We are now exceedingly well qualified to act as your guides upon all occasions, and I flatter myself that we shall show you the Lions to no small advantage. Of course the grand reason of your coming here is to concert measures about sending Henry into College. It appears to be an excellent plan, particularly as they say

that the system is about to be altered, and the trials to be something more than nominal, as in that case he stands a very fair chance of getting off in proper time to King's College. As it is, little children are sent to Eton, really hardly escaped from petticoats, and in a sort of manner predestinated for King's. They work their way up by degrees from the very bottom of the school, being very well contented as long as they can barely obtain their *Removes*, and looking forward to that as a sort of right, which, in reality, ought only to be given to good behaviour and superior scholarship. This is what strikes me as *reasonable*; but, like better people than myself, I know nothing of the Statutes, and very little about College in general, though there is much more intercourse between the Oppidans and the Boys on the Foundation than there formerly used to be. One of them is my nearest neighbour in School, and he often assures me that all the stories, which are bandied about as bugbears to terrify all who are intended to wear a gown, are mere fictions, so I shall take care to caution Henry against believing any one of them. By his account it appears that the fagging in College is not at all harder, if so hard, as that which at present he undergoes; that the difficulties are very few, and those easily overcome; consisting more in customs and observances than any real hardships. He must let you into the secrets by-and-by, if there are any, which I must take the liberty to doubt; and, as he is of a pretty easy temper, I think the change will make but very little alteration in his happiness. Your resolution was rather sudden, and I think at first alarmed him a little; but I have contrived to laugh off his fears, and I believe he now looks forward to his move with more curiosity than dread. He will still have something to do with his Dame, and I suspect as long as I stay here will be a sort of amphibious animal—neither one thing nor the other. The Coronation was celebrated here as it ought to be, with

illuminations and dinners, and gaiety of every description. We all of us drank the health of his Majesty King George the Fourth, secretly hoping, as is natural for so many schoolboys, that this free ceremony may be of some use to us, and may get us what we all most heartily pray for, an additional week's Holidays; but these are all vain surmises. So many of our school-fellows attended in various capacities, some as pages, some as spectators, that the benches looked quite empty for a day or two at the time. They talk of a tremendous clearing about to take place at Election, inasmuch as the boys, composing the upper division of the Fifth Form, are on the point of departure. I suppose a proportionable number of new ones will arrive, so that in the end nobody will be the loser. I am sorry to say that we shall lose our friend Swinburne, without the smallest doubt. I should like very much to have made him a present of some book or other, not merely because it happens to be customary to do so, but because I should like to give him some return, rather more solid than thanks, for the many services he has rendered us. One may mark already a good many signs of the approaching Election;—a large piece of tapestry is hung in the Hall where the grand feasting will soon take place; the College windows are undergoing their annual repair; and every thing is putting on its gayest dress to welcome the expected company. From these preparations it is hoped that you will see every thing to the best advantage. Henry is complaining how long the days seem, and wants to cut out one or two, that he may have you and the Holidays here sooner. Good things, as the saying is, never come single. We have not had any reason to be particularly well pleased with the weather lately; and I think, of all the miserable things that you can imagine, a rainy day at Eton is the very worst. It is so ordered that we can never sit in-doors longer than two hours together, and we are obliged to be present at

School, or when our names are called, exactly to a minute, though the very heavens themselves are pouring down. Perhaps snow may be still more annoying; for then a perpetual battle is carried on with snowballs, and it must be very great luck indeed if you don't receive a ball in your face. But I really think that the little boys delight more in wet than their betters in sunshine. It is quite amusing to see how industriously they contrive to get into every puddle in their way—how they search out the very dirtiest places, or play at cricket in the middle of a shower, till their ball is reduced to the consistency of a pudding. Nobody ever thinks of wearing a great coat, unless it be alone, and umbrellas are very troublesome things, so most of us every now and then contrive to get a tolerable soaking. I forgot whether I told you that immediately after the last Holidays a Library was instituted, the members of which were to be the hundred first boys in the School of course; I am not yet in that number, but I very soon shall be, and I assure you I rather look forward to the time, for they get a good many volumes by their own subscription, and many of the Masters and other Gentlemen have sent them very handsome presents. It seems a sort of thing likely to do a great deal of good, and no doubt the book-shelves will be well filled before a very distant period. The encouragement which the project has met with from the best judges, is a pretty evident mark of their opinion; and of course the longer it lasts the greater will be its advantages. Pray give our united loves to our good friends, and believe me,

My dear Father,

Yours, &c,

S. RASHLEIGH.

P. S. I recommend you by all means to be here by two o'clock on Saturday, for about that time all the great Electors arrive from Cambridge, in very high style, and are received at the College Gate by the Cap-



tain, who addresses them in a Latin Oration, in which he takes care to compliment and congratulate all for whom he can find a proper subject, and besides, cursorily mentions the events of the year, especially all those in which Eton is anywise concerned. By a good hand such a variety of topics might, one would think, be handled to very great advantage. The boys are not obliged to be present at the principal Speeches, for this sensible reason, that the School is not large enough to hold them and the company too, so directly the first word is delivered, out they rush, and the Holidays are begun. Henry will be detained a day or two longer, as he must undergo some trials before he can be placed on the list to succeed to the vacancies in College, but I rather imagine they are not very difficult; in fact not so much so as those which determined his place at his first entrance.

---

### REFLECTIONS ON A CLERICAL LIFE.

“ Inter cuncta leges, et percunctabere doctos,  
 Quâ ratione queas traducere leniter ævum;  
 Quid purè tranqillet; honos, an dulce lucellum,  
 An secretum iter, et fallentis semita vitæ.”—HORACE.

THE subject, upon which I now am about to venture a few remarks, however insipid and useless it may appear to my more lively companions, is by no means destitute of interest, or unworthy of notice. It is, indeed, a subject to which, from my own prospects of future life, I may be accused of cherishing too much partiality. But let those who would object to these reflections, first consider, that they rest upon an object which deserves at least an equal, if not a greater, share of praise than any of the other professions; which has been the peculiar study of men eminent for their piety,

fortitude, and learning; upon which, in short, entirely depends the promotion of our welfare and happiness in this life, and our endless bliss in that which is to come.

Already I fancy that I see the sarcastic smile playing about the lips of Golightly; already I hear the broad, original, unrestrained laugh of O'Connor and Sir T. Nesbit. Laugh on, as you will, at this serious prologue, my worthy friends. All that I can do is, to beg of you to pass over this Sermon, (which to be sure, is of no very great length;) and turn to the next lively Article. I certainly can neither boast of nor promise any of the ludicrous:—far less is my subject calculated for any mention of beer or bargemen. You will consequently, none of you, find it suited to your respective ideas of the *summum bonum* of Periodical Writing. But the minds of all are not of the same cast;—there are many who, like myself, approve of the *seria mixta joci*;—there are many who, like myself, are destined for the Church. To these I address myself, in the hope that the pages which contain these reflections may not totally escape the paper-cutter's edge: in the hope that, if I am totally discarded and neglected by my Junior, I may obtain a patient hearing from my Senior Readers.

Every one, upon entering the stage of life, must encourage sundry doubts respecting the course, by pursuing which he may secure to himself the happiest and most eligible station in the world. Some imagine that the object of their research lurks beneath the monotony of an existence, which is occupied by pleasure and idleness; some endeavour to obtain it amongst the never-failing bustle and activity of a public, or the glorious, though uncertain, toils of a military life. But few, very few, if the option is their own, will make the Church an object of their choice. She affords us no opportunity of signalizing ourselves in any eloquence,—save that of the pulpit: in any valour,—save that of Christian fortitude and temperance. She holds out no prospects, excepting

those of retirement and tranquillity; from which the ardour of a juvenile mind will, in most cases, recoil with abhorrence. Nor can she tempt us with such splendor of dress, or such hopes of emolument, as the other professions are enabled to offer to their votaries. In addition to this, the voice of prejudice, which, as I remarked in another Paper, is directed against all, is never silent with regard to the Church and her sons. How frequently do we hear the laugh raised against such of our companions as are destined for the sacred robe! How seldom do we hear the very name of a clergyman mentioned, without an unrestrained smile, or contemptuous sneer! The voluptuary and the miser are alike hostile to this profession:—the former, because he looks upon its votaries as censors of his guilty pleasures, and obstacles to the perpetration of them;—the latter, because he considers the ceremonies and ordinations of the Church as a system of priestcraft and extortion. We cannot indeed wonder that those whose object is revolution—whose ruling principles are swayed by impiety and blasphemy alone, should launch forth every shaft of malice and virulence against the sacred order. They well know that when the power of religion is subverted, all other distinctions, all laws, divine and human, must be involved with it in one general ruin: nor can they allure their followers to deeds of bloodshed and iniquity by a more tempting system of ethics, than the assurance that our Holy Scriptures are the effects of priestcraft, and that wickedness shall meet with no punishment hereafter. We need not, I say, be astonished at this; but I certainly am unable to discover why prejudice should manifest itself so generally against this profession.

Let us turn our thoughts to the various paths of life which our fellow-creatures pursue;—let us, in short, compare the clerical life with that of the remainder of society. In that comparison it will not, I think, be found so deficient in human happiness as is generally

supposed. The civil and military professions afford us every honour, every opportunity of obtaining glory which can be allowed to mankind. But can such a source of pride, such tumultuous splendor, equal that inward tranquillity, that genuine peace of mind, which those enjoy who have dedicated themselves to the Church, and restrained their passions by the dictates of Religion? Is the glory of governing armies—of conquering cities—of exacting awe from all, by our bodily or mental qualifications, more to be preferred than the quiet and happiness of those, whose labours are not of this world; whose endeavours are solely for the future benefit and welfare of mankind; and whose only ambition is to rescue the souls of men from eternal perdition and misery—"to guide our feet into the way of peace?"

Let me not, however, in my zeal for the Church, be accused of endeavouring to lessen the good opinion of my fellow-citizens in favour of the other professions. They all possess intrinsic merit; nor is any thing further from my wish than to say aught in disparagement of them. Yet, while I allow that greater talent has been displayed in the other lines of life, I question whether greater felicity has been gained in them.

Reader! if your patience has borne you to the end of this Article, and you never should happen to have seen the beautiful lines of Goldsmith, which conclude it,—before you turn over this page, favour them with a small portion of your attention. Look attentively at the character they depict;—observe the actions of him whom they describe;—and then ask of yourselves, whether you have ever discovered a more enviable instance of happiness than the following:—

“ Remote from towns he ran his godly race,  
Nor e’er had changed, nor wish’d to change his place;  
Unskilful he to fawn, or seek for pow’r,  
By doctrines fashion’d to the varying hour:  
Far other aims his heart had learn’d to prize,  
More bent to raise the wretched than to rise.

\* \* \* \* \*

To them his heart, his love, his griefs were given ;  
But all his serious thoughts had rest in heaven :  
As some tall cliff, that lifts its awful form,  
Swells from the vale, and midway leaves the storm :  
Though round its breast the rolling clouds are spread,  
Eternal sunshine settles on its head."

M. STERLING.

---

### HAPPINESS.

How few the moments of this changeful life,  
When the full music of harmonious joy  
Pours on the soul its heavenly strain ! how brief  
The computation of our happy days !  
To live with those we love alone is life :  
How few then live ! Thoughtless and smiling youth  
Sits weaving chains of flowers to link true hearts ;  
And Fate, with tread of down, and hand of steel,  
Watches the progress of the rosy wreath,  
And when 't is finish'd steals behind, and clips it.  
She feeds upon the sighs, and drinks the tears,  
Of parted friends and lovers ; and, when join'd,  
She breathes upon them, and they love no more !

C.

---

### THE BRIDE OF THE CAVE.\*

A BALLAD.

(*From the "Poetry of the College Magazine."*)

BELOW the cliff, below the wave,  
The golden Sun is set ;  
But a purple flush from its sinking orb  
Gleams over the Ocean yet.

---

\* For the story on which this Ballad is founded, see Mariner's Account of the Tonga Islands.

No cloud is moving in the sky,  
No ripple curls the sea ;  
The quiet tide appears to sleep,  
Ebbing back silently.

Look at yon speck, hark to yon sound,  
Nearing the rocky shore !  
'Tis the fisher in his lonely boat,  
'Tis the dashing of his oar.

That sparkle, glimmering, as it comes,  
Those notes the waves along !  
Is that the fisher's evening lamp,  
Are those his evening song ?

Swift as a shaft from Tartar string,  
The gilt skiff cuts the sea ;  
Who bends him o'er the bending oar,  
And who is that fair She ?

On his young head a feath'ry plume  
Its changing radiance beam'd,  
And the golden sheath of his jewell'd dirk  
A yellow lustre gleam'd.

His checks were tinted with the rose,  
His snowy arms were bare !  
His locks escaped the light cap's fold,  
And wanton'd on the air.

There was a lustre darkly pure,  
A lightning in his eye ;  
Which, 'midst his toil and varying song,  
Was glancing momentarily.

But she, the partner of his way,  
Over the Ocean tide ;  
Why strives she from the Youth's wild gaze  
Her unveil'd face to hide ?

Her long dark locks were wreathed with gold,  
And jasmine flowers between ;  
A silver zone inclosed her waist,  
And silken vest of green.

There is a languish in her eye,  
The mute gaze of despair ;  
Her dress bespeaks a Chieftain's bride,  
What then does sorrow there ?

The skiff shot on across the wave,  
Close to the rocky shore ;  
And aye the boatman sung his song,  
Aye bent his gilded oar.

The skiff shot on, with youth and maid,  
Over the dark blue sea ;  
The boatman pull'd, but the song is hush'd,  
Sadly and silently.

The skiff shot on, and the wind arose,  
Under the black rock's brow ;  
And the calm is gone, and the breakers white,—  
Jesu ! where are they now ?

The boat is moor'd beneath the rock,  
Though the wave is swelling high ;  
And the Youth has seized the Maiden's hand,  
And fix'd his clear dark eye.

“ Hilla, now the time is come,  
And now thou must go on ;  
Thy sire in chains, thy brother slain,  
Thy very name is gone.

“ Hilla, by this the murd'rer's ire  
Has found that thou hast fled ;  
And he has sworn a cursed oath  
That he will see thee dead.

"Hilla, my soul is bound to thine ;  
It never can be free,  
Till it shall be for ever thine,  
And thou be one with me.

"Hilla, below the Ocean's tide  
A bower is made for thee;  
Now, Hilla, follow through the wave,  
Now, Hilla, come with me."

He spoke, and turning from the maid,  
Quick dash'd his cap away ;  
Then plunged into the flashing foam,  
Like sea-bird on his prey.

The Maiden stood one moment there,  
Then dived into the wave ;  
Shooting beneath the wat'ry depth,  
Like mermaid to her cave.

The sea closed o'er the Maiden's head,  
And night came dark and drear ;  
But under the wave they sat at rest,  
In light as the noonday clear.

'Twas in a cave beneath the base  
Of a rock upon the shore ;  
Which had for ages gone and past  
Frown'd o'er the Ocean's roar.

The wreath'd sea-weed and pendent crag  
Across the entrance small,  
Kept back the wild wave's rushing force  
From this bright faërie hall :

For there, perchance, when the storm was up,  
And the curl'd foam flashing high,  
And long dark clouds had shrouded o'er  
The noontide blue of sky,



A green-hair'd nymph might shelter seek,  
And love for aye to dwell,  
Where silent and safe she heard afar  
The dark surge rise and swell.

The glassy crystal sparkled clear  
The cavern walls around ;  
And there was crystal on the roof,  
And crystal on the ground.

That wild and tender light was shed,  
Where, when it loveliest seems,  
Bright Beauty's eye, with languid glance,  
A breathing softness beams.

And thus, as in that simple dress,  
With face so wan, so fair ;  
And eyes half-closed, and breast of snow,  
That maid stood silent *there*.

Oh ! she was dearer to the heart,  
More heavenly to the view,  
Than when from her, 'midst feast and joy,  
The magic love-glance flew.

Tlatzeca gazed, in rapture deep,  
His trembling hand he laid  
Upon his beating heart, and down  
He knelt before that maid.

" Thus, maiden, to this holy shrine  
Tlatzeca bows the knee ;  
He hopes no Heaven but in thy love,  
He knows no God but thee."

---

\* I have heard the expression objected to, as addressed to a female :  
—in other languages the usage is not unfrequent.—ED.

"I loved thee, when two infants we  
Sported the livelong day ;  
I loved thee, when to boyhood grown,  
I spurn'd the infant's play.

"I've loved thee since ; I love thee now ;  
E'en Death can never part  
The love, which trembles on my tongue,  
Which burns within my heart.

"But other arms than these will clasp  
That angel-form of thine ;  
Which it were worth all Paradise  
To call one moment mine.

"Nay, frown not—turn not thus away—  
I am so bound to thee ;  
Thy anger ne'er can loose the chain,  
Thy frown ne'er make me free.

"For mercy here Tlatzeca kneels—  
For mercy bid depart  
This burning frenzy of his soul,—  
This bursting of his heart.

"Say that thou lov'st me—it will drive  
This silent dark despair  
From my lone soul, and bid a ray  
Of blessed hope shine there.

"Thou canst not ! I am gone, proud maid—  
Live here from danger free ;  
Angel of Death, I'm ready now—  
Haste, Dark One, haste to me !"

He turn'd in agony away ;  
One moment, and she came,  
That dark-eyed maid, and clasp'd his hand,  
And call'd upon his name :

"Hear me, Tlatzeca, hear me now;  
Each word that thou hast said  
Hath been an arrow tipp'd with fire,  
An omen from the dead.

"Why didst thou fight my father's fight?  
Why didst thou save my life?  
Why burst my tyrant's iron chain,  
And brave the murd'rer's knife?

"Thou knew'st I could not—dared not love  
Him whom my Sire had cursed;  
For he forbade to raise the flame  
Our infancy had nursed;

"For this poor heart had ne'er forgot  
Those hours of childhood's day,  
When sorrow and grief were never known,  
And all was bright and gay;

"When ev'ry moment, wing'd with joy,  
To ecstasy was given;  
And we lived on in love of Earth,  
And purity of Heaven.

"But whispering tongues and envy's blight  
Madden'd my aged sire;  
And then he snatch'd me from thy love,  
And cursed thee in his ire.

"He gave me to another chief—  
This morn the pomp I led;  
Thou know'st the dreadful hour that came,  
And left a nation dead.

"Th' unfinish'd rites were stain'd with blood;  
My sire gasp'd on the ground;  
Brethren and friends all struggling died;  
And I was seized, and bound;

"Thou cam'st, an angel from above!  
Youth, innocence to save ;—  
A moment of forgetfulness,  
And we were on the wave.

"Thou only now art left on earth,  
Of all who once were mine ;  
All ties are broken now, which once  
Forbade me to be thine.

"Take then, dear youth, that heart again,  
Which ne'er from thee has ranged ;  
Which, bending to a father's voice,  
Was ne'er a moment changed."

Tlatzeca stood a moment's space,  
In mute and vacant gaze ;  
And sense and reason all were lost  
In dark delirious maze.

At length, across his deep-flush'd cheek,  
Glances shot from his eye,  
Like ev'ning lightning flashing fast  
On Autumn's dark'ning sky.

But Nature and Love the struggle soothed,  
The choking of the breast ;  
And then gush'd forth delicious tears,  
And brought repose and rest.

He clasp'd the Maiden in his arms ;  
And she in his embrace  
Entranced lay ; then breathed his name,  
And gazed upon his face.

And they were silent—while around  
Loud echoed the wild wave ;  
And the distant swell of the nightly tide  
Resounded in the cave.

And they were silent—'t was a bliss  
That could no longer last,  
Than just to feel it had been *there*,  
And feel that it was past.

And he is gone, Tlatzeca now,  
The depth is pass'd again,  
And the boatman is in his skiff once more,  
And bounding o'er the main.

And time roll'd on in ceaseless course ;  
But aye, at ev'ning tide,  
A gilded skiff, with a plumed chief,  
Was seen o'er the wave to glide.

And none could tell its destined port,  
Or its path on the wat'ry way ;  
But ever at morn that chief return'd,  
Wet with the Ocean spray.

And Time roll'd on—and Right had burst  
The tyrant's hated chain ;  
And Vict'ry shouted long and high,  
And Freedom rose again.

Tlatzeca drew the first his sword,  
First dealt the godlike blow,  
That loosed the bonds of alavery,  
That dash'd the murd'rer low.

And now a grateful nation brought  
To him their love and fame ;  
And fondly call'd on Heaven to shed  
Its blessings on his name.

And where is he? On the deck he stands  
Of the gilded galley now ;  
And marks the green wave flashing fast  
Before the coming prow.

On goes the galley before the gale,  
And Ocean foams behind ;  
And rattling cords, and streamers gay,  
Are fluttering in the wind.

On goes the galley before the gale,  
And the seaman's song is sung ;  
And friends and slaves, together met,  
Around Tlatzeca hung.

On goes the galley before the gale,  
And the dearest of them said,  
" Why seeks not the Youth, who is brave and young,  
The love of a lovely Maid ?"

On goes the galley before the gale,  
Till under the rock 't is moor'd ;  
" Now seek I my bride !"—he said, and sprung  
Like lightning overboard.

A space they stood, in fearful guise,  
All gazing silently,  
With beating hearts, and eager glance,  
On the blue tumbling sea.

Mute gaze they, as each flashing wave  
Just burst, and for aye is gone ;  
And broken flings back its rippling foam  
On the wave that is coming on.

And now they despair for their drowned Chief ;  
But under the stern—see ! see !  
Out of the surge comes their Chief, and a Maid  
Beautiful exceedingly !

Again he stands on the crowded deck,  
With the maiden by his side ;  
Whose long loose locks, and garments green,  
Bright sparkled from the tide.

And all fell down in a ring around  
 The Youth and the Maiden fair ;  
 For she, they thought, was an Ocean Nymph,  
 Or Angel sprung from air.

But none of the Nymphs, on their sea-shells borne,  
 That boast of the Ocean race,  
 Might vie by their hair and their dark green eyes  
 With the blush upon Hilla's face.

And her smile around was a ray of Heaven,  
 And she hung on Tlatzeca's arm ;  
 And the glance of her eye has fix'd them there,  
 As it were with an elfin charm.

" Rise, dear ones, rise," the Chieftain cried,  
 " And up with the swelling sail ;  
 And on with the galley to our home,  
 Before the rising gale.

" You bade me seek a lovely Maid,—  
 I saw her beneath the waves ;  
 And here is my bride that I have found  
 In the green Ocean's caves."

And a chorus wild arose around,—  
 " Hail to the Maid of the Wave!  
 Hail to her whom Tlatzeca loves—  
 The Bride of the Ocean Cave !"

H. N. C.

## NUGÆ AMATORIÆ.

" Aliter non fit, Avite, liber."—MARTIAL.

" 'T is thus, old boy, a book is made."—ELPHINSTONE.

CERTAIN Members of the Club, who are desperately  
 in love, take this the last opportunity of addressing their  
 sweethearts, under cover of " The Etonian," and of

leaving a memorial of their passion inscribed on the pages of a work that bids fair to be illustrious when Homer and Virgil are forgotten. The ladies, to whom the following letters are directed, are particularly requested to take every thing that is said in them in the sense most flattering to themselves; and, if there be more than one sister, when no Christian name is prefixed, each sister is conjured not to doubt but that *she* is the *one* meant: above all, they are cautioned hereby not to tell their fathers and mothers the important secret; but, on the other hand, to do all in their power to prevent it spreading further: to which end they are recommended to buy up all the copies that can be met with for sale, at Mr. Warren's, Old Bond-street; Mr. Knight's, Castle-street; Messrs. Deighton's, Trinity-street; and Messrs. Munday and Slatter's, High-street.

R. HODGSON, *Secretary*.

---

I.

TO MISS T——s.

Miss T——s,—I was told the other day by St. B—b, but I have now quite forgotten, where it is that you live at present; however, I don't question your acuteness in discovering who is meant by the consonants at the top of this letter, without my designating you more particularly. I was never introduced to you; and, indeed, the only time I ever remember to have seen you was when I figured in an English speech at Election, 18—. You recollect, to be sure, that, although you sat on my left hand, I contrived, with no little skill, to shoot a sentence about "her awe-commanding grace" point blank at you; whereon the whole company, with the Provosts twain, turned half round and stared upon you. This, you



must be aware, was very generous in me, because it would have been more graceful to have fired to the right; and there was no lack of excellent marks on that side for my aim. I hope you have not forgotten this proof of my regard; at the time you were romantically grateful. You sent to me through C—— H—— (and nothing could be more piquant and delightful, for the world then gave him to you for your husband;) and though no doubt the message lost a little of its original sweetness in its passage, yet you know there was enough left to make me almost crazy with wonder and joy at it. You sent me your love. Nay, but you really did, Miss T——s: and I was no chicken then, for I had succeeded in whiskers ever since Christmas. Now I am a man; a young one, but still a man; and can feel as deeply, as acutely, though more calmly, than before.

My object in this letter is twofold. Firstly, as you sent me your love, I hereby send you mine; and add, withal, that I think you are a very smart dashing girl, with good eyes and an excellent conceit at a bonnet. I am told you dance well too; but this is only hearsay. You are rather too much of a coquette, though I don't dispute but that it becomes you very well just now; but remember thirty will come——. Secondly, are you engaged? This is a point which I have much at heart. The case is this:—I am naturally amorous; and, as you must have seen in "The Etonian," a great Poet. Now I always make a practice of worshipping but one nymph at a time; and I hate breaking the Seventh Commandment even in thought. I have just taken leave of a young maiden, to whom I wrote some Sonnets, because I got tired of her;—the place is vacant—speak the word—and you shall be enshrined in the temple of my affections, and shall have a necklace of Sonnets and bracelets of Canzonets in a week's time. If you refuse, I shall run the risk of becoming foolish about some country beauty at the next Exeter Assizes; and I am anxious to

preserve the integrity of the empire, which I am proud to feel that accomplished woman maintains within my heart.

My dear Miss T——s,  
thine ever; (that is to say,  
as long as you like it,)

*To Miss T——s.*

G. M.

## II.

TO MISS A. H.

DEAR A.,—My acquaintance with you is so slight, that I know but little either of your temper or usual pursuits; but there is a depth about your fine black eye that speaks volumes of feeling and tenderness, if properly drawn forth by an object worthy of you. You remarked, I think, that I was somewhat dejected on the Thursday on which I left you: the truth is,—that is—you are not really in love with that dull ———! are you? I will certainly see you at Hampstead.

*To Miss A. H.*

C. B.

## III.

TO MISS B. S.

MY DEAR LITTLE R.—You sing remarkably well; but don't attempt that elaborate thing of Rossini's again;—you lose in grace what you may think you gain in praise for skilful execution. I wish you would take to simpler music;—Italian, if you like. For instance, Paesiello, or Cimarosa; any thing is better than that

Neapolitan jackall. I shall meet you at Mrs. M——'s  
soirée on Tuesday. Good-by.

To Miss R. S.

F. G.

P. S. Don't forget the pencil-case; I have been so  
plagued about it.

---

IV.

TO E. P.

MY DEAREST, SWEETEST GIRL,—Will you forgive me  
for using even your initials in print? I feel I am doing  
wrong, and yet I know not how to refuse myself the  
pleasure of thus writing to her whom I love so passion-  
ately. You only can possibly know who I am, and you  
only will feel the truth and earnestness of the heart of  
him who addresses you. Oh! Emily, have you ever  
thought upon me since last we parted at ———? Do  
you ever, in your solitary rambles down in that pretty  
shady walk to your own little garden and arbour—do you  
ever recollect our walks, our rambles? Is my tree grow-  
ing still, or hath it faded away, almost like the youthful  
hopes which were then the portion of him who planted it?  
When I saw you in tears upon that melancholy account  
about your poor ———, and I ventured to sit down by  
you and take your hand into mine—how I trembled! for  
you did not withdraw it, but seemed (was it only seem-  
ing?) to cling to me, as to one whom, under all circum-  
stances, you would not fear to call your friend; and upon  
whose fidelity and affection you could implicitly rely. I  
forget whether I have ever told you formally that I love  
you:—I believe not;—I am sure, to you, with your sus-  
ceptibility, with your native intuition of truth, it was un-  
necessary. You must have seen my ardent solicitude for  
your health; you must have seen my anguish at your

sorrow ; you must remember my tears at your coldness—my transports at your kindness. Do you think my conduct was common and ordinary ? It was only to be explained by one cause,—and that cause was a deep, a soul-felt love. Emily, you may perhaps never read this ;—it will matter not : I have poured forth my soul to an image which rests within me, and the words of my offering have their meaning to me, and such like me, though they be couched in the dark speech which the melancholy spirit loves. Farewell, my dear girl.

Ever affectionately, &c.

To E. P.

G. M.

V.

TO MISS M. B.

DEAR MARY,—Will you dance with me the first set on the Tuesday's ball, at the Assizes ? I have much to tell you. I have almost entirely recovered the use of my knee ; and you, little hard-hearted thing, not once to ask after me. Wear the pink skirt I gave you.

Yours,

To Miss M. B.

F. G.

SONNET, TO ———.

I saw thee for a moment ! and again  
 Haply I ne'er shall see thee ; yet, sweet Maid,  
 Thine image is for evermore uplaid  
 In my heart's sanctuary ! There remain,  
 Young Idol of passionate love, and reign,  
 Fountain of Hope and Joy, in the drear shade  
 Of early disappointment, where doth fade  
 Each flower of Spring and Youth, and sullen Pain

Rankles in secret still ! with thee to live,  
 And gaze for ever on those angel eyes,  
 I would become thy bondsman ! oh, forgive !  
 Fair as the starlight on the Alpine snows,  
 Gentle as summer west-wind when it dies,  
 Joyous as hill-stream, singing as it flows.

G. M.

## LETTERS FROM OXFORD.

NO. V.

TO FREDERICK GOLIGHTLY, ESQ.

*M ——— College, Tuesday Evening.*

YOUR praises, my dear fellow, quite overwhelm me ; however, since you appear to have derived some amusement from my late communication, I will take up my pen at the point where I laid it down, and extract for you the remaining pages of the Diary, so as to complete the week. In the meanwhile, accept my warm thanks for your lively and humorous description of last Sunday Evening's Promenade. I assure you it has been a subject of no small regret among your friends, that you have never favoured "The Etonian" with those "Sketches on Windsor Terrace" which you gave notice of at one of the Club meetings. What a bustle would there have been among the Old Maids and Young Coquettes. Why the mere alarm has produced no trifling consequences. The perfumer positively told me that his trade in rouge had much fallen off ; and I could not help observing, as I took my last turn with you up town before I left for Oxford, that the Misses C——— had taken down at least two flounces and a furbelow. Indeed I expect this summer that you will see some of the tradesmen's wives going with their children into the

fields for a little fresh air, instead of sending the little dears to bed out of the way, and dressing themselves for the Terrace. *En passant*, let me know whether that flaming red bonnet is out this season. Portentous comet! But I had forgotten the *Diary*.

*Thursday Morning, Nine o'clock.*—Breakfast party at Sterling's room; rather frightened at first, for I found three or four B. A.'s; among whom I recognised two class-men. Conversation found its level after the first cup of coffee. There was an animated discussion on the Peterborough Questions and a certain article in the "British Critic." I quite shuddered with horror at an idea which was broached in several quarters. Mercy upon us! that any one at Oxford should venture to hint that a Bishop might be fallible. The question was being debated with temper, when our attention was suddenly directed to a short fat personage, who had been hitherto hid behind the tea-pot on our Host's right hand, and seemed too much occupied by a leg of chicken to take any part in the discussion. This gentleman, to my great relief, argued vehemently on the side of orthodoxy, and stated his opinion on the degree of power which it was but reasonable should be left to the discretion of the Bishop. "I thought," said he, "this controversy had been finally set to rest by that admirable work of the learned Tomline against Calvinism. The book appeared to be decidedly directed against the Evangelical party in our Church, and was unanswerable in its arguments." Here there was an interruption from another gentleman, whose name I could not learn:—"You cannot, sir, be aware that Mr. Scott, the Author of an edition of the Bible with comments, has long ago answered his Diocesan. It must, however, be regretted by all those who are anxious for the welfare of the Church, that any thing like party spirit should be excited in her bosom by the impudence of misguided zeal. I have heard that when the Bishop of Peterborough wished to induce the other prelates to adopt the test which he had introduced,

one of them sent back word, "that he thought the Church had left a door open for Calvinism; and he would not be one of the first to shut it." God forbid! that, while we have so many enemies without, any thing should arise to disturb the harmony which ought to exist within the pale. "A house divided against itself can never stand." It was now that I ventured to interpose a word, by suggesting that Bishop Tomline had been of late much occupied with his "Life of Mr. Pitt." Sterling observed that the polemics were getting warm, and turned the conversation by asking me several questions about Mr. Sumner.—*Mem.* Commission Martin to procure "Records of the Creation" and the "Apostolic Preaching" for his brother.

*Quarter to Eleven.*—Walked, after Hall Lecture, to Talboy's, to make up a few deficiencies in my bookshelves. Fell in love with a "Pole's Synopsis;" and, having heard that one of the present Examining Masters had read through the whole five volumes folio, Latin, previous to going up for his *Great Go*, was seized with a sudden fit of emulative ardour, and dropped the five guineas for the work. Was examining a "Theodore Beza," when somebody gave me a smart slap on the back. I started, and my friend Williams of E— stood confest. "What, in the name of wonder, Mr. Bookworm,"—that was the salutation,—“are you doing here among these musty gentry? My eyes ache at the very sight of them. Don't you know that Eton is playing the University to-day on the Boulingdon ground? Come along, I insist upon it, or I shall have no opinion of your patriotism. Away he dragged me, and a delightful walk it was to the Cricket-field, along Cowley Marsh. [You have of course long ago heard of the events of this glorious day; and have seen, no doubt, various despatches on the subject. To proceed then as concisely as possible.] The day was beautiful, the match interesting; and it was past *Three* when I recollected that I ought to have been at private lecture at

One. "Never mind," says Williams, who marked my consternation, "You won't be flogged." "I am sorry," I rejoined,—

' non tamen irritum  
Quodcunque retro est, efficiam,' &c.

"I will bear the brunt." We did not get off the ground till past *Five*. Of course it was too late for Hall dinner; and we made up a party of six or seven old Eton men to take a snack at Jubber's, the pastrycook's. We were strutting up High-street in detached parties, when Williams and myself were stopped by a stout-looking M.A., in velvet sleeves, whom I soon recognized for the Proctor. "Gentlemen, are you members of this University?" We assented. "I must insist on your going to your College and putting on your Academicals." Williams stated that we had come in from the country, and we were suffered to pass on. A snug dinner party;—good soup. The company became rather riotous even before the cloth was removed, and I observed Betty (our waiting girl,) whisper something in Williams's ear, as she changed our plates: my curiosity was roused, and my friend informed me, in a low voice, that we were likely to have a disagreeable visitant, for the Proctor had been under the windows and had noticed the party. The cloth, however, was removed in peace, and I took the opportunity to slip away, as I had promised M'Lennox to accompany him to a Subscription Concert at the Music-room. He had been kind enough to procure us tickets from an acquaintance at St. John's; from which College I understood the band of amateurs are chiefly enrolled. This engagement was a lucky one, for I heard next morning that the Proctor had actually made his appearance, and turned the party out into the streets.

On my return home to dress I found a pleasant billet-doux on my table:—

"Mr. Le Blanc to write out 250 lines of the Second Georgic of Virgil, for non-attendance at Lecture."



My scout happened to be in the way, and I desired him to step to the Barber's and order this imposition for me against the morrow morning. It was done accordingly, at the moderate charge of sixpence for every hundred lines. So much for the imposition.

*At half-past Seven.*—I made my *début* at the Music-room. The company was rather thin. There were no more than a dozen Gownsmen, all full dressed. The orchestra did not deceive my expectation. The selection from Mozart was good, and the performance (as far as an enthusiastic admirer of music without science can pass judgment) was spirited and correct. The building is most admirably suited to the purpose; light and elegant, *simples munditiis*, and well-proportioned. There was one craving void, however;—a little female vanity would have relieved the melancholy sameness of our black gowns. But it is not customary for the dear creatures to attend these select meetings.

Left at *Ten o'clock*, highly satisfied and delighted with my evening's entertainment.

*Friday Morning, Seven o'clock.*—Bathed in the Cherwell with Sterling. Couldn't for the life of me hit the knack of lying on my back and floating with the stream. At every attempt went to the bottom like a stone.

*Nine.*—Sterling condescended to take his cup of hyson with me; and, at my request, gave me a lecture on Logic; including several most useful hints for opening the campaign. "I would not have you," said he, "trouble your head with any commentators, or the like. Stick to the text of Aldrich; and if you get that by heart you will do very well. You must not, however, fall to work as a certain person that I have heard of, who, being desirous of acquiring the art of reasoning closely, was advised by a friend to study Euclid. Some time after, our philosopher was asked how he liked mathematics, and got on with his problems? 'Oh!' replied he, 'I have read my Euclid through, but I don't

see the good of him.' 'Read him *through* already?' interrupted his friend; 'and pray *how* did you read him?' 'Just as I would a Newspaper,' was the reply. 'Have you any idea, Le Blanc, of the practical use of logic? I assure you, that when you can once catch an insight into the scope and aim of the science, a great obstacle has been removed. What pamphlet have you got by your side there?' I handed him N° V. of "The Etonian." He opened the work, and proceeded. "You must know that every argument is resolvable into three sentences or propositions, and every sentence into as many logical words. For instance, take the passage in N° III. of Peregrine's Scrap-book.

'He (Mr. Bellamy) is not much afraid, for he can hit George to a nicety.'

Here we have an assertion and the reason on which it is grounded. Now for the three sentences:—

He who can hit George to a nicety is not much afraid.

Mr. Bellamy can hit George to a nicety.

Mr. Bellamy is not much afraid.

The art of logic, as you must be well aware, teaches us to detect errors in argument; and that portion which you are expected to bring forward in the *Little-Go*, is divided into three parts. The first guards you against mistakes and fallacies in the use of the words of each separate sentence, by teaching you to classify them under their proper heads: the second is occupied in arranging and digesting the sentences, or propositions, after the same principle: and the third brings all the knowledge you have acquired into practice. Since you are now come to the syllogism, or form of argument exhibited to you in the first instance, this must stand or fall, according to certain fixed and determinate rules, which you are to have as ready at your fingers' ends as your A B C. Do not look so grave. Believe me, you will find logic little better than a bugbear. The very sound at present frightens you out of your wits; but

when you have once mastered the task, you will be inclined to laugh at your former fears, and wonder at your simplicity for once harbouring them. I never shall forget the dreadful day when I went up for my first examination. I was trembling and shivering at the prospect of being called upon, when one of the Masters set us all in a titter by requiring a third proposition. (what we technically term a *conclusion*) to the following:—

Jack and Jill went up the hill.

Jack and Jill came tumbling down.

Now our mighty difficulty is to discover what we can conclude, or draw by way of argument, from these two propositions, which have been premised or conceded to us. The answer was—

Something that came tumbling down went up the hill.

But I fear I fatigue your attention. Give me another cup of tea."

*Ten till Twelve.*—Read some Herodotus for *collections*. [N. B. This is our denomination for a certain College examination, which takes place at the end of term, before the Warden and Tutor.] Took it into my head to analyze the Persian revenues under Darius, and became so puzzle-pated over my investigations into the relative value of gold and silver, and the Babylonian and Euboic talent, that I threw my book aside in disgust. As I could not settle the account, either Herodotus or I had made a blunder, and I don't like to think it was the former.

Started about *One o'clock* from the Christ-Church Meadows, on a water excursion to Nuneham. We were a party of two six-oars, and had sent on our *scouts*, in a two-oared boat, with the provisions and crockery-hamper, for it was our intention to take dinner at the lovely cottage in Lord Harcourt's grounds. As I profess to state plain unvarnished facts, you will excuse all description of the clear blue vault of heaven, and the

slight fleecy specks of clouds, which made use of the Isis for their mirror, as they flitted slowly above our heads, and were soon lost in vacancy. You can very well imagine the groves of sedge shrinking from the courtship of Zephyr, like a parcel of coy maidens; the beautiful and pure lily reposing on the bosom of the limpid waters: the equal dash of the oars, and the lightning speed with which our πολυκαρπες οχημα, (or the *oary car*, as it was construed the other day,) shot on its way. Let it be sufficient to notice, that we found good cider at Sandford, and then forwards to Nuneham Park. We came to anchor after a voyage of near an hour. The baggage and sutlers were safely arrived, and our party dispersed itself over the neighbouring woods and lawns. Some threw themselves, with a book, at the root of some ancestral elm; and others had brought their fishing-rods. I was fortunate enough in attaching myself to a most intelligent companion; who took me by the arm, and requested me to stroll with him about the grounds. We visited the various spots which commanded views of the country, but did not reach the mansion. I was suddenly roused from a fit of meditation in which I was indulging, no matter about what, by a quotation, which I could not help observing was pronounced by my companion with peculiar feeling and emphasis:—

“ Sweet smiling village, loveliest of the lawn,  
Thy sports are fled, and all thy charms withdrawn;  
Amidst thy bowers the tyrant’s hand is seen,  
And desolation saddens all thy green;  
One only master grasps the whole domain,  
And half a tillage stints thy smiling plain.”

Mr. Willis noticed my surprise. “I suspect,” said he, “you are not aware of the classical neighbourhood you are in. ‘The Deserted Village’ was situated in this park; and, as the Poem describes the story, one of the predecessors of the present Lord Harcourt caused the

cottages to be taken down, and the busy haunts of life and joy to be removed, as a nuisance, and make way for a solitude. Only one hut was suffered to remain during the few declining years of its tenant ; who was no doubt

—— ‘ The widow’d solitary thing  
That feebly bent beside the plashy spring ;  
The wretched matron, forced, in age, for bread,  
To strip the brook with mantling cresses spread.’

I am told that there are some individuals who can point out to you the site of the modest mansion of the village Preacher, and other objects mentioned by Goldsmith in that delicious composition. But I find by my watch it is high time for us to return to the Cottage. The *scouts* have by this time spread our repast, and the men will not stand on ceremony.” The event answered our expectation. The party had already fallen to ; so, without waiting for an exchange of apologies, we took our seats, and did justice to the cold collation. The evening was passed in the true convivial spirit ; and it was not till some time after the great luminary of day had sunk behind the Cumnor hills, and the shades of night were gathering about us, that we recollected there were four good miles against stream to row home again. Our boats were manned in the twinkling of an eye, and we bade fair to work off the exuberance of our animal spirits by our increased exertions at the oar. We got home without any serious accident ; only the hinder crew had taken us at a disadvantage and bumped us ; by which our helm was completely shattered, and a couple of their oars were broken in an attempt to pass us between narrow banks. The baggage-boat was not so fortunate. They were in the *pound* ; and, by some mismanagement, the prow hitched in to the breast-work of bricks ; the consequence was, the vessel filled and went to the bottom with the whole cargo. There was no danger, however ; the locksmen let down the sluices, and the poor sufferers were extricated from the watery element after a good

ducking and a little fright ;—that was all. The crockery, knives, and forks, and other articles, were not taken up till the next morning ; and it cannot but be remarked, that ever since that fatal evening there has been a sad deficiency in our tea-services at home.

*Saturday.*—Wet morning.

*Eight o'clock.*—Found myself rather stiff ; my back bone aching, and hands very sore. Thought I would lay by for the day, and dine comfortably in my rooms. Therefore desired my scout to go with my compliments to the Tutor, and say I was *ager*. [*Observe*—this is our term for *staying out*.]

*Five minutes past Eight.*—Turned and went to sleep again.

During breakfast read the Treatise which Carmarthen had lent me. Took it into my head that I wished to consult a passage in “Erasmus.” Went to ask Sterling how to gain admittance to the Library for an hour’s study, not dreaming of any difficulty. “My dear fellow,” said Mr. S. “you would introduce a new era in our college annals. To my certain knowledge nobody ever goes up stairs except the Under Butler, at break of day, to open the windows, and at fall of night to shut them ; now and then, perhaps, Mr. Jackson takes a party of ladies to show them “a curious old place,” as he calls it, or otherwise I assure you I do not hear a footfall above me for months together. One might fancy that the room was haunted by the Ghost of Dun Scotus ; and it would require but a trifling stretch of the imagination to picture to yourself the old codger, with his lantern jaws, seated in a corner of this gothic apartment, scribbling away, as fast as his wasted fingers would allow him, at his translation of the Bible. How he must have quickened his pace when he got to “Timothy.” Peace to his *manes* ; I should have thought that the term of his wanderings had been long since over, were I not visited every night by him, to my no small annoyance, just

above my pillow, up and down the wainscot, over head, and under the bed. I have made of late serious efforts to lay this troubled spirit, by means of a famous rat-trap; no less than a dozen victims in less than a week—but to no purpose: this Pythagorean slips into another skin, and the old work comes over again. To be serious, *Le Blanc*, you may send for the Under Butler, if you please, and visit the library *as a stranger*; but if you make any application to the College, you will be told that it is not *customary* to allow the Junior Members of the Establishment to make use of the Library. There's monopoly for you! The collection appears to be most valuable, but nobody knows what there is upon the shelves, and the worms have the chief profit." "Oh! very well," I replied; "the College need not expect any more Dun Scotuses or Wickliffes, since this is the system; and we Under-graduates are furnished with a good excuse on our part. Let's have a game at battledore and shuttlecock."

*One o'clock.*—Went to return a call of M'Lennox's;—the oak shut;—stuck my card in the key-hole, as is the etiquette, and went on to E—— College. Found Williams holding gymnastic games;—boxing, single-stick, and the foils. Took a turn at fencing; got poked under the armpit, and made a hole in my best blue coat. On my return home found a levee in my room. They assured me there was nothing like a lark in the Port-Meadow to cure *agritude*, and insisted on my taking horse with them, or I should catch the putrid fever.

*Two.*—Equipped myself. Mounted ourselves at the stables near Oriel, and set off in a party of six, headed by a hot Irishman. You know I don't stick as close on horseback as the Centaurs used, and therefore when my mare had run away with me across the meadow, she found little difficulty in discharging her burthen into a ditch, which unfortunately crossed our way. No other harm than a slight bruise;—dimmed the Day and Mar-

tin of my top-boots, and splashed my white leathers a little. My comrades exerted themselves in recovering my steed, who was independently scouring the country; and a proposition was then made for setting off to Woodstock.

*Five o'clock.*—Ordered dinner to be got ready at the inn, and took a gentle ride in Blenheim Park.—*Mem.* To go some other day to Stonesfield in that neighbourhood, and examine the Roman tessellated pavement which has lately been discovered there.

*Six till Eight.*—Made a capital dinner from an excellent bill of fare;—tried the wine there;—broke the bell-ropes;—kissed the maids;—and galloped home with two or three others by a decent hour. The rest of the party were not in College till after midnight; they went to the dramatic performances in the barn, and were *all but* put in the watch-box for creating a disturbance.

*Twelve.*—Sound asleep. Startled by a noise at my oak, which was not fastened. A party of Bacchanals rushed in, upset my chairs and tables, and then piled them against my bedroom door; knocked off the head of my Farnese Hercules, and got off with impunity. There was no time to make my poker red hot for defensive operations.

*Sunday morning, Eight till Nine.*—Divine Service in Chapel. Breakfasted at Carmarthen's room. Sterling made up the trio. Discussed the characters of the great pillars of our Church. By the way, talking of pillars, thought Carmarthen happy in comparing Jeremy Taylor to the Corinthian, and the Compilers of the Homilies to the Doric Order. Begin to suspect him of the Hutchinsonian mania. *Mem.* To read "the Divine Legation," but not to be converted by its arguments.

*Half-past Ten.*—Adjourned to St. Mary's Church for the Bampton Lecture. Took our seats in the gallery just as the organ struck up the voluntary at the entrance of the Vice-Chancellor. While the Doctors were robing,



had time to make my observations. The M.A.'s were congregating beneath us. Sterling pointed out those who were most known to fame—Examining Masters, College Tutors, Ex-Proctors, &c. “Observe that stout man,” said he, “who has just taken his place at the end of a form: his spare locks are combed straight down over his forehead with rustic carefulness, and the *tout ensemble* of his face is something like the features of the plump little cherubim which we often see carved in old cloisters.” “Oh! I see the individual you mean; he has just put on his spectacles;—who is he? Somebody who has been fattening upon a good fellowship these thirty years?” “Hush!” interrupted Mr. S. “you have before you the great scholiast, the Scaliger of his day, of whom our university is so justly proud. There he is, Sir, and he has well deserved

‘*Digito monstrari, et dicier Hic est.*’

Let Cambridge boast her Monck and Blomfield, we have our E——y.” “But where is Mr. G——, to whom classic literature is also so highly indebted, and who has established our reputation on so firm a footing abroad, that even German envy is turned into admiration?” My companion could not distinguish him among the assembly, but began apostrophizing:—“Such an eye!” said he, “so expressive and penetrating! I often meet him in my walks, and imagine to myself that that glance is an index of the searching genius which displays itself in his works. How must the clouds and darkness which absurdity and ignorance have raised, fly before it! But look again, *Le Blanc*,” continued Mr. S. “there is our best Aristotelian making his way along the benches. He has got his glass up, and is reconnoitring our ranks: and see that short figure who has just appeared at the corner of the pews, with rather of a brow of Egypt about him;—he has obtained the highest name in the Mathematics. Poor fellow, he is killing himself by

inches. What think you of two College Lectures in the morning from Ten till Five in the Schools—another Lecture in the evening, and then hard reading till past midnight? Now mark that ponderous figure who has taken his seat by the last-mentioned individual. They look like Ajax and Teucer together. I must take you some day to the Schools, on purpose to hear him operate on a chorus of *Æschylus*. He is a most beautiful scholar, I assure you." Here Sterling fell off into a meditative humour, and Carmarthen called my attention to the side pews, which were full of dashing females. "One would think," said my satirical neighbour, "those girls made very little difference between the promenade, ball-room, and St. Mary's, in the use which they put them to. At any rate, they will all come under the genus of market-places for their charms. We cannot be simple enough to suppose that they are here to be edified by our Lectures, which you may easily perceive, by their inattention, they are not ambitious of understanding. Do pray notice those two sisters in the Mary Stuart bonnets, with the flashing wreaths of carnations. There is one of them taking an oblique survey of the rank and file of M.A.'s, with a cast of countenance that puts me in mind of the old song—

' Nobody coming to marry me,  
Nobody coming to woo.'"

Sterling was roused from his reverie by this breach of decorum, and called Mr. C. to order. And at the moment the organ struck up a louder key, and the awful Sanhedrim of the Vice-Chancellor, supported by his D.D.'s, and the Proctors, were presently in their places. When we came to the address which bade the congregation return thanks, in their prayers, for our Founders and Benefactors, and more especially, upon the present occasion, for John Bampton, M.A. Canon of Salisbury, the pious and munificent Founder of the Lectures, I could

not help recalling to mind that fastidious paper in "The Spectator," which decries this formulary as ridiculous and absurd. In me the circumstance only excited reverence and admiration. I reflected on those really good and great men who have such a claim upon our gratitude for the liberal and enlightened views with which they have provided for the education of posterity. I shall not venture any remarks upon the discourse which followed. If you wish to see a candid and clear digest of the arguments by which our doctrine of Election is modified and supported, I would refer you at once to the octavo which has since emanated from the press, and contains the whole series of the present year. Suffice it to say, that I expected to hear from that pulpit some doughty polemic thundering, anathematizing every schismatic who hesitated upon a single point, and fighting shadows of his own creation :—when, on the contrary, I found a Christian preacher, zealous for the cause of truth, but, at the same time, mild and pitiful towards the stray sheep of the flock. I looked for the denunciation, "*Extra Ecclesiam nulla salus*;" but I heard the mild voice of persuasion, which would rather woo conviction, than drive a mistaken judgment into obstinacy of error, by ill-advised violence and bigotry. \*

*Twelve o'clock.*—Shut my *oak*; took up my Thirty-nine Articles, and read a dozen pages in Bishop Tomline. Am determined to learn the articles by heart, as well as the texts of proof, or it is no use to dabble in Theology. I shall then have some sort of gauge or compass, which, under the Bible, may keep me clear of hidden rocks in controversial writings.

*Two o'clock.*—Somebody rapped at my *oak*; Sterling's voice; was persuaded to accompany him to Evening Sermon, at St. Mary's; heard a most ingenious disquisition, by a very clever theologian, upon the degree of criminality evinced by Cain's sacrifice of the fruits of the earth, and Nimrod's man-hunting. In the midst of the

discourse an old monumental tablet casually attracted my eye; a thought flashed across me—I was under the same roof with the grave of Amy Robsart. I ventured to whisper a question to my companion. He replied, there is no stone to mark the spot, and we have but the tradition that the body was removed from Cumnor, and deposited in this Church, with pompous obsequies. “Peace be with thee, lovely one!” I mentally exclaimed; “we know not what were thy faults and follies—but thou wert unfortunate, and we cannot deny thee the tear of pity. We know not the circumstances of your first connexion with that monster, Leicester, who, if we may believe the records of substantial history, had not a single virtue in counterpoise to his thousand crimes; but we are too sure that your end was cruel and untimely—not indeed as the facts have been perverted, for purposes of fiction, by the glowing pen of the mighty Magician.” The village legends inform us that Lady Dudley died the death of Sisera, the captain of the host of Jabin:—

“*The murderer put his hand to the nail, and his right hand to the workman’s hammer, and with the hammer he smote her. He has pierced and stricken through her temples. At his feet she bowed, she fell, she lay down; at his feet she bowed, she fell: where she bowed, there she fell down dead.*”

Observed a nuisance which had escaped my notice in the morning. The side aisles were thronged by several loungers, who evidently did not *think small beer* of themselves or their neckcloths. They seemed to have come in to use their eyes, and not their ears, for their glasses were very busy, and the smile of self-complacency, or vacant stare, with which they gazed about them, only served me as a contrast to the anxious fixation of look, and contracted brows, of many of the Gownsmen in the gallery. Oh Raphael! hadst thou but seen these originals, thou mightst have introduced them to advantage in

the "Preaching at Athens," by way of the vain and self-sufficient Epicureans.

*Five o'clock.*—Hall dinner. Was *sconced* in a quart of ale for quoting Latin, a passage from Juvenal; murmured, and the fine was doubled.

*Seven till Eight.*—Took a turn with Tomline, down the fashionable promenade in High-street, or Vanity Fair, as it may be truly called. Such a show of bonnets, pelisses, and shawls! Every colour in the rainbow. Strings of girls, from forty years and upwards to fourteen. Found Mr. T. a perfect nomenclature. Learnt an infallible method of distinguishing the different females in the streets of Oxford. The Lady may be known by her firm step—indifferent look, which seems to say, "I see plenty of Gownsmen every day, and therefore don't think you, or you, Sir, particularly worthy of my notice"—cheeks not flushed at your gaze, and eyes cold as the snows upon Mount Hecla. The Commonalty are quickly discovered by the flauntingness of their dress, and their impudent ogle, or affected demureness, which has something too arch in it for the merest novice in observation to mistake for modesty. Lastly, the Stranger is recognised by her timid glance, quickly withdrawn as soon as met, sudden blush, and somewhat of a falter in her carriage; for she knows we are criticising her, from the colour of her eyes to the turn of her ankle.

*Eight o'clock.*—Mended my pen, and sat down with half a dozen letters before me, to be answered before the post went out. Wrote home, and informed the Squire that every thing was very high at the University; we were cheated sadly; and ended this effusion of honest indignation, by hinting that the author's purse was rather low. Suggested that my sisters might as well make me some card-racks, fire-screens, and other ornaments for my mantel-piece.

*Ten o'clock.*—Reviewed my Diary for the week, and

made a resolution of reform. Intend to read six hours in the day regularly, and to cut loungers.

You have now, my dear Golightly, a specimen of our life, at this hearty place. You will, however, please to remember, that it is the journal of an individual, a most unworthy member of this noble Society, and therefore will not prove so bad a logician as to reason from particulars to universals. I remain, your's, &c.

A. L. B.

### THE HALL OF MY FATHERS.\*

(From "*The Poetry of the College Magazine.*")

"I went to the place of my birth, and I said—The friends of my childhood, where are they?—and an echo answered, Where are they?"

*Arabic MS.—from Lord BYRON.*

"Seek we thy once-loved home?  
The hand is gone that cropp'd its flowers!  
Unheard their clock repeats its hours!  
Cold is the hearth within their bowers!  
And, should we thither roam,  
Its echoes, and its empty tread,  
Would sound like voices from the dead."

CAMPBELL.

#### I.

THE spirit of my soul is changed,  
My thoughts have ta'en a sadder hue,  
Since last thy verdant lawns I ranged,  
And bade them, with a tear, adieu!

\* The subject of these lines is not a fictitious one. The "Hall" was the residence of a relation, now dead; and many of my happiest hours were spent under its roof. M.

And adverse fortune hath pursued  
With gloomiest hatred thine and thee,  
Forsaken mansion, since I stood  
With *them*, where they no more shall be.  
And they who smiled have learn'd to weep,  
And they who loved are rent asunder ;  
Between them roars the angry deep—  
Above them fate is black with thunder :  
And moss and weeds grow on thy wall ;  
Deserted is my Father's Hall.

## II.

Oh ! my young heart danced to liveliest measures,  
And my ardent pulse beat high ;  
And boyish joys, and hopes, and pleasures,  
Flash'd merrily in my eye :  
And smiling faces beam'd around me,  
And all was mirth and glee,  
And friendship's golden fetters bound me,  
When last I look'd on thee.  
But the dream of bliss is for ever fled,  
And the friends of my childhood are absent or dead.

## III.

Yet oft, in solitary hours,  
Thine image floats across my brain,  
And all thy beauteous woods and bowers  
Rush on my soul again :  
And I roam on the banks of thy old canal,  
And I hear the roar of thy waterfall,  
And well-known forms to my eyes appear,  
And the voice of friends is in my ear ;  
And I view, by the light of the trembling moon,  
The painted glass of thy old saloon,  
On which, in childhood's artless days,  
My wond'ring eyes were wont to gaze ;  
While oft, with fond and pious care,  
My mother traced each semblance there,  
And bade me mark the red drops flow,  
In holy stains on my Saviour's brow,

And the crown of thorns that encircled his head,  
 And the cross that bore the Deathless Dead.  
 Long shall these hours my thoughts control,  
 So deep they sunk into my soul.

## IV.

And oft I roved, with ardour young,  
 Through gothic arch and gallery long ;  
 And view'd, emboss'd in panels high,  
 The 'scutcheons of my ancestry ;  
 And portraits, ranged in order grave,  
 Of statesmen proud and warriors brave ;  
 And dames who graced the festive sport  
 Of good King Charles's gallant court.\*  
 How reverend in my eyes appear'd  
 Each hoary head and flowing beard !  
 And how would fancy frame a tale  
 For ev'ry antique coat of mail,  
 And ev'ry scarf of lady bright,  
 Guerdon most meet for gallant knight,  
 Which painters' art had handed down  
 From distant ages of renown !

## V.

But proudest was my bosom's swell,  
 And most my boyish soul was fired,  
 When gaily would my grandame tell,  
 How thither, with his court, retired  
 From realms by civil discord rent,  
 And fury of the Parliament,  
 That Prince of heart misled, but good,  
 Who stain'd the scaffold with his blood ;  
 And how, from that old gothic door,  
 He heard the hostile cannon roar,  
 And caught afar the foeman's tramp,  
 And view'd the smoke of the rebel camp,

---

\* I do not wish to speak disrespectfully of my ancestors, but I most frankly confess that I do not know that the said portraits are *theirs* : in fact, for great part of this stanza I am as much indebted to imagination as to memory.



And sigh'd at each cannon that threaten'd the town,  
 And wept for his people, though not for his crown.  
 How oft I gazed, with anxious care,  
 On *good King Charles's* oaken chair;  
 And proudly laid my humble head  
 On *good King Charles's* royal bed ;  
 And joy'd to see the nook reveal'd,  
 Where *good King Charles* had lain conceal'd  
 And tasted calm and safe repose  
 Surrounded by a thousand foes !

VI.

It soothes me now to think on days  
 When grief and I were strangers yet,  
 And feed, in thought, a frequent gaze  
 On scenes the heart can ne'er forget.  
 The friends who made those scenes so bright  
 Are torn for ever from my sight ;  
 Their halls are falling to decay,  
 Or own an unknown master's sway :  
 But still upon my pensive soul,  
 The feelings of my younger day,  
 The hour of mirth, the party gay,  
 In blissful visions roll.  
 Oh ! welcome, then, was December's blast,  
 As it drove on the snow-storm thick and fast,  
 And welcome the gloom of December's sky,  
 For they told of approaching revelry ;  
 And gave the signal old and sweet,  
 For dearest friends in one Hall to meet,  
 Where jest, and song, and gallant cheer,  
 Proclaim'd the Christmas of the year.

VII.

Oh ! then was many a mirthful scene,  
 And many a smiling face ;  
 And many a meeting glad was seen,  
 And many a warm embrace ;

And oft around the blazing hearth  
 Flew happy sounds of joy and mirth ;  
 And laughter loud and sprightly joke,  
 Shook fretted roof and wall of oak :  
 And gaily flow'd each prattling tongue,  
 And all were merry—old and young ;  
 And souls were knit in union blest  
 And every bosom was at rest.

## VIII.

I may not view that Hall again,  
 I may not hear those sounds of gladness,  
 But their echoes linger in my brain—  
 A secret source of pleasing sadness.  
 Friends of my young and sinless years,  
 The long long ocean's waves divide us,  
 But memory still your names endears—  
 Still glows, whatever ills betide us.  
 Oh ! oft on India's burning shore,  
 Ye will think on the home ye shall see no more,  
 And wish your heated limbs were laid  
 Beneath your own dear forest shade,  
 Where murmurs, in its cool retreat,  
 The well at which we used to meet,  
 When the setting sun of autumn stood  
 On the verge of the hill of Robin Hood,  
 And shed the mellow tints of even  
 O'er the dewy Earth and the silent Heaven.  
 Oh ! when shall eve return again,  
 So sweet as those which bless'd us then ?

## IX.

But I must wake from this sweet dream,  
 Whose spells, perchance, too long have found me ;  
 For manhood's prospects dimly gleam,  
 And manhood's cares are gathering round me.  
 I've made me new and cherish'd friends,  
 I've bound congenial bosoms to me ;  
 But o'er the waves remembrance sends  
 A prayer for those who ne'er shall view me.

And oft I breathe a silent sigh  
 For hours and pleasures long gone by :  
 And each familiar face recall,  
 That smiled within that ancient Hall.

M.

*January, 1819.*

---

[We have received the following Poetry from an Author; whose talents are already known and respected by most of our readers. At the close of our career we feel much gratified in being allowed to add to the list of our contributors the name of CHAUNCEY HARE TOWNSEND.—ED.]

## STANZAS TO ———.

Across my troubled path of life,  
 One moment glanced thine Angel-form,  
 Ev'n as the moonbeam 'mid the strife  
 Of severing clouds, and mingling storm.

I heard thee speak ; the gentle tone  
 Did more than melody impart ;  
 It fell not on my ear alone,  
 But—oh, too deeply!—reach'd my heart.

I saw thee smile ; thy lovely face  
 Was lighted from a spark within,  
 And more than beauty I could trace ;  
 'Twas soul, of Heav'n's own origin.

And now from Albion's lessening shore  
 The winds thy distant bark convey,  
 While I the orison still pour,  
 The joy be thine, where'er it stray.

Oh, might I deem that thou wouldst deign  
 To spend one transient thought on me,  
 'Twould lighten half my bosom's pain ;—  
 But no ! it may not—cannot be !

Why shouldst thou muse on one, whose sighs  
Have never met thy gentle ear ;  
On whom thy timid downcast eyes  
Have scarcely gazed, when he was near ?

Whose heart but marr'd his anxious tongue,  
And, when he faltering strove to speak,  
Upon his lips the accents hung,  
For, ah, he gazed upon thy cheek !

This—this my anguish—to have seen  
That face, I never more may see,  
And thou shalt be as thou hast been,  
As though thou ne'er hadst look'd on me.

While I—but hence with idle words,  
Which mock what they can ne'er impart ;  
Their art with woe but ill accords,  
But, oh, 't is written on my heart !

What pang—what torture more severe  
Than that which marks my lonely lot ?  
To sigh for one, who cannot hear,  
To live—to love—and be forgot !

So, having hurl'd a random dart,  
The archer takes his onward way,  
Regardless of the stricken hart,  
That bleeds its lingering life away.

---

### A SISTER'S LOVE.

WHEN o'er my dark and wayward soul,  
The clouds of nameless Sorrow roll ;  
When Hope no more her wreath will twine,  
And Memory sits at Sorrow's shrine ;  
Nor aught to joy my soul can move,  
I muse upon a Sister's Love.

When tired with study's graver toil,  
 I pant for sweet Affection's smile,  
 And, sick with reckless hopes of fame,  
 Would half forego the panting aim :  
 I drop the book,—and thought will rove,  
 To greet a Sister's priceless Love.

When all the world seems cold and stern,  
 And bids the bosom vainly yearn ;  
 When woman's heart is lightly changed,  
 And Friendship weeps o'er looks estranged ;  
 I turn from all the pangs I prove,  
 To hail a Sister's changeless Love.

And oh ! at shadowy close of even,  
 When quiet wings the soul to Heaven ;  
 When the long toils of lingering day,  
 And all its cares, are swept away ;  
 Then—while my thoughts are rapt above—  
 Then most I prize my Sister's Love.

## SONNET TO ADA.

THE touching pathos of thy low sweet voice  
 Fell on my heart, like dew on wither'd flowers,  
 And brought such memory of departed hours  
 As made me weep—yet in my tears rejoice.  
 For one I loved—now lost to me for ever—  
 Breathed even so the soul of melody,  
 And—since that voice has perish'd—never, never,  
 Till I heard thine, such sounds had greeted me.  
 Ev'n now thy tones, recall'd by night, and day,  
 Linger in Memory's echo-haunted cell,  
 Thrilling sweet agony :—nor know I well  
 Whether to chide them, or to bid them stay.  
 At times I scarce can bear the pain'd regret  
 Which they excite—then cry, O do not leave me yet !

## ON COUNTRY CHURCHYARD EPITAPHS.

“ Their name, their years, spelt by th’ unletter’d Muse,  
The place of Fame and Elegy supply :  
And many a holy text around she strews,  
That teach the rustic moralist to die.”

GRAY’S ELEGY.

It is an incident worthy of remark, that the love of Fame, which so powerfully actuates our hearts, and predominates in our words and actions during life, does not even desert us, when the prospect of dissolution is so immediately before our eyes, and we cannot deny that all our labours for the acquisition of worldly glory are at an end. Human nature is still desirous of attracting the attention and admiration of survivors, although she is conscious of her own impotency in witnessing it. We may, indeed, have heard many exclaiming against expense and ostentation in the performance of their obsequies; but we shall rarely meet with the man, who would willingly dispense with a plain stone to mark the resting-place of his ashes, or a short inscription to attest his existence. Few—very few, can brook the idea of a stranger treading upon the sod beneath which they repose, unless it is in their power to inform him of their names and their ages;—unless they can remind him that they were once, as he is, living;—that they have passed the barrier which he must pass—mortality. The origin of this weakness,—this desire of posthumous fame, must be traced to the same principle which actuates us, and excites all our bodily and mental powers during life—which impels one to grasp the pike, and another the pen—which urges some to shine in divinity, and others in driving—some to study slang, and others to study sonneteering: the very same which invites the Etonian to inscribe his name on the oaken panels of our venerable

School-room, and persuades the Churchwarden to adorn the newly-painted Commandments with his own important initials. But I am rambling in a most strange manner from my subject ;—I will, therefore (*missis ambagibus*), return to my original topic.

The boast of heraldry and the pomp of phraseology, which so repeatedly and disgustingly obtrude themselves upon my view, in many of the sepulchral monuments of cities, are, in my opinion, calculated to inspire no feeling, save that of derision and contempt. But the uncouth, though not always unpleasing, Epitaphs, which we generally meet with in country churchyards, are by no means undeserving of our attention. They have a peculiarity of expression, which is strikingly opposite to the polished and elaborately elegant phrases, which designate the tombs of courtiers and citizens ; and although we cannot always, upon perusing their awkward rhymes and measures, repress our laughter, their simplicity often merits and often obtains the tribute of a sigh.

Having sometimes amused myself during my rambles, by compiling (*more Peregrini*) a sort of Scrap-book, in which I have inserted most of the Epitaphs remarkable for their uncouth phraseology, or their elegant simplicity, I will make a few extracts from it of both species. Take the following, Reader :—

“ He died of a quinsey,  
And was buried at Binsey.”

This I selected from a village churchyard in Nottinghamshire, during my last Easter Vacation, and added it to my collection, as an admirable instance of the observance of that Horatian canon, “ *In medias res.*” Analyze it, Reader. How could the author have better shown his talent for brevity ? A more poetical composer of Epitaphs, if he had been desired to work up a tribute of respect to the manes of poor John Doley, the above-mentioned victim of a quinsey, would have been seized

with a fit of inspiration—would have flown off in a tangent, and at length started a rhapsody, four times as pathetic, six times as flowery, and ten times as long, as the foregoing distich. He would have mentioned “Elysian fields,” “applauding seraphs,” “morbid destruction,” “fatal messengers,” “sepulchral bands,” and Heaven knows what besides! But he would never, when at the end of his flight, inform us what a reader would most probably wish to know; the cause of poor John’s fate, and the spot of his interment. Rhyme could never have handled the subject in such a manner;—Reason goes straight to work, and develops the whole catastrophe. And I question whether the shade of John Doley receives not full as much consolation, from this plain, unsophisticated Epitaph, as if his death were recounted at a greater length, together with all the aid of flowery diction and poetic hyperbole. I will select another:—

“Gentle Reader, who standest by, my grave to view,  
I was on earth, much the same as you:  
And as I am, so you must be;  
Therefore, I say, prepare to follow me.”

We shall have some difficulty in resolving such a metre as this, as I believe we cannot meet with it in any of the British Poets. There are, you see, in the first line, twelve feet;—in the second, nine;—in the third, eight;—in the last, ten. A most unwarrantable license of version! Let me see—I believe I can do it by the Antispastus.\* Yes—the first line comes right. Now for the second. Pish! I can make nothing of the second! Is it dactylic? Is it tetrameter catalectic? Is it——by

---

\* I must here inform such of my fair Readers who belong not to the legion of the Blues, that the Antispastus is a figure containing 61 forms—that it is eminently useful in solving all difficulties in metre, and that it enables us to scan Prose itself. I would, however, by no means recommend it in English Poetry.



Jove! I must give it up, and console myself with that most infallible resource of all,—Poetic License. But observe, Reader, how civilly, and yet how forcibly, he admonishes you of your end. Mark, how he informs you that he has lived, as you do; that he has died, as you will. In these four lines a string of moral precepts is contained, which many elegiac writers would have dilated into a long, uninteresting, unintelligible composition, and dignified with the name of an Epitaph. Mark also the force of the words, "I say." They speak volumes—they banish every shade of doubt from our minds. Scepticism itself would do well to listen to them. Take another extract:—

"Here I, the son of John and Mary Brown,  
(Who lived until Death's scythe did cut I down),  
Do lie. But when the trumpet last shall sound,  
Then shall I rise above the ground."

Here again appears that amiable brevity, which designates a Country Churchyard Epitaph. It is evident, that the author of it was not a little proud of his family, and was determined that the passing traveller should know who he was. We can plainly perceive that he was in some measure infected with that most exuberant species of insanity, Genealogical Pride. Nor can we blame him. He tells us at once his origin:—he spares us those efforts of patience and labour which we so often must exert, if we take upon ourselves to peruse the inscriptions beneath which the bones of many a more illustrious personage repose. How often do we, after having laboured to no purpose in discovering the various ancestors and various intermarriages which such an inscription records, give up our task in disgust! But the son of John and Mary Brown obtains a patient reading from all. Despise not his example, ye Epitaph-Writers. Let us, after a few more specimens of the quaint, proceed to the other branch of our subject.

" Here lies a much-loved Son, for whom we cried ;  
He only grieved his parents when he died."

---

" To the memory of a faithful Wife, a friend sincere ;  
Who died at Kew, and with her Child lies sleeping here."

---

" My Parents dear, shed not the tear,  
Although I am dead and buried ;  
Give up your sorrows and your fear,  
To happier shores I am ferried."

---

" Death smote me hard ; but, though in earth I lie,  
Some day he will be conquer'd, just as I."

---

" To the memory of Father, Mother, and I,  
Who all of us died in one year ;  
Father lies at Salisbury—  
And Mother and I lies here."

---

" Her temper mild, her manners such :  
Her language good, but not too much."

---

What a variety of sentiment and expression is breathed in these lines! could Longinus, Scaliger, or Toup, live again, how many beauties would they not discover in them—how many dissertations would they not enter into, respecting them? Their inequality of measure, their freedom of system, their multitudinous combination of ideas, are equally entitled to the disquisitions and labours of the most eminent Commentators.

The more elegant Epitaphs which I have met with, and which I truly admire for their sweetness and simplicity, I will present to my readers without further observation. What comment is needed for such as the following?—

## ON TWO INFANTS.

“ The storm that sweeps the wintry sky,  
No more disturbs their deep repose,  
The Summer Ev’ning’s latest sigh  
That shuts the rose.”

---

“ Just to her lips the cup of life she press’d ;  
Found the taste bitter, and refused the rest ;  
She felt averse to life’s returning day,  
And softly sigh’d her little soul away.”

---

“ Ere Sin could blight or Sorrow fade,  
Death came with friendly care ;  
The op’ning bud to Heav’n convey’d  
And bade it blossom there.”

---

“ How sweet a thing is Death, to all who know  
That all on Earth is vanity and woe ?  
Who, taught by sickness, long have ceased to dread  
The stroke that bears them to this peaceful bed ?  
Few are our days : yet while those days remain,  
Our Joy must yield to grief ; our ease to pain :  
Then tell me, weary Pilgrim, which is best,  
The toilsome journey, or the Trav’ller’s rest !”

I will conclude these extracts with a few beautiful lines which I picked up at an obscure village in the North of England. They are inscribed by a husband to the memory of a beloved wife.

“ A tender Plant, borne from the fost’ring gales  
That breathe on Avon’s margin, droop’d and died.  
Yet Time shall be, sweet Plant, a gale divine—  
Shall Thee restore. And Thou, in health and youth,  
By the pure streams of peace shall ever live,  
And flourish in the Paradise of God !”

My latest wish will be, that whenever I am no more of this world, my remains may be deposited in a Country Churchyard, and that my eulogy may be entrusted to a village poet. I care not whether my epitaph be short or long; whether it be elegant or quaint, so that it be di-

vested of those pompous ornaments of language, those gross effusions of adulation, which too often disgrace the marble upon which they are engraved. Who can forget that our worldly glory must end with our life;—that the sculptor's art and the panegyrist's abilities are alike unable to preserve our ashes from annihilation, or our fame from oblivion ?

J. H.

---

### SURLY HALL.

“ Mercy o’ me, what a multitude are here !  
They grow still too, from all parts they are coming,  
As if we kept a fair here ! ”—SHAKESPEARE.

THE Sun hath shed a mellow beam,  
Fair Thames, upon thy silver stream,  
And Air and Water, Earth and Heaven,  
Lie in the calm repose of Even.  
How silently the breeze moves on,  
Flutters and whispers, and is gone ;  
How calmly does the quiet sky  
Sleep in its cold serenity !  
Alas ! how sweet a scene were here  
For Shepherd or for Sonneteer ;  
How fit the place, how fit the time,  
For making love, or making rhyme !  
But though the sun’s descending ray  
Smiles warmly on the close of day,  
’Tis not to gaze upon his light  
That Eton’s sons are here to-night ;  
And though the river, calm and clear,  
Makes music to the poet’s ear,  
’Tis not to listen to the sound  
That Eton’s sons are thronging round.  
The sun unheeded may decline,  
Blue eyes send out a brighter shine ;

The wave may cease its gurgling moan,  
Glad voices have a sweeter tone ;  
For, in our Calendar of Bliss  
We have no hour so gay as this,  
When the kind hearts and brilliant eyes  
Of those we know, and love, and prize,  
Are come to cheer the Captive's thrall,  
And smile upon his festival.

Stay, Pegasus,—and let me ask,  
Ere I go onward in my task,  
Pray, Reader,—were you ever here  
Just at this season of the year ?  
No?—then the end of next July  
Should bring you, with admiring eye,  
To hear us row, and see us row,  
And cry,—“ How fast them boys *does* go,”  
For Father Thames beholds to-night  
A thousand visions of delight ;  
Tearing, and swearing, jeering, cheering,  
Lame steeds to right and left careering,  
Displays, dismays, disputes, distresses,  
Ruffling of temper, and of dresses ;  
Wounds on the heart,—and on the knuckles ;  
Losing of patience,—and of buckles.  
An interdict is laid on Latin,  
And scholars smirk in silk and satin ;  
And Dandies start their thinnest pumps,  
And Michael Oakley 's in the dumps ;  
And there is nought beneath the sun  
But dash, and splash, and falls, and fun.

Lord! what would be the Cynic's mirth,  
If Fate would lift him to the earth,  
And set his tub, with magic jump,  
Squat down beside the Brocas clump !  
What scoffs the sage would utter there,  
From his unpolish'd elbow chair,  
To see the sempstress' handywork,  
The Greek confounded with the Turk,

Parisian mix'd with Piedmontese,  
 And Persian join'd to Portuguese;  
 And mantles short, and mantles long,  
 And mantles right, and mantles wrong,  
 Misshaped, miscolour'd, and misplaced,  
 With what the tailor calls—a *taste*.  
 And then the badges, and the boats,  
 The flags, the drums, the paint, the coats;  
 But more than these, and more than all,  
 The pullers' intermitted call,  
 "Easy!"—"Hard all!"—"Now pick her up!"  
 "Upon my life, how I shall sup!"  
 Would be a fine and merry matter,  
 To wake the sage's powers of satire.  
 Kind Readers, at my laughing age,  
 I thank my stars, I'm not a sage;  
 I, an unthinking, scribbling elf,  
 Love to please others,—and myself;  
 Therefore I fly,—a *malo joco*,  
 But like—*desipere in loco*.  
 Excuse me, that I wander so;  
 All modern pens digress, you know.

Now to my theme! Thou Being gay,  
 Houri or goddess, nymph or fay,  
 Whoe'er, whate'er, where'er, thou art,  
 Who, with thy warm and kindly heart,  
 Hast made these blest abodes thy care;  
 Being of water, earth, or air,  
 Beneath the moonbeam hasten hither,  
 Enjoy thy blessings ere they wither,  
 And witness, with thy gladdest face,  
 The glories of thy dwelling-place!

The boats put off;—throughout the crowd  
 The tumult thickens: wide and loud  
 The din re-echoes; man and horse  
 Plunge onward in their mingled course.  
 Look at the troop: I love to see  
 Our real Etonian cavalry;

They start in such a pretty triim,  
 And such sweet scorn of life and limb.  
 I must confess I never found  
 A horse much worse for being sound;  
 I wish my nag not wholly blind,  
 And like to have a tail behind;  
 And though he certainly may hear  
 Correctly with a single ear,  
 I think, to look genteel and neat,  
 He ought to have his two complete.  
 But these are trifles! off they go  
 Beside the wondering river's flow;  
 And if, by dint of spur and whip,  
 They shamble on, without a trip,  
 Well have they done! I make no question  
 They're shaken into good digestion.

I and my Muse,—my Muse and I,  
 Will follow with the company,  
 And get to Surly Hall in time  
 To make a supper, and a rhyme.  
 Yes! while the animating crowd,  
 The gay, and fair, and kind, and proud,  
 With eager voice and eager glance  
 Wait till the pageantry advance,  
 We'll throw around a hasty view,  
 And try to get a sketch or two.

First in the race is William Tag,  
 Thalia's most industrious fag;  
 Whate'er the subject he essays,  
 To dress in never-dying lays,  
 A chief, a cheese, a dearth, a dinner,  
 A cot, a castle, cards, Corinna;  
 Hibernia, Baffin's Bay, Parnassus,  
 Beef, Bonaparte, Beer, Bonassus—  
 Will hath his order'd words and rhymes,  
 For various scenes and various times;  
 Which suit alike for this or that,  
 And come, like volunteers, quite *pat*.

He hath his Elegy, or Sonnet;  
For Lucy's bier, or Lucy's bonnet;  
And celebrates, with equal ardour,  
A Monarch's sceptre, or his larder.  
Poor William! when he wants a hint,  
All other poets are his mint;  
He coins his epic or his lyric,  
His satire, or his panegyric,  
From all the gravity and wit  
Of what the ancients thought and writ.  
Arm'd with his Ovid and his Flaccus,  
He comes like thunder to attack us;  
In pilfer'd mail he bursts to view  
The cleverest thief I ever knew.  
Thou noble Bard! at any time  
Borrow my measure and my rhyme;  
Borrow (I'll cancel all the debt),  
An epigram, or epithet;  
Borrow my mountains, or my trees,  
My paintings, or my similes;  
Nay, borrow all my pretty names,  
My real or my fancied flames;  
Eliza, Alice, Leonora,  
Mary, Melissa, and Medora;  
And borrow all my "mutual vows,"  
My "ruby lips," and "cruel brows;"  
And all my stupors, and my startings,  
And all my meetings, and my partings;  
Thus far, my friend, you'll find me willing;  
Borrow all things save one—a shilling!

Drunken, and loud, and mad, and rash,  
Joe Tarrell wields his ceaseless lash;  
The would-be sportsman; o'er the sides  
Of the lank charger he bestrides,  
The foam lies painfully; and blood  
Is trickling in a ruddier flood,  
Beneath the fury of the steel  
Projecting from his armed heel.



E'en from his childhood's earliest bloom,  
All studies that become a groom,  
Eton's *spes gregis*, honest Joe,  
Or knows, or would be thought to know ;  
He picks a hunter's hoof quite finely,  
And spells a horse's teeth divinely.  
Prime terror of molesting duns,  
Sole judge of greyhounds and of guns,  
A skilful whip, a steady shot,  
Joe swears he is!—who says he's not?  
And then he has such knowing faces  
For all the week of Ascot races,  
And talks with such a mystic speech;  
Untangible to vulgar reach,  
Of Sultan, Highflyer, and Ranter,  
Potatoes, Quiz, and Tam O'Shanter ;  
Bay colts, and brown colts, sires and dams,  
Bribings and bullyings, bets and bams ;  
And how the favourite *should* have won,  
And how the little Earl was *done* ;  
And how the filly fail'd in strength,  
And how some faces grew in length ;  
And how some people,—if they'd show,  
Know something more than others know.  
Such is his talk ; and while we wonder  
At that interminable thunder,  
The indiscriminating snarler  
Astounds the ladies in the parlour,  
And broaches, at his mother's table,  
The slang of kennel and of stable.  
And when he's drunk, he roars before ye  
One excellent, unfailing story,  
About a gun, Lord knows how long,  
With a discharge, Lord knows how strong ;  
Which always needs an oath and frown  
To make the monstrous dose go down.  
Oh ! oft and oft the Muses pray  
That wondrous tube may burst one day,  
And then the world will ascertain  
Whether its Master hath a brain.

Then, on the stone that hides his sleep,  
These accents shall be graven deep ;  
Or, "Upton" and "C. B." \* between,  
Shine in the "Sporting Magazine ;"  
"Civil to none, except his brutes ;  
Polish'd in nought, except his boots ;  
Here lie the relics of Joe Tarrell ;  
Also—Joe Tarrell's double-barrel !"

Ho !—by the mutter'd sounds that slip,  
Unwilling, from his curling lip ;  
By the grey glimmer of his eye,  
That shines so unrelentingly ;  
By the stern sneer upon his snout,  
I know the Critic, Andrew Crout !  
The Boy-reviler ! amply fill'd  
With venom'd virulence, and skill'd  
To look on what is good and fair,  
And find, or make, a blemish there.  
For Fortune to his cradle sent  
Self-satisfying Discontent ;  
And he hath caught, from cold Reviews,  
The one great talent, to abuse ;  
And so he sallies sternly forth,  
Like the cold Genius of the North,  
To check the heart's exuberant fullness,  
And chill good-humour into dullness.  
Where'er he comes, his fellows shrink  
Before his awful nod and wink ;  
And whensoever these features plastic  
Assume the savage or sarcastic,  
Mirth stands abash'd, and Laughter flies,  
And Humour faints, and Quibble dies.  
How sour he seems ! and, hark ! he spoke ;  
We'll stop and listen to the croak ;  
'Twill charm us, if these happy lays  
Are honour'd by a fool's dispraise !—

---

\* Two constant supporters of that instructive Miscellany.

"You think the boats well-mann'd this year!  
 To you they may perhaps appear!—  
 I, who have seen those frames of steel,  
 Tuckfield, and Dixon, and Bulteel,  
 Can swear!—no matter what I swear!  
 Only—things are not as they were!  
 And then our Cricket!—think of that!  
 We ha'n't a tolerable Bat;  
 It's very true that Mr. Tucker,  
 Who puts the Field in such a pucker,  
 Contrives to make his fifty Runs;—  
 What then?—we had a Hardinge once!  
 As for our talents, where are they?  
 Griffin and Grildrig had their day;  
 And who's the Star of modern time?  
 —Octosyllabic Peregrine;  
 Who pirates, puns, and talks sedition,  
 Without a moment's intermission!  
 And if he did not get a lift,  
 Sometimes, from *me*, and Doctor Swift,  
 I can't tell what the deuce he'd do!—  
 But this, you know, is *entre nous*!  
 I've tried to talk him into taste,  
 But found my labour quite misplaced;  
 He nibs his pen, and twists his ear,  
 And says he's deaf, and cannot hear;  
 And if I mention right or rule,—  
 Egad, he takes me for a fool!"

Who is the youth, with stare confounded,  
 And tender arms so neatly rounded;  
 And moveless eyes, and glowing face,  
 And attitude of studied grace?  
 Now Venus, pour your lustre o'er us!  
 Your would-be Servant stands before us.  
 Hail, Corydon! let others blame  
 The fury of his fiction'd flame;  
 I love to hear the beardless youth  
 Talking of constancy and truth;

Swearing more darts are in his liver  
Than ever gleam'd in Cupid's quiver ;  
And wondering at those hearts of stone,  
Which never melted like his own.  
Oh ! when I look on Fashion's Moth,  
Wrapp'd in his visions, and his cloth,  
I would not, for a Nation's Gold,  
Disturb the dream, or spoil the fold !

Gazing upon this varied scene  
With a new Artist's absent mien,  
I see thee, silent and alone,  
My Friend, ingenious Hamilton.  
I see thee there—(nay, do not blush,)  
Knight of the Pallet and the Brush,  
Dreaming of straight and crooked lines,  
And planning Portraits, and Designs.  
I like him hugely !—well I wis  
No despicable skill is his,  
Whether his sportive canvass shows  
Arabia's sands, or Zembla's snows,  
A lion, or a bed of lilies,  
Fair Caroline, or fierce Achilles ;  
I love to see him taking down  
A Schoolfellow's unconscious frown,  
Describing twist, grimace, contortion,  
In most becoming disproportion,  
While o'er his merry paper glide  
Rivers of wit ; and by his side  
Caricatura takes her stand,  
Inspires the thought, and guides the hand ;  
I love to see his honour'd books  
Adorn'd with rivulets and brooks ;  
Troy frowning with her ancient towers,  
Or Ida gay with fruits and flowers ;  
I love to see fantastic shapes,  
Dragons and Griffins, Birds and Apes,  
And Pigmy Forms, and Forms Gigantic,  
Forms Natural, and Forms Romantic,

Of Dwarfs and Ogres, Dames and Knights,  
 Scrawl'd by the side of Homer's fights,  
 And Portraits daub'd on Maro's Poems,  
 And Profiles pinn'd to Tully's Proems ;  
 In short, I view with partial eyes  
 Whate'er my Brother-Painter tries.  
 To each belongs his own utensil ;  
 I sketch with pen, as he with pencil ;  
 And each, with pencil or with pen,  
 Hits off a likeness now and then.  
 He drew *me* once—the spiteful creature !  
 'Twas voted “ like,” in every feature ;  
 It might have been so !—(’t was lopsided,  
 And squinted worse than ever I did.)  
 However, from that hapless day,  
 I owed the debt, which here I pay ;  
 And now I ’ll give my friend a hint ;—  
 “ Unless you want to shine in print,  
 Paint Lords and Ladies, Nymphs and Fairies,  
 And Demi-gods, and Dromedaries ;  
 But never be an Author’s Creditor,  
 Nor paint a Picture of an Editor !”

And who the maid, whose gilded chain  
 Hath bound the heart of such a swain ?  
 Oh ! look on those surrounding Graces !  
 There is no lack of pretty Faces ;  
 M——, the Goddess of the night,  
 Looks beautiful with all her might ;  
 And M——, in that simple dress,  
 Enthralls us more, by studying less ;  
 D——, in your becoming pride,  
 Ye march to conquest, side by side,  
 And A——, thou fleetest by,  
 Bright in thine arch simplicity ;  
 Slight are the links thy power hath wreathed,  
 Yet, by the tone thy voice hath breathed—  
 By thy glad smile, and ringlets curl’d,  
 I would not break them for the world !

But this is idle ! Paying court  
 I know was never yet my *Forte* ;  
 And all I say of Nymph and Queen,  
 To cut it short, can only mean  
 That when I throw my gaze around,  
 I see much Beauty on the ground.

Hark ! hark ! a mellow'd note  
 Over the water seem'd to float !

Hark ! the note repeated !  
 A sweet, and soft, and soothing strain,  
 Echoed, and died, and rose again,  
 As if the Nymphs of Fairy reign  
 Were holding to-night their revel rout,  
 And pouring their fragrant voices out,  
 On the blue water seated.

Hark to the tremulous tones that flow,  
 And the voice of the boatmen, as they row !  
 Cheerfully to the heart they go,

And touch a thousand pleasant strings,  
 Of triumph, and pride, and hope, and joy,  
 And thoughts that are only known to boy,  
 And young imaginings !

The note is near, the voice comes clear,  
 And we catch its echo on the ear,  
 With a feeling of delight ;

And as the gladdening sounds we hear,  
 There's many an eager listener here,  
 And many a straining sight.

One moment,—and ye see  
 Where, fluttering quick, as the breezes blow,  
 Backwards, and forwards, to and fro ;  
 Bright with the beam of retiring day,  
 Old Eton's flag, on its watery way,

Moves on triumphantly !  
 But what, that ancient poets have told,  
 Of Amphitrite's Car of Gold,

With the Nymphs behind, and the Nymphs before,  
And the Nereid's song, and the Triton's roar,  
    Could equal half the pride,  
That heralds the Monarch's plashing oar  
    Over the swelling tide?  
And look!—they land, those gallant crews,  
With their jackets light, and their bellying trews;  
And Ashley walks, applauded, by,  
With a world's talent in his eye;  
And Kinglake, dear to poetry,  
    And dearer to his friends;  
Hibernian Roberts, you are there,  
With that unthinking, merry stare,  
    Which still its influence lends,  
To make us drown our Devils blue,  
In laughing at ourselves,—and you!  
Still I could lengthen out the tale,  
And sing Sir Thomas with his ale,  
    To all that like to read;  
Still I could choose to linger long,  
Where Friendship bids the willing song  
    Flow out for honest Meade!

Yet e'en on this triumphant day  
    One thought of grief will rise;  
And though I bid my Fancy play,  
And jest, and laugh through all the lay,  
Yet Sadness still will have her way,  
    And burst the vain disguise!  
Yes! when the Pageant shall have pass'd,  
I shall have look'd upon my last;  
I shall not e'er behold again  
Our pullers' unremitted strain;  
Not listen to the charming cry  
Of contest or of victory,  
That speaks what those young bosoms feel,  
As keel is pressing fast on keel;  
Oh! bright these glories still shall be,  
But they shall never dawn for me!

E'en when a Realm's Congratulation  
 Sang Pæans for the Coronation ;  
 Amidst the pleasure that was round me,  
 A melancholy Spirit found me ;  
 And while all else were singing " Io !"  
 I couldn't speak a word but " Heigh-ho !"  
 And so, instead of laughing gaily,  
 I dropp'd a tear,—and wrote

## MY VALE.

Eton, the Monarch of thy prayers  
 E'en now receives his load of cares,  
 Throned in the consecrated choir,  
 He takes the sceptre of his Sire ;  
 And wears the crown his Father bore,  
 And swears the oath his Father swore ;  
 And therefore sounds of joy resound,  
 Fair Eton, on thy classic ground.  
 A gladder gale is round thee breathed,  
 And on thy mansions thou hast wreathed  
 A thousand lamps, whose various hue  
 Waits but the night to burst to view.  
 Woe to the Poets that refuse  
 To wake and woo their idle Muse,  
 When those glad notes, " God save the King,"  
 From hill, and vale, and hamlet ring !  
 Hark how the loved inspiring tune  
 Peals forth from every loyal loon,  
 Who loves his country, and excels  
 In drinking beer, or ringing bells !  
 It is a day of shouts and greeting,  
 A day of idleness and eating ;  
 And triumph swells in every soul,  
 And mighty beeves are roasted whole ;  
 And Ale, unbought, is set a-running,  
 And Pleasure's Hymn grows rather stunning ;  
 And children roll upon the green,  
 And cry " Confusion to the Queen !"



And Sorrow flies, and Labour slumbers,  
And Clio pours her loudest numbers ;  
And hundreds of that joyous throng,  
With whom my life hath linger'd long,  
Give their gay raptures to the gale,  
In one united echoing " Hail !"

I took the Harp, I smote the string,  
I strove to soar on Fancy's wing ;  
And murmur in my Sovereign's praise  
The latest of my boyhood's lays.  
Alas! the theme was too divine  
To suit so weak a Muse as mine ;  
I saw, I felt it could not be ;  
No song of triumph flows from me ;  
The harp, from which those sounds ye ask,  
Is all unfit for such a task ;  
And the last echo of its tone,  
Dear Eton, must be thine alone !

A few short hours, and I am borne  
Far from the fetters I have worn ;  
A few short hours, and I am free !—  
And yet I shrink from liberty,  
And look, and long to give my soul  
Back to thy cherishing control.  
Control! ah! no! thy chain was meant  
Far less for bond than ornament ;  
And though its links be firmly set,  
I never found them gall me yet.  
Oh! still, through many chequer'd years,  
'Mid anxious toils, and hopes, and fears,  
Still I have doted on thy fame,  
And only gloried in thy name.  
How I have loved thee! Thou hast been  
My Hope, my Mistress, and my Queen ;  
I always found thee kind, and thou  
Hast never seen me weep—till now.

I knew that Time was fleeting fast,  
 I knew thy pleasures could not last ;  
 I knew too well that riper age  
 Must step upon a busier stage ;  
 Yet when around thine ancient towers  
 I pass'd secure my tranquil hours,  
 Or heard beneath thine aged trees  
 The drowsy humming of the bees,  
 Or wander'd by thy winding stream,  
 I would not check my fancy's dream ;  
 Glad in my transitory bliss,  
 I reck'd not of an hour like this ;  
 And now the truth comes swiftly on,  
 The truth I would not think upon ;  
 The last sad thought, so oft delay'd,  
 " These joys are only born to fade."

Ye Guardians of my earliest days,  
 Ye Patrons of my earliest lays,  
 Custom reminds me, that to you  
 Thanks and Farewell to-day are due.  
 Thanks and farewell I give you,—not  
 (As some that leave this holy spot),  
 In labour'd phrase, and polish'd lie,  
 Wrought by the forge of flattery,  
 But with a heart, that cannot tell  
 The half of what it feels so well.  
 If I am backward to express,  
 Believe my love is not the less ;  
 Be kind as you are wont, and view  
 A thousand thanks in one " Adieu !"  
 My future life shall strive to show  
 I wish to pay the debt I owe ;  
 The labours that ye give to May  
 September's fruits shall best repay.

And you, my friends, who loved to share  
 Whate'er was mine, of sport or care ;  
 Antagonists at Fives or Chess,  
 Friends in the Play-ground or the Press,

I leave ye now ; and all that rests  
Of mutual tastes, and loving breasts,  
Is the lone vision, that shall come,  
Where'er my studies and my home,  
To cheer my labour and my pain,  
And make me feel a boy again.

Yes! when at last I sit me down,  
A scholar, in my cap and gown ;  
When learned doctrines, dark and deep,  
Move me to passion or to sleep,  
When Clio yields to Logic's wrangles,  
And Long and Short give place to Angles,  
When stern Mathesis makes it treason  
To like a Rhyme, or scorn a Reason,  
With aching head, and weary wit,  
Your parted friend shall often sit,  
Till Fancy's magic spell hath bound him,  
And lonely musings flit around him ;  
Then shall ye come, with all your wiles,  
Of gladdening sounds, and warming smiles ;  
And nought shall meet his eye or ear,  
Yet shall he deem your souls are near.

Others may clothe their Valediction  
With all the tinsel charms of fiction ;  
And one may sing of Father Thames,  
And Naiads, with a hundred names ;  
And find a Pindus here, and own  
The College pump a Helicon ;  
And search for Gods about the College,  
Of which old Homer had no knowledge.  
And one may eloquently tell  
The triumphs of the Windsor belle,  
And sing of Mira's lips and eyes,  
In oft-repeated ecstasies ;  
Oh ! he hath much and wondrous skill,  
To paint the looks that wound and kill,  
As the poor maid is doom'd to brook,  
Unconsciously, her lover's look,

And smiles, and talks, until the Poet  
 Hears the band play, and does not know it.  
 To speak the plain and simple truth,  
 I always was a jesting youth;  
 A friend to merriment and fun,  
 No foe to quibble and to pun;  
 Therefore I cannot feign a tear;  
 And, now that I have utter'd here  
 A few unrounded accents, bred  
 More from the heart than from the head,  
 Honestly felt, and plainly told,  
 My lyre is still, my fancy cold.

---

### RHAPSODIES.

Πη συ χηνιδιον αλαινεις.\*

"Some like the verse that like ———'s flows."

"Which read, and read, we roll our eyes in doubt,  
 And gravely wonder what it is about."—

BAVIAD.

#### I.

I AM a great admirer of flowers.

In my childish days my predilection for these little toys of Nature amounted to an absolute passion. They seemed to me vested with a mysterious and unearthly beauty, "the glory and freshness of a dream." But those days are gone; boyhood is past, and the enchanted

---

\* These words, which, in the first edition, were quoted as a fragment of Anacreon, form part of a Greek version of a well-known nursery song, by a gentleman of distinguished classical attainments in the University of Cambridge. As this circumstance has been misunderstood, or misrepresented, so as to fix a charge of intentional plagiarism on the writer of

atmosphere which boyhood carries about with it, and through which it beholds all things arrayed in colours not their own, is vanished likewise.

“ ——— Nothing can bring back the hour  
Of splendor in the grass, or glory in the flower.”

They are now mere terrestrial objects—and yet how passing beautiful!—Since my flower-loving days, a period of many years has elapsed, during which I have had few opportunities of access to my early favourites; it is only within the last month or two that I have resumed my acquaintance with them, and they now wear the charm of novelty combined with that of early recollections. I love them all, from the piony to the heart's-ease—from the sublime hollyhock to the unpretending laburnum.

It was but the other day, that, tired out with doubts and dochmiacs, I immersed myself in my friend ——'s garden. What a delightful renewal of old acquaintance! There was the glowing marigold, breathing forth its rich oriental fragrance; the pretty rustic honeysuckle, fitly named; the laburnum, with its profusion of minute sweetnesses; the royal sunflower, in its amplitude of

---

the article; he has thought it worth while to make the above statement. He has also obtained permission to publish the whole of the translation.

Ποῖ σὺ, χηρίδιον, ἀλαθείης;  
Βάθρα κλιμάκων ἡμείβω  
Παρθενῶνας ἱμβατεύω  
Σὲς πατὴρ μακροσκελὲς  
Εἰς θεοῦς οὐκ εὐσεβεῖ  
Θατέρου σκίλους λαβὼν νιν,  
Τὸν ἀσεβίστατον γέροντα,  
Ῥίπτει κλιμάκων ἅπαν'  
Εἰ δὲ, καταπεισὼν, λιταῖσι  
Θεοκλυτῶν οὐ κείσεται,  
Θατέρου σκίλους λαβὼν νιν,  
Ῥίπτ' εἰς αὐτὸν οὐρανόν.

charms, resembling that noble creature of Nature's handywork, Mrs. ———; the genial wall-flower, reminding me of my cordial cousin, Fanny H ———; the virgin lily, towering in stately meekness, like my dear kinswoman, M. F ———, the most matronly of maidens, and the most maidenly of matrons; and the gallantly-attired sweet-pea, and the spruce sweet-william; and the rose, the queen of them all, in her many forms, all beautiful; the red rose, and the Austrian rose, with its luxurious purple leaves; and the white rose, as Cowper describes it, throwing up into the gloom of the neighbouring yew or cypress

“ Its silver globes, light as the foamy surf  
Which the wind severs from the broken wave.”

Even the yellow Dutch rose pleases me for its name's sake. There is something really superior in the pleasure you derive from a rose. One feasts one's eyes on the colour of a tulip, with the same sensations one experiences in reading Darwin's Poems—pleased with the gaudy hues, and nothing more; and the fragrance of the jonquil is, after all, but a mechanical sort of enjoyment; but there is something of sentiment in a rose. It is beautiful, too, at all stages of its existence—whether in the bud, or full-blown, or newly opening—like Caroline Mowbray, already exquisitely fair, yet giving promise of a rich arrear of beauties, hid one within the other, fold behind fold.—But I am losing myself.

I have compared sundry flowers to sundry women—and, indeed, there appears to be an analogy between women and flower kind,—both beautiful, and delicate, and weak—gay in attire, and requiring assiduous care and fostering. Surely flowers are the womankind of inanimate nature. Man may take the trees and shrubs for his emblems;—the venerable elm may signify wisdom; and the pine, warring with the storm, be the type of courage—

"The manly oak, the pensive yew,  
To warrior and to sage be due;"

but flowers—dear flowers! they were made for woman.

My cousin Catherine—alas, my Cousin!—she is gone; but none who have seen her can forget her;—so enchantingly graceful in her person and manners, and yet so dignified; she was like one of the Graces enthroned. My cousin Catherine, I remember, was passionately fond of flowers, and she had an eloquent tongue to praise them withal. I cannot conclude better than with an extract from a letter of hers to myself. She had just before been employing a metaphor drawn from her favourites.

\* \* \* \*

[The remainder of this Rhapsody, together with the whole of the fifteen which were to follow, is lost.]

FLORUS. .

---

### TO THE EDITOR.

DEAR PEREGRINE,

I SEND you a critique on the worthy C. H. TOWNSEND'S Poems. I am perfectly ashamed of it, for it was written *currente calamo*; and I shall be obliged to you to make this acknowledgment public, for without such a confession I could not bring myself to appear before your Readers. If, however, it will serve to fill up the interstices of your Work, you are welcome to it. Should your Readers find it dry, I recommend them, by way of refreshment, to resort to the Poems themselves, which they ought to read in the evening, over a well-tempered bowl of congenial tea.

M. S.

## ON THE POEMS OF C. H. TOWNSEND.

There are some who deny the name of Poet to any writer whose genius is not of the highest order. We confess we see no reason for this penury of honour. The republic of Poetry is not like the ancient democracies, in which a small part only of the population were citizens, and the rest slaves. Whosoever has a spark of minstrel-fire within him—whosoever has beheld, although as it were through a mist, the

———“ forms that glitter in the Muse’s ray  
With orient hues, unborrow’d of the sun——”

whoever looks on the beauties of Nature, the sublimities of truth, and the graces and sweetnesss of domestic life, with the eye of a Poet—and has given tangible and legible proofs of such faculty, is, we conceive, entitled by courtesy, if not by right, to that envied appellation. The truth is, that there is a great deal more Poetry in the world than most people imagine. Nature, liberal in this as in other respects, seems to have sown the seed wherever there is a soil prepared to receive it. The circumstances of the present age are favourable to the development of this species of talent; and accordingly we find, that, while those who would have been great Poets at any period, have attained a height of excellence, of which, in another situation, they would themselves have had no conception; many of smaller note, whose faculties, under the influence of a more ungenial season, would probably have remained torpid, are now coming forth, beneath the cheering beams of the new-risen Sun of Poetry, to disport themselves in flight, and show their gay plumes to the sunshine, and chaunt to the listening air their songs of various measure.—But we must have done with metaphor.

The elegant volume before us is the work of a *quon-*



*dam* Etonian, and therefore entitled to honourable remembrance in our Journal. The Author has placed at the threshold of his Collection a poem on the subject of "Jerusalem," which gained the Chancellor's prize at Cambridge; and the work concludes with an unsuccessful attempt of the same description, entitled "Waterloo;" neither of them worthy of association with the rest of the volume. He seems to have placed them in these situations for the purpose of warning off from his work those two classes of readers, who, before they enter upon the perusal of a book, are in the habit of exploring its merits, by opening at the beginning or at the end. He has fenced in his little garden with a high and heavy brick wall on either side, to exclude frivolous visitors. We ought in justice, however, to observe, that "Waterloo" is decidedly superior to "Jerusalem." The latter, indeed, labours under peculiar disadvantage, on account of its subject reminding the reader of Heber's Palestine, the most beautiful artificial flower that ever appeared in the shape of a prize poem.

The body of the work is composed of miscellaneous Poems—Songs and Lyrical Pieces—Devotional Poems—and Sonnets. Of these, we consider the first-mentioned class as altogether the best. It consists of short pieces, principally sentimental, but sometimes descriptive. In his delineations of scenery, our Author frequently follows Warton as a model; and it is no exaggeration to say, that in the particular style of painting which he adopts, and in the management of the Wartonian octosyllabic couplet (a modification of that of the *Penseroso*), he is sometimes little inferior to his master. We allude chiefly to the Ode on the First of December, from which we extract the following lines:—

Mute is every tuneful strain,  
That warbled from the woodland train.  
No more, on dewy pinions borne,  
The lark gives morrow to the morn;

No more, its fitful shadow seen,  
Skimming the sunshine of the green,  
The vanish'd swallow, twittering, leaves  
Its nest of clay beneath the eaves.  
No more resound from bush to bush  
The gay notes of the sprightly thrush.  
In other climes, the nightingale  
Tells to the moon his tender tale :  
Of all the tribes, whose music sweet  
Loved answering Echo to repeat,  
The robin only to the dell  
Yet falters forth his weak farewell.

Lingers the long and dreary night ;  
Scarce the dim and dubious light  
Peeps through the severing mists that chill,  
Coldly blue, yon eastern hill.  
Yet the wan moon, amid the west,  
On twilight's bosom loves to rest ;  
Yet from each tree her pale beams throw  
A branching shadow o'er the snow :  
Yet, here and there, a feeble star  
Gleams, scarcely glimmering, from afar ;  
Or, struggling through the vapour's damp,  
Twinkles the cotter's early lamp.

Cheerless is the gloomy day ;  
Scarce a single, sickly, ray  
Can pierce aslant the watery clouds,  
Where the sad sun his radiance shrouds.  
Slow as their heavy volume moves,  
O'er the hill-side the dim light roves ;  
With a pale gleam of radiance falls  
On the white villa's distant walls ;  
And, glancing on the fair cascade,  
Where, as it moans along the glade,  
The transitory gale no more  
Can catch the sullen, deep'ning roar,  
Back reflects upon the sight  
Prismatic hues of frozen light.

On the river's margin troop  
The thirsty herds in gather'd group ;  
And eye, with drooping aspect, there  
The wave, they see, but cannot share.

Hark ! the rude hind, with sturdy blow;  
Gives the imprison'd streams to flow !  
Loud rings round, from rock to rock,  
In long repeat, the crackling shock ;  
O'er the wide forest echoes still,  
And dies to silence on the hill.

The Ode to Memory is in parts poetical ; of the other Odes (so called) we will say nothing. The Weaver's Boy is a painfully interesting tale, but not adapted for poetry.

It is in the representation of delicate and tender feelings, operating on an amiable and sensitive mind, that our Author particularly excels. There is a chaste refinement spread around all his delineations, which constitutes their characteristic charm. Solitude—the gentle influence of Nature—the delights of Friendship—the pleasures and pains of delicate Love—Retrospection of the past—and Moral Reflection, are his favourite topics.

His faculty indeed is a confined one; he cannot search out the full sweetness of natural objects; or penetrate far into the recesses of the human mind: but what he feels he describes naturally and affectingly. A strong tinge of melancholy pervades most of his writings, on which we may hereafter make some observations: there is more, however, of sorrow in them than repining; and frequent gleams of religious thought are visible. On the whole, with the exception of a few indifferent pieces, we have seldom met with a more agreeable little volume of Poetry. We shall quote a few of the pieces which pleased us best.

---

TO A FRIEND.

The world does not know me : to that I appear,  
As rapture, or grief wakes the smile, or the tear,  
Now light—now reflective—now mournful—now gay,  
Like the gleams and the clouds of a wild April day.

The wise oft will frown, the contemptuous will smile,  
The good oft reprove, yet look kindly the while ;  
Indifferent to those, I am thankful to them,  
But ev'n they do not know what it is they condemn.

For it is not the faults, which the multitude see,  
That are wept o'er in secret so wildly by me,  
These scarcely a thought from my sorrows can win ;  
Oh, would they were all !—but the worst is within.

Thou only dost know me ; to thee is reveal'd  
The spring of my thoughts, from all others conceal'd :  
Th' enigma is solved, as thou readest my soul,  
They view but a part, thou beholdest the whole.

Thou know'st me, above, yet below what I seem,  
Both better and worse than the multitude deem ;  
From my wild wayward heart thou has lifted the pall,  
From its faults, and its failings ; yet lov'st me with all !

---

THE LONELY HEART.

There is a joy in loneliness,  
Which lonely minds alone can know,  
Such as to none can e'er express  
The secrets of their joy or woe,

Souls, wild, and various as the lyre  
That ne'er to mortal touch will yield,  
Mysterious as the tomb's deep fire,  
Never to mortal eye reveal'd :

Who feel within them deathless powers,  
That pant and struggle to be free ;  
That would outstrip Time's lazy hours,  
And launch upon Eternity.

Ah, little deems the blind dull crowd,  
When gazing on a tranquil brow,  
What thoughts and feelings unavow'd,  
What fiery passions lurk below !

That, while the tongue performs its part,  
And custom's trivial phrase will say,  
On Fancy's wings the truant heart  
Fleets to some region far away;

Feeds sweetly on some chosen theme,  
Holds converse with the dearly-loved,  
Weaves the light tissue of a dream,  
Or wanders, where we once have roved.

All is not as it seems : that eye,  
Though bright, may oft be quench'd in tears,  
And oft that bosom heave the sigh,  
Unheeding as it now appears.

Then, oh, the rapture, none can tame,  
To think the soul at least is free,  
And view who may the outward frame,  
No eye, save One, the heart can see !

---

AMID THE WEST, THE LIGHT DECAYING.

Amid the west, the light decaying,  
Like joy, looks loveliest ere it dies,  
On ocean's breast, the small waves playing,  
Catch the last lustre, as they rise.

Scarce the blue curling tide displaces  
One pebble in its gentle ebb ;  
Scarce on the smooth sand leaves its traces,  
In meshes, fine as fairy's web.

From many a stone the sea-weed streaming,  
Now floats—now falls—the waves between,  
Its yellow berries brighter seeming  
Amid the wreaths of dusky green.

This is the hour the loved are dearest,  
This is the hour the sever'd meet ;  
The dead—the distant, now are nearest,  
And joy is soft, and sorrow sweet.

We would willingly quote the lines entitled "Childhood," p. 196; but our limits constrain us to be brief, and we shall therefore conclude our extracts from this part of the book with what we consider the most powerfully-written piece in the whole collection. We think our Readers will agree with us in calling it exquisite:—

ANASTASIUS TO HIS CHILD, ALEXIS, SLEEPING.

Sleep, oh, sleep, my dearest one,  
While I watch thy placid slumbers,  
And pour, in low and pensive tone,  
To lull thee, wild and plaintive numbers.  
If my tears thy pillows steep,  
Sleep—thou canst not see me weep !

Thy cheek is pillow'd on mine arm,  
As if secure that thee it shielded,  
And there a flush more deeply warm  
The pressure to its tint hath yielded :  
Thy hand, which mine did lately clasp,  
Dwells there, relaxing in its grasp.

I long to view thy beauteous face,  
To cheer me through the day's long toiling ;—  
I love its every change to trace,  
Shaded by thought—in pleasure smiling —  
Amid the world, with pride I see  
All eyes do homage unto thee.

But, oh, this hour is most—most dear,  
When even from the friendly stealing,  
I seek my only pleasures here,  
And fix on thee my every feeling ;  
When thou dost seem all—all mine own ;—  
To live—breathe—smile—for me alone.

And, oh, to guard thee thus from ill,  
No other joy can rank before it ;  
When ev'n thy sleep seems conscious still  
How true a love is watching o'er it !  
Such perfect confidence is shown  
In this defenceless hour alone.

Sleep, thou canst not know the love,  
 Which passes all of outward showing,  
 Much may my looks, words, actions, prove,  
 But how much more untold is glowing!  
 And now, in silent loneliness,  
 It passes all I most express.

A tender sadness melts my soul,  
 And Memory, with her train attending,  
 Seems all her pages to unroll,  
 While Hope her airy dreams is blending.  
 My tears are sweet; yet see not thou,  
 Lest thou mistake their drops for woe.

I think of all I am, the while,  
 Of guilt's dark hours, and life all blasted,  
 And thou the only thing to smile  
 Upon the heart, so widely wasted:  
 Oh, what can tell the rush of thought,  
 With joy, grief, rapture, anguish, fraught!

But with a thrill of keener pain,  
 A shuddering dread has now o'ercome me,  
 That dries those kindly tears again,—  
 Oh, should the future tear thee from me!  
 Ah me, ah me! I hold thee now—  
 Shall I ask ever—where art thou?

I cannot call thee back again,  
 Nor o'er again these joys be living,  
 And thousand worlds were pledged in vain,  
 To give what now this hour is giving;  
 But I shall writhe in fruitless woe,  
 With pangs which—no, I do not know.

Yet wherefore thus perversely run  
 To boded ill from present pleasure?  
 I know not why; but lives there one,  
 Who binds his life in *one* rich treasure,  
 Whom the wild thought has never cross'd  
 "What should I feel, were this but lost?"

Should he now wake, and see my face  
 So changed by passions, fiercely blending,  
 Would he not deem that in my place  
 Some fiend was o'er his pillow bending?

I speak too loud—he seems disturb'd—  
My wild emotion must be curb'd.

Hark, his lips move ; and gently frame,  
In dreamy slumber, words half-broken,  
Ah ! was not that ?—it *is* my name,  
Which by those cherub lips is spoken !  
I feel a thrill of vivid joy,  
To know that I his thoughts employ.

He fear'd, that, ere his eyes could close,  
A weary vigil mine should number,  
Dear innocent ! he little knows  
How quickly youth shakes hands with slumber ;  
E'en ere my voice had soften'd, thou  
Wert in oblivion, deep as now.

Now gently I withdraw my arm,  
Fearful thy quiet sleep of breaking ;  
Thou giv'st no token of alarm,  
And pleased I see thee not awaking ;  
The taper shaded with my hand,  
Gazing on thee a while I stand.

How beautiful in his repose !  
The long dark lash the white lid fringing,  
The rich hair clustering on his brows,  
And the blue vein his forehead tinging.  
What childish innocence display'd,  
E'en in that hand so careless laid !

When to my own near couch I steal,  
I 'll listen still to hear thee breathing,  
'Till with that lullaby I feel  
Sleep's dewy mantle o'er me wreathing !  
How sweet the sound, how welcome—dear,  
Which tells me what I love is near !

But first, ere I can calm recline,  
In silent prayer I kneel beside thee,  
And sue each blessing may be thine,  
Long forfeited, or still denied me.  
Now one last kiss with caution given,  
And I resign my watch to Heaven.



The Sonnets are in general more or less good. The following is in the spirit of Cowper :—

## TO PEACE.

While rapt I lie near this lone waterfall,  
Gazing upon it, 'till at every gush  
The waters seem with wilder force to rush,  
And whiter foam, adown their rocky wall,  
While o'er me, high in air, yon cedars tall  
Wave their wide arms; come, gentlest Peace! and hush  
Each thought, at which thy virgin cheek might blush,  
And, if thou canst, thy empire past recal  
Within my breast. Ah, wherefore shouldst thou fly?  
I do not love the world's turmoiling sphere;  
Ambition never hurl'd me from on high,  
No dreams of wealth excite my hope or fear;  
Then why to me thy soothing voice deny?  
Ah, wherefore vainly do I woo thee here?

The following is tender :—

## THE LOVE, THAT CANNOT DIE.

Oh, dearer than the dearest, through this sea  
Of doubts, and troubles, and perplexing fears,  
Where my frail bark, with trembling caution, steers,  
What is 't, that guides me, but the love of thee?  
'Tis said, that love, with time, will cease to be,  
But mine has stood the silent lapse of years,  
Undimm'd by absence—unefaced by tears,  
Yea, deeper graved by all my misery!  
They said I should forget thee—did they know  
The depth and nature of a love like mine?  
That there are streams, which cannot cease to flow,  
That there are rays which must for ever shine?  
Alas, their eyes are ever fix'd below!  
What should they reckon, or ken of things divine?

There are likewise a few religious pieces, containing more devotion than poetry. It is a common, and, to a considerable extent, a just remark, that religious poetry seldom succeeds. To what is this failure, so far as it exists, to be attributed? Are we to ascribe it to the

overawing nature of the subject? or is it that poets set themselves formally down to write on religious subjects, and that constraint is fatal to genius? or that those who have made the attempt were for the most part deficient in ability? or that their abilities lay in another direction? It is a delicate and a difficult subject; nor is this, perhaps, the place for its discussion. We wish, however, that it were otherwise. The disunion between moral and intellectual beauty is surely an unnatural one. We wish to see all the rays of excellence converge to one point. We wish to see its various branches prove their relationship by a kindly coalition.

We had intended to make some remarks on the melancholy spirit which prevails throughout the present volume, with a reference to the religious sentiments of the writer; but as we are not invested in the judicial robe of the "British Review," or the "Christian Observer," and as besides "The Etonian" is but a novice in such matters, we can only venture a word or two. Mr. Townsend must be well aware that many persons object to Christianity (we speak not of any particular system, but to religion in the abstract,) as inspiring gloom; or, at least, as not affording the consolations which its votaries ascribe to it; and they ground their opinion on the lives and writings of many of its followers. It is easy to reply, that melancholy, arising from constitutional or other causes, has been erroneously attributed to religion; that Cowper's mind was naturally disordered; and that Young and Johnson would have been happier if they had been *more* religious. This may be very true; but will it satisfy the objectors? or is it to be expected that they will take the trouble to investigate all the individual cases? Mr. Townsend has doubtless the promotion of Christian piety at heart; but did it never occur to him, that the publication of a work, in which its power to comfort the afflicted is so little displayed, was so far calculated to prejudice the cause, by adding another to the

list of discouraging examples? The authority of Cowper will probably be canonical with our writer :

“ True Piety is cheerful as the day :  
Can weep, indeed, and have a suffering groan  
For others' woes—but smiles upon her own.”

But we are advancing beyond our depth ; and shall therefore conclude with apologizing to Mr. Townsend for our hasty criticism, and with assuring him that we shall be happy to meet him again.

---

### A WHIMSEY :

WRITTEN IN A LADY'S ALBUM.

———“ When thought is warm, and fancy flows,  
What will not argument sometimes suppose?”

COWPER.

SHOULD chance send down to distant time  
This motley thing of prose and rhyme,  
Which friendly hands have thickly sown  
With others' wisdom—or their own ;  
How will the men of future days,  
(When this one age, with all its blaze  
Of science, war, and minstrel lay,  
Has vanish'd like a cloud away)  
How will they ponder o'er this page,  
The little mirror of an age,  
Reflecting, as it onward winds,  
The outline of departed minds !  
How will they scan with eye intent  
The sparks of song and sentiment,  
Like floating clouds of many a hue,  
Strown o'er the welkin's surface blue !  
To them the record shall unfold  
What their grave fathers were of old ;

What they disliked, and what approved,  
And how they thought and how they loved.  
—There shall the mingled forms appear,  
Of timid Joy, and tender Fear;  
Wisdom, with calm looks fix'd above;  
The spectre of departed Love;  
Ambition's bright and restless eye,  
Still chasing Immortality;  
And downcast Sorrow, in her shroud;  
And young Hope, laughing through the cloud;  
And Nature, in her robe of green,  
Shall 'midst the varied group be seen.

Their hearts, as o'er the page they stray,  
Shall feel its sympathetic sway;  
For the same summer-breeze that blew  
In days of yore, delights us too:  
And the same loves, and joys, and fears,  
Are still man's lot through endless years.  
And Hope's full blood shall mantle high,  
And Pity weep o'er woes gone by,  
And Worth shall kindle at the lays  
That flow in Truth's and Virtue's praise;  
And youthful Love shall blush, when told  
How youthful lovers felt of old;  
And Beauty heave the half-heard sigh  
For unrequited constancy.

—And they shall think upon the lot  
Of those who lived when they were not,  
Whose being yet with theirs was twined,  
With that sweet feeling, undefined,  
Wherewith we view the days gone by  
Of unremember'd infancy.

—And while delighted they survey  
These relics of an earlier day,  
They'll think well pleased of her, whose hand  
Combined them in one fragrant band,  
And bade them bloom in endless prime,  
Like flow'rets on the tomb of Time.

G. M.

## ESSAY ON LIONS.

*This.* This is old Ninny's tomb.

*Lion.* Oh !— (*The Lion roars.*)

*Dem.* Well roared, Lion.

*Theo.* Well run, Thisbe.

*Dem.* And then came Pyramus.

*Lys.* And so the Lion vanished."

MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM.

It is not a little remarkable, that among the many eminent Naturalists, ancient and modern, with whose writings we are acquainted, no one, as far as we know, has made any mention of that extraordinary species, the British Lion. Juvenal says, that the English whale or shark was the largest of its kind; and common experience will teach us, that although since his time this animal has taken to a land life, yet even still he retains many traits of his original character, and can drink and duck, bite and spout, better than any Frenchman or gudgeon of them all. But no poet has celebrated, or philosopher described, the much more astonishing creature of British growth which we first mentioned. The silence of foreigners we shall attribute to envy; but the silence of our own countrymen is to us quite inexplicable, seeing that this famous island has not wanted most able heralds of her fame, in all its parts; and even Goldsmith has devoted sundry pages of accurate English to so common an object as a cow. Every one has heard of the African Lion, and of the Asiatic Lion, and of the American Lion: there are Black Lions, White Lions, and Red Lions; there are Lions *rampant*, Lions *couchant*, and Lions *regardant*; there are the Lion and the Unicorn under the King's crown; there are the Lions in the Tower, and Lions in Exeter 'Change; and finally, there is Mr. Kean's Lion. But with these we have nothing to

do ; we have nothing to say against them ; but after all, the most they can do is, to shake a mane, if they have one, grovel on four feet, give a roar, and go to sleep. But the Lion we have our eyes upon is a Lion indeed, worthy of being called, as in reality he is, the King of Beasts ; and not only so, but of men also ; and what is more, of the inanimate creation to boot.

“ Quale portentum neque militaris  
Daunia in latis alit esculetis ;  
Nec Jubæ tellus generat, leonum  
Arida Nutrix.”

We, being raw and inexperienced striplings, know but little of nature and the world, and therefore will not presume to offer any thing in the shape of a complete account of this noble animal ; all that we can manage with ease and certainty is, to note down some of his prominent peculiarities, and to quote instances of his appearance and reality, as they have chanced to fall under our own inspection. 1stly—He can at pleasure be of either sex, of any shape, of all ranks, and of all ages. 2dly—He can be a thousand things at once, and yet be one indivisible Lion, with various Lionets within himself. 3dly—He can die when he likes, and be any inanimate substance ; or he can resolve himself into thin air, and revive again. And lastly—He can be and not be at the same moment (which is just the secret Hamlet might have learnt, if he had proceeded on his voyage to England) ; and, what is more, he will not unfrequently change himself into the person who denies his existence ; or, in other words, a man may become a Lion when himself gazing upon a Lion.

No part of England is without this universal creature. Far from partaking in the sulky solitary spirit of his forest namesake, he affects society, and the most crowded walks of public life ; and, though there is no difficulty in finding them at the Lakes in Cumberland, or the Moun-

tains in Wales, yet I question if a stranger will ever see more Lions, full grown, and of greater beauty, than in London itself. There is a fine menagerie of active Lions in the Park, especially on a Sunday; and, what is well worthy of remark, they are constantly seen taking their airing in chariots, landaus, coaches, gigs, curricles, and tandems; nay, hundreds literally ride about on horseback, their steeds being so well trained as not to be frightened at the approach of this animal. Bond-street maintains a very respectable number; and vast numbers of well-dressed Lions walk up and down St. James's-street every day, from three to five. But the grandest collection seen in this country for many years was shown on the 19th of this month at Westminster, where the Lion of England appeared under all his shapes, underwent all his modifications, and displayed all his wonderful properties, active, passive, and neuter. A friend of ours walked down from the Temple to see the Coronation, and his account is as follows:—"The first Lion I *heard* only, viz. the roaring of the guns from the brig moored between the Bridges, which made the Strand shake again; then there was a moderate Lion, in the shape of a string of coaches, from Temple-Bar to the barrier in Charing-Cross, at four in the morning; at eight a most remarkable Lion, in a coach and six, attended by a Lord and two Ladies, made its appearance, and caused a great disturbance amongst the multitude, some applauding the Lion's splendid dress and gay demeanour, and others complaining that the Keepers were to blame in letting it loose on such an occasion, and some few thought the Lion itself should have known better than to attempt to force a passage where there was no room, and persist in going up Parliament-street, whereas the Lord Chamberlain had appointed Little George-street for the exit of all carriages, whether hackneys or not. I waited till the procession passed, and then there arose wonders on

wonders, in the transformations and legerdemain tricks of this animal. I heard many people around me say, Miss Fellowes, with her fair companions, was a Lion; some seemed to think the Herald Kings at Arms were Lions; and, indeed, it is agreed by all that one of them *was* a *Lion*. There were some good folks who thought they discovered a Lion in the shape of a certain Alderman; but this was strenuously denied by others, who declared they saw nothing lionlike in the said Alderman at all. There were few who did not allow the Judges and Bishops to be Lions in their way; and I heard a young Templar say, with a grin, that he wished he had a good *lien* upon the Lord Chancellor. This I did not understand, for I have not met with it in the first volume of Blackstone. But, without any dispute, and I hope I may say it without being guilty of treason, His Most Excellent Majesty, King George, was by far the greatest Lion there: every one seemed to recognise him as they would have done a friend in the crowd; the whole vast mass of the multitude rose and shouted with a feeling that made the blood start and dance; and the women waved their handkerchiefs, and the trumpets blew the notes of gratulation, and the bells rung merrily and fast, and the cannons rolled their thunders round this indescribable scene. The object of this unequalled enthusiasm was evidently affected, and in this instance, as always, the Lion of England bowed from his high estate, and returned an answer to thousands, which every individual felt to be his own.

“I had become so familiarized to these great Lions, that walking home in the evening through the Park, with a friend who had been a Page to a Peer, I was at a loss to understand the meaning of the crowd’s stopping and forming round us, and gazing and laughing, until, upon a little reflection, I found out the cause—I was arm-in-arm with a young Lion. I forgot to say that Prince Esterhazy’s coat was the greatest Lion in the



Abbey before the procession entered, and that the Duke de Grammont's glass coach and running *basques* have become a most prodigious Lion in the West End."

This is our friend's account, and we shall only remark upon it, that even foreigners, however they may be secure from such transfiguration in their own countries, seldom escape becoming Lions when they display themselves and their attendants within the influence of the atmosphere of England. After the Lions of the Coronation it would be flat and unprofitable to descend into further particulars, and detail the infinitely-varied species of this animal which show themselves in the Universities, at Brighton, and at Eton; lately, indeed, we have been informed that some Tigers were seen in the Senate House at Cambridge, but, upon accurate investigation by competent judges, it was fully ascertained that the said Tigers, although rather differently spotted, were in fact nothing more or less than common Lions of the country. For this important fact we have Dr. Clarke's word, who presided at the Committee appointed to examine these Tigers, and who having seen more Lions, Foreign and English, dead and alive, existing and not existing, than most other men, will, we are quite sure, be held sufficient authority for us to acquiesce in.

We had intended originally to have written a longer and a wittier article; we had prepared many jests, many pleasant conceits, many delicate *double entendres*; but we know not how it is, but we feel heavy and listless,—and a kind of gloominess, settling fast round our hearts, clogs up the passages of the animal spirits, and puts us out of temper with the very joke which totters upon the point of our pens. Can this be death? or are these the foretokens of immediate dissolution? Is this the last time we shall see ourselves in print?—Yes, the very last time! This is the sea-mark of our utmost sail. Hereafter never shall poor Gerard dogmatize about subjects of

which he knows just nothing at all; neither shall the gentle Frederick sport pleasingly, or the gentler Bellamy simper soothingly, in the handywork of Mr. Charles Knight. We have been for this last year—that is, “the Etonian,” in whom we live and breathe, has been unquestionably the greatest Lion of Eton: we appeal to all parties with confidence, whether he has not behaved himself very orderly, and like a quiet beast as he is; and when he roared, did he not “roar you as sweet as ’t were any nightingale?” The complex body and soul of the Eton Lion is about to die;—when the world reads this, on Election Saturday, he, in his corporate capacity, will be dead, and those, who contributed to form his existence, and who partook in his importance, will themselves be reduced again to plain human nature, and restored once more to the use of two feet. Yet a moment—we would fain say something to the excellent Person who rules this royal menagerie: he has been, to us at least, a kind and an instructive Keeper, and he may with perfect security put his arm, or even his head, into our mouth, and we here engage, *foi de Lion*, not to bite it off. To the Fair Ones;—if they have frowned upon us, we say that never came frowns from so sweet a quarter:—if they have smiled, we say—or rather we will say no more; for what saith the discreet *Bottom*?—

“Masters, you ought to consider with yourselves; to bring in, God shield us! a Lion among Ladies, is a most dreadful thing; for there is not a mere fearful wildfowl than your Lion living; and we ought to look to it.

“*Snout*. Therefore, another prologue must tell, he is not a Lion.

“*Bot*. Nay, you must name his name, and half his face must be seen through the Lion’s neck; and he himself must speak through, saying thus, or to the same defect,—Ladies, or fair ladies, I would wish you, or, I would request you, or, I would entreat you, not to fear, not to tremble: my life for yours. If you think I come hither as a Lion, it were pity of my life. No, I am no such thing; I am a man as other men are:—and there, indeed, let him name his name, and tell them plainly he is——”

G. M.

## ELLEN :

## A SIMPLE TALE.

———“ A mermaid on a dolphin's back,  
Uttering such dulcet and harmonious breath,  
That the rude sea grew civil at her song.”

SHAKSPEARE.

ABOUT six years ago I was staying at —, a watering-place on the Sussex coast. It was one of the fine mornings in July, when the Sun had just risen above the top of the wave, and was scattering around his bright, warm rays; that having taken my customary dipping, I had wandered unthinkingly along the shore, admiring the impending grandeur of those tall cliffs, which, in the language of our great tragic bard,

———“ Beat back the envious siege  
Of wat'ry Neptune.”

I had trodden the same path the evening before, and it was my amusement in these marine perambulations to inspect the crevices of the rocks, and to carry home with me the most beautiful shells that chance threw in my way. I had rather a taste for conchology, and had made no inconsiderable collection of the specimens of our own shores;—one group of rocks I had found particularly fertile in rarities, and these I had very nearly approached. A peculiar jutting out of the cliff at that place hid them from the sight till you were close upon them; I had nearly, in the marine phrase, doubled this promontory, when my progress was arrested by the sound of a female voice, chaunting some beautiful air in a very plaintive tone. I stood to listen—the words, as far as I can remember, were these:—

“ Edward is gone—and I know not whether  
His spirit may rest on land or sea ;  
O would that, love, we had sail’d together,  
Or, thou hadst never been torn from me !

Ellen is sighing, but nought is nigh,  
To pity her moan but the wind and wave ;—  
The gull shall soon, from her roost on high,  
Sing a lullaby dirge over Ellen’s grave.”

The voice ceased. I advanced a few steps to the other side of the cliff, and the figure of the lovely warbler, reclining on one of the tallest of the rocks, was before my sight. Her long black ringlets were streaming down her neck, and her eye was fixed steadfastly on the horizon. She had her back towards me, which prevented her observing my approach. I thought I perceived her lips moving, as if muttering something to herself ; and on a sudden giving a glance over the sea, she resumed her song :—

“ I ’ll recline on this rock, and the wave shall bear  
My paly form to that favoured shore  
Where Edward is breathing a distant air,  
’Mid the fury of war and the cannons’ roar.”

I had been gradually advancing towards her ;—as she uttered the last words her voice faltered, and she seemed falling. I rushed forward and supported her. She started at finding some one by her side, and, looking up with a listless air, “ You are not Edward,” she said, “ Edward sailed last week.” Her dark black eye was turned upon me as she spoke ; but there was a languor in her gaze, that seemed to say her thoughts were not on what she was about : her countenance was interesting, and had been beautiful, but sickness or sorrow had spread a pallid hue over her features ; and though at times a transient hectic would flush her cheek, it soon passed away.—“ Edward sailed last week,” she cried ;—“ Ellen buckled on his sword,—and Edward smiled on

Ellen;—but he is gone to the wars—I shall never see him more.” I was still supporting her, and, as she uttered these words, a hot tear fell upon my hand. I cannot describe my feelings at that moment; there was a thrill through my frame; and I began to feel a lively interest for the lovely stranger and her misfortunes. She observed what had happened; and pulling out a white pocket-handkerchief, with an air of the greatest simplicity, gently wiped my hand. “Edward will come back,” said I, scarcely knowing what I uttered: “Come back!” she cried, starting from her seat, and staring full in my face; “Ah, no! you’re joking with poor Ellen;—but you’re a kind man, and you are kind to Ellen—Edward shall thank you.” She put her hand into her bosom, and pulling out an amulet cross, which was suspended by a purple ribbon from her neck, “Look,” she said, “this is what Edward gave me—‘Good-by, Ellen!’ said he; but Ellen could not say ‘good-by’—and he flung this round me—(she gave a wild stare).—There is a mist over the rest—I often harass this poor head, but I cannot remember any more.” It was easily to be perceived that her intellects were deranged, and I was unwilling to leave the unfortunate girl in that situation. I gently raised her; and, seemingly unconscious of what she was doing, she walked on by my side. We had not proceeded far along the shore, when a man and woman came running towards us, in breathless anxiety, who appeared to be searching for something they had lost. On recognizing the poor girl, who was hanging in listless apathy on my arm, I saw a sudden flush of joy pass over the countenance of the old woman, and they both gazed alternately on me and her:—the old man was the first to break silence, and asked me, in rather an angry tone, “What I was doing with his daughter?” I related to him the circumstances of our meeting, and what had since happened. They thanked me in very affectionate terms for my kindness, and then, turning to

their daughter, loaded her with caresses and questions ; but she seemed lost in thought, and not at all to understand their meaning. On the way home they related to me her history: they informed me, that they themselves were attendants on the bathing-machines, and for the last twenty years had gained, by their joint endeavours, in that occupation, a comfortable livelihood ;—their only daughter, the unfortunate heroine of my tale, had a few months back fixed her affections on a young man of a neighbouring village ; their attachment was reciprocal ; and the day had been appointed for their marriage—but her love some time before had enlisted in the \*\*\* regiment, and the whole corps had been suddenly ordered off to the Continent: the poor girl had been inconsolable from the time she first heard the news ; they continually found her in tears, and all attempts to comfort her were in vain ; she attended him on board the ship that was to convey him away, and clinging to his arms, was for a long time unable to be separated. When the vessel was under weigh, they were obliged to carry her off by force: she fell into a swoon, and was conveyed home in a state of insensibility: being put to bed, in a short time she was in a high fever. They obtained for her what little medical assistance their means could afford, and were in hopes that she had been gradually recovering—but her grief preyed upon her mind, and though the fever had left her, her intellects were materially injured. Though they sat by her bedside, and paid her the most affectionate attentions that tenderness could dictate, she seemed not to recognise them, or to be conscious of their presence. Her Edward was always uppermost in her thoughts; and though lost to every thing else, she seemed to have a distant recollection of the scene she had been last engaged in. On the morning in question; they had gone out to their usual avocations, and had left her still lying in bed ; on their return they were astonished and alarmed at finding the bed empty,

and her clothes not in their place;—they inquired among the neighbours, but could find no intelligence of her: they at length heard that she had been seen pacing silently along the shore, and had accordingly proceeded in search of her, not without a fear that, in the deranged state of her mind, she might commit some act of desperation, before they would be able to prevent it. This simple narration of the poor girl's affection interested me extremely. While I remained at the place, I paid frequent visits to their cottage, and thought at last I could perceive a gradual amendment in poor Ellen's health; she at times exhibited signs of returning recollection, though her general discourse was of the little circumstances that had taken place during her last intercourses with Edward. I took an interest in her welfare, and rejoiced to think she was recovering; but, alas! how futile are human hopes! I was soon after called away from the place, and circumstances prevented my return during two years. I was then accidentally passing through, and stopped for a couple of hours, that I might inquire after Ellen. The path, that led to her cottage, was through the churchyard; and in going along my attention was attracted by a tombstone of rude sculpture, that seemed newly erected. I walked up to it to read the inscription—it was simply this:—

To the memory of  
Ellen Meston,  
This stone was erected by  
Edward Godalwin.  
She died in a deranged state of mind,  
April 3, 1817.  
Sleep on, sweet maid!  
Soon we shall meet again.

I stood for a moment steadfastly gazing on this stone, and unconscious of any thing around me. The recollections of my former adventure crowded on my mind—I remembered her interesting features—her affectionate

simplicity. "Poor Ellen," said I, "thy roses were nipped, when they were beginning to expand;—thine was an unhappy lot here, but thou art gone to a better world, where sorrow and care are not." I felt a tear trickling down my cheek, which recalled me to myself. I took a last look on the stone, and proceeded on my way. "Is sensibility a blessing?" thought I, as I walked pensively along. "Surely not. It may refine the passions—it may give a tone to the affections—but it makes us feel the thorns of life doubly acute: yet it is an amiable virtue, and one which we cannot refrain from admiring."

The gate of the little garden in the front of their cottage was open; the flower-beds, which I used formerly to admire for their neatness, were trampled on and in disorder. The old people were removing their furniture, preparatory to their departure for a neighbouring village. They were surprised to see me, but received me with cordiality. I perceived that my presence recalled unpleasant remembrances, and therefore determined that my visit should be short. I was informed that Edward had returned from the war, with a wooden leg and a pension. He was told of the affection and despondency of Ellen; but arrived only in time to see the first grass springing up on her grave. His grief is deep, but not violent; he has ordered that stone to be erected as a memorial of their loves—and his greatest pleasure is to visit at evening the green sod, which he allows not to be trampled on, or injured. The old woman opened a little work-box, and, producing a small net purse, placed it in my hand. My initials were on the side:—it was, she said, the work of her daughter during her illness, which she had desired, if ever I returned, should be given to me as a token of remembrance.

Poor Ellen! years have passed away, since the time I last gazed on your pale form—since the time I shed a tear of compassion on the turf that enshrouded it; but



the purse—the last relic of your affection—the *memento* of your kindness, remains still whole and inviolate; it is treasured up amid the most precious of my earthly possessions;—and whenever I indulge myself with gazing on it, an involuntary tear starts to the eye of

CHARLES BELLAMY.

# MAIMOUNE:—A POEM.

## CANTO I.

“ Marriage is—’Gad!—a cursed bore.”—GOLIGHTLY.

### I.

In those fantastic days, when elves and fairies  
 Held high command o’er sublunary things,  
 And teased us mortals with as mad vagaries  
 As ever sprung from bard’s imaginings,  
 Playing strange pranks in cellars and in dairies,  
 Riding the Nightmare o’er the breasts of kings;  
 Souring good beer, cow-milking, and cream-skimming,  
 And thumping clowns by night, and pinching women:

### II.

When madcap Oberon reign’d in all his glory,  
 Now holding Kinglike quarrels with his Queen;  
 And now with Puck upon the promontory,  
 Seeing such sights as since were never seen;  
 There lived, renown’d in Oriental story,  
 A mighty King—we’ll call him Fadladeen,  
 Because his name’s not mention’d by the Lady  
 Whose tale I borrow, Queen Scheherazade.

## III.

Fame says he reign'd with wondrous approbation,  
(Especially of courtiers and bashaws;)   
In times of peace was mild in his taxation,  
And made some very creditable laws;  
Indeed, in their invidious situation,  
Few Monarchs ever gain'd so much applause;  
In private life, a truth I can't evade is,  
He was a perfect devil with the Ladies.

## IV.

He had a most inveterate aversion  
To matrimonial fetters; and he swore,  
In oaths befitting so sublime a person,  
That 'twas unworthy of the crown he wore,  
And inconsistent with the State's exertion,  
To wed a number that exceeded four;  
And so, to give his royal conscience ease,  
He had four Wives, and sixty Mistresses.

## V.

It seems that this arrangement was ill-made, for  
He had no issue, save an only son,  
Whom twelve long years he had devoutly pray'd for,  
To all his country's Gods;—when all was done  
This single boy would have been cheaply paid for  
By the oblation of his Father's throne;  
For in all lands, from Araby to Arragon,  
The Sun ne'er saw so wonderful a paragon.

## VI.

I don't intend to give a long narration  
Of his surpassing beauty, for I hate  
Your cursed, detail'd, minute enumeration  
Of cheeks, eyes, noses, lips, hair, shape, and gait.

It is enough that he became his station,  
 He look'd, and walk'd, and spoke, and drank, and ate,  
 As for a Hero of Romance 't is meet  
 To look, and walk, and speak, and drink, and eat.

VII.

You may suppose the youngster was a pet,  
 E'en from his cradle, a spoil'd child indeed ;  
 The self-will'd tyrant of the Haram ; yet  
 It seem'd no spoiling could with him succeed.  
 'Twas very rarely he was known to fret,  
 And very quickly did he learn to read ;  
 At four years old, I've heard, he wrote some verses  
 To a lame, humpback'd daughter of his Nurse's.

VIII.

And years pass'd swiftly o'er him, and he grew  
 In stature and in strength ; his Tutors swore  
 (And I believe that it was strictly true)  
 His Royal Highness knew a vast deal more  
 Than the most erudite of all their crew ;  
 In fact, they found it an exceeding bore,  
 Whether for pleasure or for pride he task'd them,  
 To answer half the questions that he ask'd them.

IX.

He was a great proficient in Astrology ;  
 The best Accomptant in his sire's dominions ;  
 Had dipp'd in Mathematics ; in Theology  
 'Twas thought he held heretical opinions ;  
 But this was doubtful :—in all sorts of knowledge he  
 Was an adept, but on the Muse's pinions  
 'Twas his delight to soar ; when mounted on 'em, he  
 Cared little for political economy.

## X.

An earnest lover of the Muse was he,  
And did her bidding for her own sweet sake ;  
Nor Fame he sigh'd for, nor aspired to be  
A star among the great ; but in the lake  
Which flows around the dome of Poesy  
He long'd the fever of his thirst to slake ;  
And drink the Music in his soul, which springs  
From her deep, holy, lone imaginings.

## XI.

No proud intents, no purposes sublime  
Had he, nor care for glory not to die ;  
No aspirations over Fate and Time,  
Nor longings after Immortality.  
He was no builder of the lofty rhyme,  
His own glad thoughts were all his Poesy ;  
He call'd his Album, in quaint terms of praise,  
His "register of comfortable days."

## XII.

And thus, from all his bosom's best affections,  
And sweet emotions, not unmix'd with pain,  
From childhood's hopes, and boyhood's recollections,  
And many a roving thought that cross'd his brain,  
Season'd with here and there some grave reflections,  
He framed a sort of desultory strain.  
Of course at Court his rhyming gain'd much credit  
From all who had, and some who hadn't read it.

## XIII.

And thus his boyhood slid in smiles away,  
And he was nigh upon his sixteenth year,  
When, as it fell upon a certain day,  
He had a summons straightway to appear

Before his Father ; as he went, they say,  
 His young limbs shook with an unusual fear ;  
 He had a strange presentiment, no doubt,  
 That some infernal mischief was about.

XIV.

His gracious Father had it seems discern'd  
 (He was a Prince of infinite sagacity ;)  
 Or it may be, by long experience learn'd,  
 (Which much confirm'd him in his pertinacity,)
 That youthful blood with headstrong passion burn'd,  
 And play'd the deuce with Princes ; so, to dash it, he  
 Forgot his own antipathies, and swore  
 His son should marry, and run wild no more.

XV.

He had moreover, as his subjects thought,  
 Some more conclusive reasons of his own ;  
 The King of China would have dearly bought  
 Just then a close alliance with his Throne ;  
 And had a most enchanting daughter, sought  
 By the East's proudest, yet the Maiden shone  
 Unmated still, and fancy-free, enshrined  
 In the pure brightness of her vestal mind.

XVI.

She had seen fifteen summers ; Youth had wrapp'd her  
 In its most radiant loveliness ; no glance  
 Of her wild eyes ere shone without a capture,  
 E'en through her veil ; and oh ! to see her dance !  
 Why 't would have kill'd our British beaux with rapture,  
 And caused a "great sensation" e'en in France.  
 Her voice of Music wander'd through men's ears,  
 And, when most mirthful, fill'd their eyes with tears.

## XVII.

Badoura! fair Badoura! would thy charms  
Might float before my bliss-bewilder'd vision!  
Would I might once enfold thee in my arms,  
And fancy thou wert mine in dreams Elysian!  
I think I then could laugh at Care's alarms,  
And hold the bluest devils in derision;  
For ever could we live (my Muse and I)  
On the remembrance of that ecstasy.

## XVIII.

I own it has not been my boyhood's lot  
To fall in love so often as is common;  
My early flames were speedily forgot,  
Replaced but slowly; though the name of woman  
Has always occupied a decent spot  
In my affections, and I'm sure that no man  
Can write more highly than I wrote of late  
Of the enjoyments of the married state.\*

## XIX.

But, though I grieve extremely to declare it, I  
Feel bound to tell what I esteem the truth;  
That female beauty is, in fact, a rarity  
E'en in the gay, unwrinkled cheeks of youth.  
In number, as in charms, there's a disparity  
Between the plain and pretty, and in sooth  
I meet, at present, with few female eyes  
Whose smiles remind me much of Paradise.

## XX.

Yet have I dwelt, for many a pleasant week, in  
A land whose women are the boast of fame;  
Hail to the peerless belles around the Wrekin!  
Hail to each wedded and unwedded dame!

---

\* Godiva, stanza XLII.

Though really (unpoetically speaking)  
 With *three* exceptions, whom I dare not name,  
 I wouldn't give the value of a gooseberry  
 For all the beauty that I've found in S———

## XXI.

Oh! gentle Lady, with the dark-brown hair  
 Braided above thy melancholy eyes,  
 And pale, thin cheek so delicately fair,  
 And voice so full of woman's sympathies;  
 Woe for thy beauty! the fell demon, Care,  
 Too soon hath made thy tender heart his prize;  
 Too soon those smiles, which ever and anon  
 Threw sunshine o'er thy loveliness, are gone.

## XXII.

Lonely art thou amid the fluttering crowd  
 That throngs the gay and gilded drawing-room;  
 For aye enwrapp'd and darken'd in a cloud  
 Of cheerless and impenetrable gloom.  
 The heartless glances of the gay and proud,  
 Which dwelt so rudely on thy beauty's bloom,  
 Pass thy pale cheek unheeding, and despise  
 The dimness of thy sorrow-speaking eyes.

## XXIII.

Yet when perchance a happier maid hath woken  
 The sweetness of some old-remember'd air,  
 Whose touching music to thy heart hath spoken  
 Of the old days that were so passing fair:  
 I've seen the spell that hangs around thee broken  
 By rising visions of the things that were;  
 And thy faint blush and gushing tears have told  
 That crush'd affections have not yet grown cold.

VOL. III.

Q

## XXIV.

But oh! to me most lovely and most loved,  
In thy calm hour of dreaming solitude;  
When I have track'd thy footsteps as they roved  
Through the thick mazes of the tangled wood;  
Or to sweet sadness by the story moved,  
By thy fair side, in mute attention, stood,  
Still in thine eyes my lovesick bosom sunning—  
But where the devil is my fancy running?

## XXV.

The fair Badoura had conceived a whim in  
Her lovely head, of wisdom most profound;  
Her brain in wild fantastic dreams was swimming,  
Such as with maidens now and then abound,  
But rarely vex the pates of married women—  
She fancied she might search the world around,  
And find no husband in its dreary waste,  
To suit her very reasonable taste.

## XXVI.

And she had sworn by every good Divinity  
That ever on Olympus had a throne,  
That, should her days be lengthen'd to infinity,  
No husband ever should unloose her zone,  
Nor steal the jewel of her bright virginity;  
That treasure should, at least, remain her own.  
'Twas a strange whim, but what the stranger fact is,  
She seem'd resolved to put the whim in practice.

## XXVII.

She knelt before her sire, that gentle maid,  
Like young Dfana at the feet of Jove,  
(As mentioned by Callimachus) and pray'd  
By all her peace on earth, and hopes above,



That if she ever had his will obey'd,  
 If he did ever his dear daughter love,  
 He would permit her still to live and die  
 In calm, unsullied, sinless chastity.

XXVIII.

And much she argued on the wiles of men,  
 Their base deceit, their gross dissimulation,  
 Their falsehood and their cruelty; and then  
 She praised the virtues of a single station:  
 And "if she should be married, when, oh! when  
 Could she enjoy such mirth and recreation,  
 Such joyous freedom, such unbounded sport,  
 As she was used to at her father's court?"

XXIX.

Ah! poor Bâdoura! in a luckless hour  
 Thou com'st to urge thine innocent intreaty;  
 No, though thy bright and eloquent eyes should shower  
 A sea of tears upon thy father's feet, he  
 Will never yield to their persuasive pow'r!—  
 He had, in fact, just ratified a treaty  
 By which his daughter was declared the Queen  
 Of the young hopeful heir of Fadladeen.

XXX.

For six whole months the mischief had been brewing  
 With such sagacious secrecy, that few  
 Suspected half the plans that were pursuing,  
 And not a soul in all the kingdom knew  
 That his respected Monarch had been doing  
 What none but Monarchs have the face to do;  
 And sign'd the contract which he felt would sever  
 His child from hope and happiness for ever.

## XXXI.

Alas! poor Royalty! how far removed  
Art thou from all the blessedness of earth!  
Is 't not enough that thou hast never proved  
The bliss of friendship, nor enjoy'd the mirth  
Of happy spirits, loving and beloved?  
Is 't not enough that thou must feel the dearth  
Of cheering looks, and languidly repress  
The hollow smiles of palace heartlessness?

## XXXII.

Is 't not enough that tranquil sleep is driven  
From thy uneasy pillow?—that thy brain  
Must throb for ever, and thy heart be riven  
With weariness and care, and scarce retain  
A dream obscure, a wandering ray of heav'n,  
So closely fetter'd by the earth's dull chain?  
Is 't not enough that Fancy's self hath left  
Thy broken slumber of her joys bereft?

## XXXIII.

Oh! is not this enough? but must thou link  
Thy care-worn heart to an unloving mate;  
And for the bliss of chaste affection, drink  
The bitter cup of carelessness or hate,  
Unsolaced and unpitied?—Canst thou think  
There is on earth a thing so desolate  
As thou, who yielddest for thy tinsel prize  
Love's self, our last faint ray from Paradise?

## XXXIV.

So felt perchance Badoura, as she knelt  
Before her father with her strange petition:  
Oh! in her voice what sweet persuasion dwelt!  
How moving was her look of meek submission!

I don't know how her gracious father felt,  
 But he was far too great a politician  
 To let absurd, intrusive feelings glance  
 Through his profound and passionless countenance.

XXXV.

He simply answer'd, that "he quite agreed  
 In every single syllable she'd said ;  
 Such notions were most amiable indeed,  
 And did much credit to her heart and head.  
 He only grieved that there was urgent need  
 That she should set off instantly to wed  
 The heir apparent of a distant State—  
 Her resolution had been form'd too late."

XXXVI.

This was not what Badoura had expected,  
 And a distracting scene of course ensued ;  
 The Maid declared the match must be rejected,  
 The King swore roundly, "d——n him if it should :  
 She ought to jump to be so well connected ;"—  
 She still persisted that she never would :  
 He swore that she must do as she was bid,  
 And should be lock'd up closely till she did.

XXXVII.

Poor girl, they shut her in a lonely tower,  
 (O! subject meet for melancholy verse ;)  
 Nor would the old hard-hearted brute allow her  
 One poor companion, save her kind old Nurse.  
 'Twas a sad stretch of arbitrary power,  
 For the convenience of his privy purse :  
 (I own to me it seems extremely funny  
 How money matters mix with matrimony.)

## XXXVIII.

In the mean time, while all the Chinese court  
 Was in confusion with this pleasant scene,  
 Another, quite as pleasant of the sort,  
 Was acting by the Prince and Fadladeen.  
 But 't would be indecorous to report  
 Such angry squabbles as should ne'er have been.  
 The Youth, in short, was of the Lady's mind,  
 And like the Lady was the Youth confined.

## XXXIX.

Judge not, fair dames, too harshly of his heart,  
 Nor deem it quite to your attractions blind,  
 Insensible and dead to Cupid's dart,  
 And careless of the eyes of womankind,  
 Perhaps some luckier beauties had the start  
 Of poor Badoura in his wayward mind;  
 Perhaps some young Court-Siren's fascination  
 Within his breast had caused a palpitation.

## XL.

Perhaps—but no—the truth must be confess'd;  
 No *woman* had dominion o'er his soul;  
 His eye had wander'd o'er earth's loveliest,  
 And still his heart was free from their control:  
 Yet did he madly love, and o'er his rest  
 Dreams of such bright and passionate beauty stole,  
 As oft in slumber to the Poet's eyes  
 Disclose the long-lost joys of Paradise.

## XLI.

He was, I said, a Poet from his birth,  
 And fairyland around his boyhood shone;  
 His soul drank in the beauty of the earth  
 With fervent joy, but near his Father's throne

How did he feel of kindred souls the dearth !  
 How sigh for some beloved and loving one,  
 To whom he might in solitude reveal  
 Bliss which the hearts around him could not feel !

XLII.

So he grew pensive, and at times would wander  
 Through lonely dell, and unfrequented wood ;  
 And on his fate in deep abstraction ponder,  
 And in his more imaginative mood  
 Would picture to himself a dream of wonder,  
 A lot he would have chosen if he could ;  
 And shadow out a creature who would be  
 The gentle sharer of his sympathy.

XLIII.

And then he search'd the tomes of old romance,  
 (I don't know how he got romances) there  
 He cull'd from many a heroine's countenance  
 The traits he thought most exquisitely fair ;  
 From one he stole her eyes' o'erwhelming glance,  
 And from another clipp'd her auburn hair :  
 From this her lips, from that her blushes stole,  
 And from five hundred form'd one lovely whole.

XLIV.

And then for taste and feeling, sense and wit,  
 With which this dainty creature must abound ;  
 Again he search'd all Tales that e'er were writ,  
 And chose the brightest models that he found ;  
 Which blending with his dreamings, in a fit  
 Of joy he swore that all the world around  
 No living beauty could be found so bright  
 As that which swam in his Quixottic sight.

## XLV.

'Twas ever with him, this imagined form ;  
And as the wayward fancy stronger grew,  
The bright creation shone in hues so warm,  
So palpably apparent to his view,  
That he grew quite enraptured, and a storm  
Of such wild passion on his bosom blew,  
That in his fits he deem'd the vision real,  
And fell in love with this bright shape ideal.

## XLVI.

It was a silly fancy—never mind ;  
It made him happy, if it made him mad :  
The worst on't was he couldn't feel resign'd  
To execute the orders of his Dad.  
But when he was, in consequence, confined,  
Wrapp'd in this vision, he was seldom sad.  
The King imagined that the boy was frantic,  
Though the fact was he only was romantic.

## XLVII.

The good old Monarch loved his headstrong son,  
(Though 't was a cruel measure, I must say,  
A thing which no wise Father would have done,  
To lock him up in that outrageous way ;)  
And, fearing sorely that his wits were gone,  
He bled and dosed him every other day.  
'Twas all in vain,—no physic could remove  
His wild, ideal, solitary love.

## XLVIII.

Affairs bore now a most forlorn appearance,  
Both Monarchs were confoundedly afraid,  
That, spite of their parental interference,  
The marriage would be grievously delay'd.

Though both had hopes, they said, "that in a year hence  
 They might perhaps contrive to be obey'd."  
 So in this state we'll leave them for the present,  
 And turn to prospects rather less unpleasant.

## XLIX.

I don't know how, for many a weary line  
 I've prosed of courtship, wedlock, love, and fighting,  
 Till I've arrived at Stanza forty-nine,  
 And grown half-weary of the stuff I'm writing;  
 And yet (confound this stupid head of mine)  
 Ne'er thought, one single moment, of inditing  
 A strain of soft and eulogistic flummery,  
 On *your* approaching nuptials, Miss Montgomery.

## L.

A little while—a few short weeks—and thou  
 Shalt go forth gaily in thy bridal dress;  
 Serene, yet bearing on thy modest brow  
 The timid blush of virgin bashfulness.  
 And thou shalt pledge the irrevocable vow,  
 And utter (if thou canst) the fatal "Yes"  
 At which most ladies' lips are apt to falter,  
 When they come fairly to the marriage altar.

## LL.

Thou hast done wisely—thy young eloquent eyes  
 Long might with gentle victories have shone;  
 Well dost thou choose, for many a fleeting prize,  
 The better triumph of securing one.  
 Well dost thou choose, for many a lover's sighs,  
 A husband's smile; and since we can't but own  
 That you were form'd for doing execution,  
 The more praiseworthy is your resolution.

## LII.

But we shall miss, beside our quiet hearth,  
 The delicate form, the sunshine of thine eye,  
 The frankness of thy laughter-loving mirth,  
 Thy voice so rich in sweetest melody ;  
 And when I seek this dearest spot of Earth,  
 From my world-weary roving, I shall sigh  
 To meet no longer in my Father's hall  
 The fairest face, the lightest step of all.

## LIII.

I'll write a fine description in the papers  
 Of the proceedings of your wedding-day ;  
 And give old maids and bachelors the vapours,  
 Telling how bright your looks, your dress how gay ;  
 And then I'll praise your milliners and drapers,  
 Beginning somewhat in the following way :  
 " Married last week, at ——— in this Shire,  
 Miss H. Montgomery to T. S———, Esquire."

## LIV.

Fie on my giggling Muse, who can't be serious  
 For half a stanza on so grave a theme ;  
 But 't is in vain for me to be imperious,  
 When she's determined to rebel ; I deem,  
 Most courteous readers, that this strain will weary us,  
 And I shall sadly sink in your esteem  
 If I pursue it longer ; if you please  
 I'll breathe awhile, and give your Worships ease.

## LV.

Yet, ere I close my Canto, I must mention  
 What should have been declared some stanzas back—  
 That 't was not my original intention  
 To follow so irregular a track ;



And I must own I merit reprehension  
 And punishment for having been so slack  
 To introduce you to the sportive Dame,  
 From whom this wondrous story takes its name.

## LVI.

I must implore your pardon, and will try  
 (If you get through this Canto) in my next  
 To check the roving of my Phantasy,  
 And stick a little closer to my text.  
 "I've wander'd from my theme, yet scarce know why,"  
 As sings a friend of mine,—for I'm perplex'd  
 For time; could I but polish as I would,  
 I'd make my Poem wonderfully good.

---

CANTO II.

"Oh! then I see Queen Mab hath been with you."  
 SHAKESPEARE.

## I.

My ink is mix'd with tears of deep vexation  
 To know what Mr. Courtenay has decreed;  
 That here no more our King shall fill his station,  
 That Club and Punchbowl all to fate must cede!  
 What! can't we have another Coronation  
 In the Fusticular Kingdom? I, indeed,  
 Have half a mind—if it were not so late—  
 For this same Crown to be a candidate.

## II.

Ah! Gerard! Gerard! what wouldst thou be doing?  
 (Quoth my astonish'd Muse) is this thine high  
 Commiseration of the cares pursuing  
 The unblest'd course of wretched Royalty?

- Why didst thou prate, last Canto, of the ruin  
Of Royal spirits?—was it all a lie?  
And did you talk in that high-sounding way  
Only because you 'd nothing else to say?

## III.

Gerard, I'm quite ashamed of you—take care—  
I'll not be treated (trust me) in this sort;  
How can you hope to breathe poetic air,  
In the unhealthy climate of a court?  
Do you suppose you'll ever find me there?  
Pray have the voters promised you support?  
*Poetic air*, said I?—your chance is small,  
Just now, of breathing any air at all.

## IV.

Have'n't you had an asthma all the spring?  
Ar'n't you, this moment, wheezing like a kettle?  
And yet, forsooth, you want to be a King;  
And, though you scarce can fetch your breath, to settle  
Affairs of State?—'t would be a pretty thing—  
I thought you'd been a man of different metal.  
Reign if you will—but when by me forsaken,  
You'll find that you're confoundedly mistaken.

## V.

Sweet Muse, have patience—trust me, I ne'er meant  
In earnest to petition for the throne;  
Though thou dost smile but seldom, I'm content  
With thy uncertain humours; but I own  
'Tis a sad bore to have thy fancies pent  
Within my brain—all joys of printing flown—  
No praise my dear anonymous state to sweeten,  
And all because some folks are leaving Eton.

## VI.

But come once more, and kindly condescend  
 To lend thine inspiration, dearest Muse ;  
 Look not so grave,—I ask you as a friend,  
 For, if you don't assist me, I shall lose  
 My way in long digressions without end,  
 And not a single reader will peruse  
 My tedious rhymes—I scarce could get a man to  
 Wade through my last interminable Canto.

## VII.

I said, just now, I'd introduce my reader  
 To the fair Sprite who gives my Tale a name;  
 And since, in a few stanzas, I shall need her  
 For special purposes, 't would be a shame,  
 Should I delay into your view to lead her ;  
 So forth she steps, this visionary dame,  
 Maimoune, a mad Fairy, gay and bright  
 As any elf that e'er play'd pranks by night.

## VIII.

She came on Earth soon after the creation,  
 And was akin to Oberon, 't is said ;  
 In Faeryland received her education,  
 But never yet had been induced to wed,  
 Though she was woo'd by half the Elfin nation—  
 But still a free and roving life she led ;  
 And sought diversion for her gentle mind  
 Chiefly among the haunts of humankind.

## IX.

There was a deep and solitary well in  
 The palace where the Prince was now confined,  
 Which served this lovely Fairy for a dwelling,  
 A spot just suited to a Fairy's mind ;

Much like the fountain where Narcissus fell in  
Love with her own fair face, and pined, and pined  
To death (the passion's not at all uncommon  
In Man, and very prevalent in Woman).

## X.

Beneath this fountain's fresh and bubbling water,  
Unfathomably deep, the livelong day,  
This wondrous Fairy, Time's most radiant daughter,  
In unimaginable visions lay;  
Where never earthly care or sorrow sought her,  
But o'er her head did the wild waters play,  
And flitting spirits of the Earth and Air,  
Scatter'd sweet dreams and lulling music there.

## XI.

For she was well beloved by all th' immortal  
Beings that roam through Ocean, Earth, or Sky;  
And oft would blessed spirits pass the portal  
Of the vast Eden of Eternity  
To be her slaves, and to her did resort all  
Angelic thoughts, each heavenly phantasy,  
That mortals may not know—all came to bless  
This gentle Being's dreams of happiness.

## XII.

And all around that fountain, the pure air  
Breathed of her presence; every leaf was hung  
With music, and each flow'r that blossom'd there  
A fine and supernatural fragrance flung  
On the glad sense; and thither did repair  
Garlanded maids, and lovers fond and young;  
And by the side of the low-murmuring stream  
Would youthful Poets lay them down to dream.

XIII.

And ever on that spot the rays of Morning  
 Fell thickest, and the Sun's meridian light  
 Sparkled and danced amid the waves, adorning  
 The crystal chamber of the sleeping Sprite.  
 But when proud Dian walk'd, with maiden scorn, in  
 The Eastern skies, and the sweet dews of Night  
 Lay heavy on the Earth, that Sprite arose  
 Fresh from the visions of the day's repose.

XIV.

And then, she gaily wander'd through the world,  
 Where'er her fancy led her, and would stray  
 (The sails of her bright meteor-wings unfurl'd)  
 Through many a populous city, and survey  
 The chambers of the sleeping; oft she curl'd  
 The locks of young chaste maidens, as they lay,  
 And lit new lustre in their sleeping eyes,  
 And breathed upon their cheeks the bloom of Paradise.

XV.

And she would scatter o'er the Poet's brain  
 (As he lay smiling through swift-springing tears)  
 A strange and unintelligible train  
 Of fancies, and ring loud into his ears  
 A long, mysterious, and perplexing strain  
 Of music, or combine the joy of years  
 In half an hour of slumber; till he started  
 From such sweet visions, weeping and wild-hearted.

XVI.

And, in her mirthful moments, would she seek  
 The bachelor's room, and spoil his lonely rest;  
 Or with old maids play many a wicked freak;  
 Or rattle loudly at the miser's chest,

Till he woke trembling ; she would often wreak  
Her vengeance on stern fathers who repress'd  
Their children's young and innocent loves, and sold  
(Like our two Kings) their happiness for gold.

## XVII.

I can't tell half the merry tricks she play'd  
On earth, nor half the clamour and the fuss  
Old women made about her.—I'm afraid  
No Sprite was ever half so mischievous.  
But so it happen'd that one night she stray'd  
Into the Prince's chamber—(prying Puss!  
I wonder what the deuce she wanted there  
With a young man a-bed, so fresh and fair.)

## XVIII.

Tranquil and happy in his sleep he lay,  
For he was dreaming of that vision bright;  
And o'er his flush'd cheek stole a wandering-ray  
Of silent but most passionate delight,  
As he was gazing his soul's eyes away  
On some imagined form—he was a sight  
Of wondrous beauty, and Maimoune stood  
Gazing upon him long in solitude.

## XIX.

Oh! how she long'd to peep beneath the lid  
That veil'd his eyes' dark azure, and espy  
The sweet imaginations that it hid  
Wandering beneath its fringed canopy.  
Yet would she not awake him ; all she did  
Was but one instant on his breast to lie,  
And kiss the lips which tremulously moved  
As if to meet the lips of her he loved,

XX.

Hark ! a dull sound swings through the troubled air !  
 She hears the flapping of unholy wings—  
 Awhile she listens, mute, with finger fair  
 Raised to her delicate lips ; then swiftly springs  
 Into the infinite sky—what meets she there ?  
 Ha ! a bad spirit in its wanderings  
 Darkens the face of the full moon, and mars  
 The pale-eyed beauty of the silent stars.

XXI.

Up sprang Maimoune—winds are not so fleet—  
 Through the spell-troubled atmosphere,—and soon  
 You might behold those hostile Spirits meet  
 Within the circle of the full-orb'd moon.  
 Well knew the Fiend that battle or retreat  
 To him was hopeless— so he craved a boon ;  
 That as her anger he was loath to stir,  
 She'd let him pass in peace—and he'd let her.

XXII.

“ Ho ! ” quoth the Fairy (and she laugh'd aloud) ;  
 “ Kind Sir Rebellious, courteous terms are these :  
 But mine must first be thought on—Spirit proud,  
 Now whether thy sweet Spritehood doth it please,  
 That I should dash thee from thy murky cloud  
 Into yon deep uncomfortable seas ;  
 Or shut those fair and dainty limbs of thine  
 In the dark trunk of that wind-shaken pine ?

XXIII.

“ Or wilt thou shiver in the realm of Frost,  
 Ten thousand years fast fetter'd to the Pole ?  
 Or, to the centre of the deep earth toss'd,  
 There tumble, free from Gravity's control,

In many an antic gambol?—to thy cost  
 Curst Spirit, thou hast dared me—for a soul  
 More dark than thou, more mischievously wicked,  
 Roams not the earth—at least with such a thick head.

## XXIV.

“ I’ve some old scores to pay you off, Sir, now:—  
 Didn’t I see you tap Tom Goddard’s ale?  
 Didn’t you pull down Pocock’s barley-mow?  
 Didn’t you nick the Parson’s pony’s tail?  
 Didn’t you milk John Squizzle’s spotted cow?  
 And thump his sister with the milking pail?  
 Didn’t I see you through the keyhole creep,  
 And give Miss Bab the fidgets in her sleep?

## XXV.

“ Can you say any thing in your defence?  
 Whate’er you will I ’m ready, Sir, to hear—  
 What! silent!—have you lost your little sense?  
 Have you no means of making it appear  
 That you possess a shadow of pretence  
 To mercy?—are you quite struck dumb with fear?  
 Come, I ’ll not wait—you stupid Spirit, speak—  
 What mischief have you done, this many a week?”

## XXVI.

The Spirit trembled as he made reply:  
 “ Most beautiful Maimoune, I confess  
 That I must owe, henceforth, my liberty  
 (Which I deserve not) to your gentleness.  
 Much mischief surely have I done, yet I  
 May, with some reason, venture to express  
 A hope that I’ve, for once, refrain’d from doing  
 My poor endeavour to engender ruin.



## XXVII.

"There is a high and solitary tower  
 Near China's proud Metropolis, and there  
 As I pass'd o'er it at the midnight hour,  
 Suspended in the vast and moon-lit air,—  
 Lying in soft Sleep's poppy-breathing bower,  
 I saw a maiden exquisitely fair!—  
 You may conceive what charms must be her lot,  
 When I assure you that I pinch'd her not!

## XXVIII.

"She quite disarm'd me of my old propensities;  
 I had no thought of doing any harm  
 To her—I would not for the wealth of ten cities  
 Have thrill'd that bosom with the least alarm.  
 'What beauty!' I exclaim'd, 'oh! how intense it is!  
 How exquisite her neck—her hand—her arm!  
 Her lips!—oh! might I with a kiss surprise  
 The slumbers hanging on those shrouded eyes.'

## XXIX.

"But I breathed o'er her a profounder sleep,  
 And drove away all images of fear  
 From her repose; then softly did I creep,  
 And whisper dreams of wonder in her ear.  
 Thus, many a night, did I my vigils keep  
 Beside her pillow, till she grew most dear  
 E'en to my nature—by her eyes I swear  
 The world holds not another thing so fair!"

## XXX.

"Now," quoth the nettled Fay, "mine own I'd wager  
 (Might I hold commerce with such things as thou,  
 And wouldst thou dare in such a strife to gage her)  
 That this thy beauty bears not such a brow

Of loveliness (I don't mean to enrage her)  
As a young wonder whom I saw just now :  
And (what would more her female nature vex)  
My brighter beauty's of the other sex.

## XXXI.

"Nay, since you look incredulous, Sir Fiend,  
I must your senses by strong proof convince ;  
So beg that you'll this instant condescend  
To lay your sleeping Princess by my Prince  
In yon lone turret—back to China wend—  
Bring hither this fair paragon—and since  
You dare to stake your judgment against mine,  
We'll see which beauty is the more divine."

## XXXII.

She spoke—upon the word his raven pinions  
The dark-brow'd Spirit for the voyage spread,  
And to the Chinese Monarch's far dominions,  
Swift, straight, and fearless, through mid air he sped ;  
Where (still unshaken in his old opinions)  
He bore Badoura, sleeping from her bed,  
And lodged her safely in the Prince's tower,  
Close by his side, in less than half an hour.

## XXXIII.

Had I but time I'd tell you how enchanting  
She look'd, when waving in the midnight breeze,  
As the strong Spirit bore her onward, panting  
With haste, o'er towns, and continents, and seas.  
In raiment her fair limbs were sadly wanting,  
For she wore nothing but a thin chemise ;  
And, as the moonbeams bathed her in their light,  
She seem'd some wandering meteor of the night,

XXXIV.

Or star dropp'd from the firmament ; but when  
 She lay still sleeping, by the Prince's side—  
 The fairest she of women—he of men—  
 Both Spirits own'd, it could not be denied  
 That Earth ne'er saw such beauty. Ne'er again  
 Will such a bridegroom sleep by such a bride,  
 And ne'er again, while we live—I'm afraid,  
 Will pranks so pleasant be by Fairies play'd.

XXXV.

Awhile the Fairies bent in silence o'er them,  
 Comparing lip with lip, and nose with nose ;  
 And for their beauty could almost adore them ;  
 But soon the old dispute again arose ;  
 And to such lengths their angry passion bore them,  
 That they had nearly come from words to blows,  
 But that the evil Spirit fear'd to fight  
 With so confounded passionate a Sprite.

XXXVI.

At length 't was settled, with the full consent  
 Of both, that the dispute should be referr'd  
 (Since neither to resign the contest meant)  
 To the unbiass'd judgment of a third :  
 And they both swore that they would be content,  
 When this their quarrel should be fairly heard,  
 With his decision. So Maimoune call'd  
 A Spirit whom her beauty had enthrall'd

XXXVII.

For fifteen hundred years. The Spirit came—  
 A creature form'd by nature for a lover ;  
 Blear-eyed, and bow-legg'd, hump-back'd, horn'd, and lame ;  
 I wonder how such beauty fail'd to move her :

But she had never yet confess'd a flame,  
 Though she had made this dainty Knight a rover,  
 Since he first woo'd her, over seas and lands,  
 Ten times a-day, to do her mild commands.

## XXXVIII.

In this behaviour did my Sprite resemble  
 All mortal women whom I ever knew;  
 Good Lord! I'm now, while writing, in a tremble,  
 To think of all the labour I went through  
 When I was courting Miss *Jemima Kemble*;  
 Never had galley-slave so much to do:  
 Never poor husband of a wife who chided  
 Could lead, in this world, such a life as I did.

## XXXIX.

Well! I'm still single!—but I can't forget  
 How oft I've trudged for many a dusty mile  
 On some ridiculous errand,—or got wet  
 In expectation of at least a smile;  
 And then, returning, found her in a pet  
 Because "*I'd kept her waiting such a while.*"  
 And then the shawls and tippetts that I carried;  
 The scrapes she led me into—till she married.

## XL.

Up rose the Spirit thus so deeply smitten,  
 And most politely fell upon his knees;  
 (His name can't be pronounced, and scarcely written,  
 And so we'll call him Cupid if you please:)  
 His mistress told him of the plan she'd hit on,  
 And begg'd his judgment would the strife appease:  
 And Cupid grinn'd, and look'd extremely proud,  
 To have his taste in beauty thus allow'd.

## XLI.

But when he very carefully had eyed,  
 With spectacles on nose, the sleeping pair,  
 He gravely said it could not be denied—  
 That they were both superlatively fair.  
 He was extremely puzzled to decide  
 Which was the more so, and could not declare  
 To which his judgment would award the prize,  
 Unless he was allow'd to see their eyes.

## XLII.

So said, so done;—the magic spell was broken  
 Which hung upon the slumber-sealed eyes  
 Of the young Prince, and he was fairly woken  
 From his sweet dreams; then, oh! with what surprise  
 He saw the form beside him, a bright token  
 Of the Gods' favour, sent to realize  
 (As he supposed), the loveliest dreams that stole  
 Across the enchanted vision of his soul.

## XLIII.

How came she there?—he knew not, and cared less;  
 That she *was* there was quite enough for him;—  
 Bewilder'd in her dazzling loveliness,  
 How did his eyes in giddy rapture swim!  
 As she lay by him still and motionless,  
 "The cup of love was running o'er the brim  
 Within him" (as I heard a speaker say  
 At a Salopian dinner yesterday.)

## XLIV.

I can't think how he took the joke so coolly,  
 As if the Gods had chosen to provide  
 And send him, as they ought, at midnight duly,  
 A beautiful young lady for a bride.

He never ask'd who brought her thither. Truly,  
Had I found such a treasure by my side,  
Nor of the trick been previously admonish'd,  
I should have felt prodigiously astonish'd.

## XLV.

Long did he gaze in silence and deep joy,  
And thoughts came o'er him which he ne'er had known ;  
The dream which he had worshipp'd from a boy,  
In one short instant from his brain had flown ;  
And a new love which knew of no alloy,  
Within his bosom had built up a throne.  
The lady slept, he gazed, and gazed upon her,  
But harbour'd not a thought against her honour.

## XLVI.

She slept on most amazingly—he thought  
(And I'm not sure he wasn't in the right)  
That she slept rather sounder than she ought,  
It being, he *supposed*, her bridal night.  
But though he deem'd it strange, he never sought  
To force the slumbers from those orbs of light  
He almost fear'd to view—he could not bear  
To use such rudeness to a thing so fair,

## XLVII.

Yet did he print a most bewildering kiss  
On her fair cheek—another on her brow—  
(I should expatiate on that moment's bliss,  
But haven't time to dwell upon it now,)  
They would have waken'd any living Miss,  
Whose sleep was not enchanted ; but somehow  
This lady felt them not ; or, if she did,  
Sleep still weigh'd down each persevering lid.

XLVIII.

'Twas all in vain; he found he couldn't wake her  
 By any gentle means; so, having sworn  
 That she was his, and he would ne'er forsake her—  
 That she should never from his arms be torn,  
 Even though Hell itself should yawn to take her,—  
 He thought it would be best to doze till morn;  
 And, having kiss'd her lovely cheek once more,  
 Soon fell asleep more soundly than before.

XLIX.

Forthwith, released from the strong spell that bound her  
 In deepest slumber, fair Badoura sprung  
 From her enchanted visions, and around her  
 A glance of momentary wonder flung.  
 Much did the aspect of the place confound her—  
 Where are the pictures round her chamber hung?  
 Is this her bed?—and ah!—what heavenly face  
 Lies on the pillow, in her Nurse's place?

L.

She screams aloud!—is this a man beside her?  
 A Husband?—Gracious! is her Father mad?  
 She is resolved, whatever may betide her,  
 To fly—and yet the face is not so bad.—  
 She has seen worse complexions,—mouths much wider,—  
 In fact the fellow is a pretty lad.  
 She thought she'd take one peep at him, and bent  
 Silently o'er his face in wonderment.

LI.

Upon her delicate brow the dark hair braided,  
 Cloudlike hung o'er the starbeams of her eyes;  
 Which, by that darkness soften'd and o'ershaded  
 Fell in a gleam of tenderest ecstasies.

Upon the sleeping boy ; that gleam pervaded  
 His cheek still glowing from his late surprise ;  
 And touch'd his brow, which in that radiance shone  
 With loveliness far brighter than its own.

## LII.

Thus (as 't is said), Italian Beauty hung  
 Over the sleeping Milton, as at noon .  
 Reclined he lay the forest trees among,  
 His thoughts to some unutterable tune  
 Of Heavenly Music wandering, till they sprung  
 Into his deep-flush'd countenance; and soon  
 Kindled within that gazer's breast the flame  
 Which Woman, who best feels it, dares not name.

## LIII.

But there 's one trifling difference between.  
 My Princess and the Dame who seem'd to ape her ;  
 That Milton's Beauty chose not to be seen,  
 And scarce declared her passion e'en on paper :  
 Whereas Badoura thought it would be mean  
 To let so delicate a Youth escape her ;  
 All her objections to a ring were over,  
 Since Fate had sent her such a handsome lover.

## LIV.

And she began to find it poor employment  
 To gaze so long upon a sleeping spouse,  
 And long'd for the more rational enjoyment  
 Of—conversation—and—exchanging vows  
 Of love—and—chaste caresses—ne'er to cloy meant ;—  
 And so she strove the sleeper to arouse,  
 At first by gentle kisses, and fond taps  
 With her small fingers,—then by ruder slaps.



LV.

He only slept the sounder, so she tried  
 At last the sweet allurements of her tongue ;  
 " Sweet Prince !—Dear Husband !—am I not thy Bride ?  
 Am I not chaste, and beautiful, and young ?  
 Have I not air, and shape, and grace beside ?  
 Is not my voice the sweetest that e'er sung ?  
 Why Husband ! Husband ! Husband !—Sir ! Sir ! Sir !  
 Good Lord ! will nothing make this Blockhead stir ?

LVI.

" Now by mine eyes, fair Bridegroom, 't is not right  
 To sleep so sound at such an hour as this ;  
 Pray tell me, is it not our bridal night,  
 Sacred to love, and harmony, and bliss ?  
 I've a great mind to quarrel with you quite,  
 Discourteous Sir—now by this rapturous kiss,  
 (Which I must steal, since you will not bestow,)  
 I never could have borne to slight you so.

LVII.

" Aid me, ye Gods, this odious sleep to drive hence ;  
 Sir, you've caroused too freely at the wine—  
 No, no ; I now perceive the whole contrivance,  
 'Tis all a trick, my kind papa, of thine.  
 I wonder at my Nurse's base connivance ;  
 But oh ! he looks so radiantly divine,  
 And smiles, in slumber with a smile so sweet,  
 I can't believe him guilty of deceit.

LVIII.

" Still sleep'st thou, dearest ? some malignant Demon  
 Hath o'er thy spirit cast this baneful spell ;  
 Else never couldst thou in this fashion dream on,  
 Nor against Love and Hymen so rebel,

As not to let those eyes of beauty beam on  
 The gentle Lady who loves *thee* so well :  
 By Heav'n thou smil'st—I know it's all a sham ;  
 Love grant me patience!—what a wretch I am !

## LIX.

“ Thou lov'st me not ; dost thou suspect my fame ?  
 My parents, Sir, are noble as thine own ;  
 My aunt Haiatelnefous was a Dame  
 As chaste, and coy, as ever wore a gown :  
 Ne'er have I felt,—till now, Love's pleasing flame ;  
 My Father shall defend his Child's renown.  
 Do as you please, Sir—you shall shortly know  
 That I'll have vengeance if you use me so.

## LX.

“ By the hot tears which I am shedding o'er thee ;  
 By my poor heart which doth so fondly ache ;  
 By these most chaste embraces ; I implore thee,  
 My Husband, if thou sleepest, to awake.  
 Oh ! didst thou know how madly I adore thee,  
 Thou wouldst not thus persist my heart to break.  
 Oh ! hear the plaint my wounded Spirit pours,  
 And heal my sorrow !—Lord, how loud he snores ! ”

## LXI.

She spoke ; the tears fell fast, as she was speaking,  
 Yet did they yield her anguish small relief ;  
 And (what was shocking), in her flight from Pekin,  
 She 'd dropp'd her muslin pocket-handkerchief,  
 So that she couldn't stop her eyes from leaking ;  
 Maimoune felt much pity for her grief,  
 And soon, in order to assuage her pain,  
 Sent Magic slumber to those eyes again.

LXII.

By this the silver Moon had drawn her horn in,  
 While Cupid still more undecided grew;  
 And puzzled on, unmindful of the warning,  
 Till, while he pored and doubted, the cock crew,  
 And at the sound, before the breath of Morning,  
 Back to their haunts, the three mad Spirits flew,  
 Leaving, in rather an unusual place,  
 The Prince and Princess lying face to face.

LXIII.

The spells fell from their eyelids, and together  
 These two fond lovers from their dreams awoke,  
 And met each other's eyes—'t was long ere either  
 (Lost as they were in love and wonder) spoke.  
 I don't know (and it matters not a feather),  
 Which of the two the blissful silence broke—  
 'T was a strange introduction—I'm afraid  
 The breakfast hour that morning was delay'd.

LXIV.

Of course the thing in matrimony ended;  
 The Kings were much astonish'd at the way  
 In which the Fairies had their schemes befriended,  
 For how it happen'd not a soul could say.  
 Maimoune and her Lover both attended,  
 In high good-humour, on the wedding-day;  
 And brought fine gifts from Fairyland, and shed  
 All sorts of blessings on the Nuptial Bed.

LXV.

"Now strike your sails, ye jolly Mariners,"  
 For I have come unto my story's end,  
 With a few alterations, worthy Sirs—  
 To make it aptly to my purpose bend.

I've used some freedom with the characters,  
But hope the Reader 'll kindly condescend  
To recollect my hurry—and excuse  
The rambling nonsense of a heedless Muse.

G. M.

---

## PRIVATE CORRESPONDENCE.

V.

PEREGRINE COURTENAY TO THE PUBLIC.

MY DEAR PUBLIC,

How rejoiced I feel in being able to rid myself of all weighty affairs, for a few minutes, and sit down to a little private conversation with you: I am going, as usual, to be very silly, and very talkative, and I have so much to say that I hardly know where to begin.

Allow me to congratulate you upon the flourishing state of your affairs. There has been a Coronation, and you have had lighting of lamps, and drinking of ale, and breaking of heads, to your heart's content; and there are two new Novels coming from Sir Walter; and the King is going to Ireland; and Mr. Kean is come from America; and—here is No X. of "The Etonian!" How happy you must be!

But you will have to pay an extra shilling for it. I hope you will not be angry. The fact is, that the approaching conclusion of our Work has put into our Contributors such a spirit of good-will and exertion, that we found it quite impossible to comprise their benefactions within our usual limits, although I myself gave up to them many of my own pages, and burned several first-

rate articles, especially one "On the Digamma," which would have had a surprising effect. For, to parody the Poet,

"Those write now, who never wrote before,  
And those who always wrote, now write the more."

And you will be satisfied, I think, with the augmentation of bulk, and of price, when you consider what you would have lost if such a step had not been adopted. Perhaps you might not have had "The Bride of the Cave;" perhaps you might not have had "The Hall of my Fathers;" perhaps you might not have had—Oh, yes! you certainly should have had "Maimoune," though it had filled our whole Number. But you would not have had my "Private Correspondence," which I should have regretted extremely, although my modesty hints to me that you would not have cared a rush about the matter.

I used to promise, you will remember, that in all and in each of our Numbers, twenty pages only should be devoted to our Foreign Correspondents. This resolution was, I believe, rigidly adhered to during the existence of "the Saltbearer;" but since his exit I have grown more idle and less scrupulous. In our present Number you will find a much greater proportion of matter from the Universities. I tell you so fearlessly, because you are, in no small degree, a gainer by the fraud.

When I look back on my life, my dear Public, I cannot help thinking what a life of impudence,—what a life of hoaxing,—what a life of singularity, I have led. If all the Brass I have shown in my writings could be transferred to my Monument, my memory would be immortal. I have told, *in print*, more lies than ever Munchausen did; and, in the sphere of my existence, have been guilty of as much deceit as the Fortunate Youth. As for the "Letter to the King," however, I can't, for the life of me, see a grain of impertinence in its composition; all I wonder at is, that it did not pro-

cure a Holiday for Eton, nor Knighthood for Sir Thomas, nor a thousand a-year for myself. Nevertheless, in spite of the mortifying silence with which my communication was received, I am happy to observe that our Etonians continue very loyal. On the night of the Coronation, when the Mob said "Queen!" the Boys said "King!" and many, forthwith, risked their own crowns in behalf of his Majesty's. But whether this proceeded from the love of Loyalty, or the love of Blows, must remain a question.

Howbeit, I am not naturally addicted to impudence, or hoaxing, or singularity. To convince you of this, I had at one time an intention of drawing up a Memoir of my own Life, containing an accurate detail of my thoughts, and words, and actions, during the whole period which my memory comprehends. I found it very difficult to settle the title of my Book. Should it be the stately "Life of Peregrine Courtenay, Esq. of the College of Eton, Foolscap Octavo?" or should it be the quaint "Notice of a Gentleman who has left Long Chamber?" or should it be the concise and attractive "Peregriniana?" It was a weighty affair; and I abandoned the design before I could settle the point. For I at last began to believe, my Public, that this is all of which you ought to be informed,—that I have lived long at Eton, and that I have edited "The Etonian;" that I am now bidding farewell to the first, and writing the Epilogue of the other.

I leave Eton at a peculiarly auspicious time. Her Cricket is very good this year! (I wish we could have had a meeting with Harrow, but *Diis aliter visum est*,) and her Boats are unusually well manned, and there are in her ranks more youths of five-feet-ten, than I have seen for a long time. She has also just effected the establishment of a Public Library; which has been so spiritedly supported by our *Alumni* themselves, and by the Friends of the School, that it is already rising into importance. And, thanks to the exertions of many who have been our

Friends, and a few of our Correspondents, she maintains a high ground at the Universities, I am bound for Cambridge myself; but this is nothing at all to concern you, inasmuch as I do not mean to Edite a "Cantab."

I resign my office too at a propitious moment, before time has quelled the enthusiasm with which it was entered upon,—before warmth and impetuosity have yielded to weariness and disgust. My spirits are still unabated, my Friends are still untired, and you, my Public, are still kind! I might have waited to experience the sinking of the first, the anger of the second, and alas! the fickleness of the third. It is well that I stop in time.

I have two drawers of my bureau filled, almost to bursting, with divers Manuscripts; I am afraid to open either of them, lest somebody passionate, or somebody stupid, or somebody wearisome, should stare me in the face. Of these compositions, my pages witness against me that I have promised insertion to many, and my conscience witnesses against me that I ought to have given insertion to many more. I don't know what to do with them. I have some thoughts of sending them to my Publisher's in a lump, or bequeathing them as a Legacy to my successors. I believe, however, my better plan may be to put them up to Auction. Amongst the numerous Authors, great and small, good and bad, who are at the present day wasting their pen, ink, paper, and time, in "doing honour to Eton," I cannot but think that some of my Literary Treasures would fetch a pretty good price. There are all the articles, of which we have at various times given notice; some of which I know our Readers are dying to see. But these form but a trifling part of the heap; I will subjoin a few specimens of my wares, but Catalogues shall, of course, be printed previous to the Sale.

Several "Reminiscences"—very useful for writers who wish to recollect what never occurred.

A few "Visions," "Musings," "Odes," &c.—a great

bargain to any young person who wants to be interesting, or unintelligible.

"Edmund Ironside," an Old English Tale, in the style of "The Knight and the Knave," very valuable,—in consequence of "The Quarterly's" hint about "Ivanhoe."

"Thoughts on the Coronation," to be had for a trifle, as the article is a common one, and will not keep.

A great many "Classical Tales," strongly recommended to those Authors who are not learned, and wish to be thought so.

A large bundle of "Notices to Correspondents," admirably adapted to the use of those who have none.

A Portfolio of Cursory Hints, Remarks, Puns, Introductory Observations, Windings-up, &c. &c. &c. capable of serving any purpose to which the Purchaser likes to put them.

With such a Repository, it will be evident, that, if the Fates were willing that I should proceed in my undertaking, I should be in no want of support. This, however, is not the decree of the Destinies; I must go, and like him who

" Oft fitted the halter, oft traversed the cart,  
And often took leave, but seem'd loath to depart,"

I continue to say to you, I am "going, going, going," while you methinks are waiting with the uplifted hammer, impatient to pronounce me "gone!"

Every body, who wishes to do any thing worthy of record, is anxious to know what will be said of him after his decease. I am thinking what will be said of *me*, after *my* literary death.

I fancy to myself a knot of Ladies, busy with their Loo and Scandal. The Tenth, the last Number of "The Etonian" is brought upon the carpet, and every one flies at Peregrine in the flirting of a fan. "So he's gone, is he! Well, it's time he should; he was getting sadly tiresome;"—"and so satirical;"—"and so learned;"



—"as for all his Greek, I'm sure it must be very bad, for Lord St. Luke can't construe me a word of it, and he was three years at Oxford;"—"and that abominable 'Certain Age!'—"and that odious 'Windsor Ball!'—"Oh! positively we can never forgive the 'Windsor Ball!' I have not bought a copy since!"—Pray be quiet, Ladies; I never meant one of you,—never, on the word of an Editor! Howbeit, if the cap fits———you know what I would say, though politeness shall leave it unsaid.

Then I picture to my mind a set of sober critics taking my reputation to pieces, as easily as you would crack a walnut. "Peregrine Courtenay?—ay! he was a silly, laughing fellow; he had some spirit; yes, and a tolerable rhyme now and then;—but he had no sense, no solidity; he was all froth, all evaporation. He was like the wine we are drinking—he had no *body*!—"Where did you get this wine, Mr. Matthew?"—and so I am dismissed.

Then I begin to think of what is much more interesting to me. What will be the talk of my school-fellows? I fancy that I hear their censures, and their praises not sparingly bestowed. I fancy that I am already taken up with kindness, or laid down with a shrug!—"The *Etonian*! oh! the last Number is out, is it? How does it sell? Some of it was good, but I wish they had less of their *balaam*, as they call it! and then all the punch was low,—horribly low; and all that slang about the Club!—and that foolish picture on the cover!—and then the puffing, and the puns! For my part, I never saw a grain of wit in it,—and the sense was in a still less proportion! In short it was bad, oh! very bad! but, I don't know how, it certainly did amuse one, too!"

Such are the sounds which haunt my imagination in my leave-taking. And ever and anon, I put my prayer to the Goddess with the brazen trumpet, who proclaims

the titles and the exploits of great men. "Fame, Fame, when I am removed from the scene of my exertions, let me not be quite forgotten! let me be talked of with praise, or let me be talked of with censure; but let me, at all events, be talked of! Whether I be remembered with pardon, or with condemnation, I care little,—so that I be only remembered."

I wish all manner of success and prosperity to the members of the Club, my affectionate coadjutors. Mr. Sterling, I have no doubt, will make an exemplary Vicar, and Mr. Lozell will do, excellent well, to say his Amen. Mr. Musgrave will be a capital whip, unless he breaks his neck in the training; and Sir Francis Wentworth will probably rise to great honours and emoluments, —when the Whigs come in. Golightly will die with a jest in his mouth, and a glass in his hand. Bellamy will live with elegance in his manners, and love in his eye. Oakley will be a spiteful critic; and Swinburne an erudite commentator. As for Gerard, he will go forward on his own path to eminence, destined to shine in a nobler arena than that of a Schoolboy's Periodical, and to enjoy more worthy applauses than those of Peregrine Courtenay.

And I, my dear Public, shall walk up the hill of life as steadily as I can, and as prosperously as I may. For the present I have wiped my pen, and given a holiday to the devils; but if, at any future period, I should, in my bounty, give to your inspection a Political Pamphlet, or a Treatise on Law, a Farce or a Tragedy, a Speech or a Sermon, I trust that you will have a respect for the name of Peregrine Courtenay, and be as ready with your pounds, shillings, and pence, as I have always hitherto found you.

One word more. I have been much solicited to have my own effigies stuck in the front of my work, done in an editorial attitude, with a writing-desk before me, and a pen behind my ear; and I am aware that this is the

custom of many gentlemen whom I might be proud to imitate. Mr. Canning figures in front of "The Microcosm," and Dr. Peter Morris presents his goodly physiognomy in the vanguard of "Peter's Letters." And I know what has often before been remarked, that when the public sit down to the perusal of a work, it imports them much to be convinced whether the writer thereof be plump or spare, fair or dark, of an open or a meditative countenance. Would any one feel an interest in the fate of Tom Thumb, who did not see a representation of the hero courting inspection, and claiming, as it were, *in propria personâ*, the applause to which his exploits entitle him? Would any one shudder with horror at the perilous adventures of Munchausen, who could not count the scars with which they are engraven on the Baron's physiognomy? In opposition to these weighty considerations, I have two motives which forcibly impel me to adopt a contrary line of conduct. In the first place, I am, as is known to all my acquaintance, most outrageously modest. I have been so from my cradle. Before I ever entered upon a public capacity, a few copies of a Caricature came down to our Eton Bookseller, one of which contained a figure of a starved Poet. One of my friends carelessly discovered a resemblance between the said starved Poet and your humble Servant, the consequence of which was that your humble Servant bought up, at no inconsiderable expense, all the copies of the said print, and committed them to the flames. And now, if I were to see my own features prefixed to my own writings;—if I were to imagine to myself your curiosity, my Public, criticising expression of countenance, as well as expression of thought, and lines of face as well as lines of metre, I could not endure it—I should faint!—Yes! I should positively faint!

I have another reason—another very momentous one! I once heard a Lady criticising the "Lines to ———." How beautiful were the Criticisms! and how beautiful

was the Critic! I would have given the riches of Mexico for such a Review, and such a Reviewer! But to proceed with my story;—thus were the remarks wound up:—“Now do, Mr. Courtenay, tell me who is the author!—what an interesting looking man he must be!”

From that moment I have been enwrapt in most delightful day-dreams. I have constantly said to myself, Peregrine, perhaps at this moment bright eyes are looking on your effusion; and sweet voices are saying, “What a pretty young man Mr. Courtenay must be!”—And shall I publish my picture, and give them the lie?—Oh, no! I will preserve to them the charity of their conjectures, and to myself the comfort of their opinion.

And now what rests for me, but to express my gratitude to all, who have assisted me by their advice or their support, and to beg, that if, in discharging my part to the best of my abilities, it has been my misfortune to give offence to any one of them, he will believe that I sinned not intentionally, and forgive me as well as he can?

I have also to return thanks to many Gentlemen who have honoured me by marks of individual kindness. It would be painful for me to leave this spot without assuring them, that in all places, and under all circumstances, I shall have a lively recollection of the attention they have shown me, and the interest they have expressed in my success.

But most of all, I have to speak my feelings to him, who, at my earnest solicitations, undertook to bear an equal portion of my fatigues and my responsibility,—to him, who has performed so diligently the labours which he entered upon so reluctantly,—to him who has been the constant companion of my hopes and fears—my good and ill fortune,—to him, who, by the assiduity of his own attention, and the genius of the contributors

whose good offices he secured, has ensured the success of "The Etonian!"

I began this letter in a light and jesting vein, but I find that I cannot keep it up. My departure from Eton and "The Etonian" is really too serious a business for a jest or a gibe. I have felt my spirits sinking by little and little, until I have become downright melancholy. I shall make haste, therefore, to come to a conclusion. I have done, and I subscribe myself (for the last time),

My dear Public,

Your obliged and devoted Servant,

PEREGRINE COURTENAY.

# CONTRIBUTORS

TO

## THE ETONIAN.

---

ASHLEY, HON. WILLIAM.

Petition from Jeremy Gubbins, vol. i. 302.

BEALES, EDMUND.

Ode to Despair, vol. i. 140.

A Night Adventure, 339.

What shall I do ? 352.

A Saturday Evening in the Coun-  
try, vol. ii. 91.

The Death of Alexander, 117.

Visit to a Country Fair, 186.

A Country Sabbath, 291.

Mr. Bellamy's Stanzas, 316.

CHRICHTON, WILLIAM.

Lines to Ellen, vol. i. 312.

Lines to Ellen, vol. ii. 90.

The Serenade, 197.

Ellen (*a Simple Tale*), vol. iii. 325.

COLERIDGE, HENRY NELSON,

(*King's College, Cambridge.*)

Lines to Mary, vol. i. 63.

Sonnets, 71.

On Wordsworth's Poetry, 119.

Lines on leaving Llandogo, 271.

On Wordsworth's Poetry, 280.

Girolamo and Sylvestra, 328.

I was a Boy, 359.

On Coleridge's Poetry, 406.

On Charles Lamb's Poetry, vol. ii.  
17.

Southey's March to Moscow, 171.

Sonnet (*To—*), 185.

Tancred and Sigismunda, 236.

Song, 299.

The Bride of the Cave (*from "The  
Poetry of the College Magazine."*)  
vol. iii. 239.

Nugæ Amatoris, 249.

Sonnet (*To—*), 254.

Essay on Lions, 319.

## CURZON, HON. FRANCIS.

The Temple of Diana at Ephesus, vol. i. 79.  
A Lapland Sacrifice, 138.

## DURNFORD, RICHARD.

A Visit to Eton, vol. i. 52.	Golightly's Letter of Condolence, 399.
Miseries of Christmas Holidays in the Country, 149.	A Party at the Pelican, vol. ii. 155.
The latter part of "Sir Thomas Nesbit's Definition of a Good Fellow," 180.	Letter from the Rev. Marmaduke Bradshaw to Mr. Matthew Swinburne, vol. iii. 84.
On Signs, 234.	The Rashleigh Letter-Bag, 85, 179, 223.
A Peep into Rawsdon Court, 248.	

## FURSDON, CHARLES,

(Downing College, Cambridge.)

On Youthful Friendship, vol. i. 58.  
Lines on the Coliseum, 272.

## MOULTRIE, JOHN,

(Trinity College, Cambridge.)

Lines to ———, vol. i. 56.	Extract from a terrible long MS. Poem, 253.
My Brother's Grave, 89.	Song to the Spring Breeze, vol. iii. 20.
Godiva ( <i>a Tale</i> ), 186.	Further Extracts from a terrible long MS. Poem, 146.
Christmas ( <i>an Eclogue</i> ), 219.	The Hall of my Fathers ( <i>from "The Poetry of the College Magazine,"</i> ) 272.
Elegy, 298.	Maimoune ( <i>a Poem</i> ), 331.
A Country Wedding, 350.	
Lines to Miss F. Harrison, 404.	
Somnia Montgomeriana, vol. ii. 79.	
Sonnet to Mr. Bellamy, 112.	
Sonnets for Young Ladies, 249.	
Sonnets for Young Gentlemen, 251.	

## NEECH, HENRY,

(Merton College, Oxford.)

Part of the King of Clubs ; comprehending the Introduction, Sketch	of the first Six Characters, the Latin Note, &c. vol. i. 1.
--	---

- The Characters of the Candidates, Characters of Two more Candidates, vol. ii. 6. vol. iii. 5.  
 Le Blanc's Sober Essay on Love, Translation of Tasso, 102.  
 32. Pæstum, 116.  
 Letter to H. U. Tighe, Esq. 288. Letters from Oxford, 49, 54, 131, 138; 255.

## ORD, WILLIAM HENRY.

- Reflections on Winter, vol. i. 306. Le Blanc on Interest, vol. ii. 229.  
 Castles in the Air, 345. Tomb of Psammis, vol. iii. 13.

## OUTRAM, THOMAS POWYS.

- Biography of a Boy's Room, vol. i. 274. Michael Oakley's Objections to Wit, 118.  
 Eulogium on Tobacco, 317. On a Clerical Life, 235.  
 On Calumny, vol. ii. 300. On Country Churchyard Epitaphs, 280.  
 On Prejudice, vol. iii. 76.

## PETIT, JOHN LOUIS,

(*Trinity College, Cambridge.*)

- Greek Song in the Musæ O'Connorianæ, vol. ii. 31.—Extracts from Evening, 211.

## PRAED, WINTHROP MACKWORTH.

- The King of Clubs, excepting the parts assigned to Contributors. Politeness and Politesse, 166.  
 Peregrine's Scrap-Book, excepting the parts assigned to Contributors. A Windsor Ball, 172.  
 Lovers' Vows, 183.  
 On the Practical Asyndeton, 225.  
 Lines to Julio, 239.  
 Lines to Julia, 242.  
 Remarks on Hair-dressing, 265.  
 On a Certain Age, 293.  
 Marius amidst the Ruins of Carthage, 349.  
 Lines to Florence, 357.  
 Not at Home, 361.  
 Silent Sorrow, 365.  
 Reminiscences of my Youth, No. I. 376.  
 Musæ O'Connorianæ, vol. ii. 27.
- Rhyme and Reason, vol. i. 36.  
 The Eve of Battle, 40.  
 Laura, 64.  
 On the Practical Bathos, 73.  
 Remarks on Nicknames, 81.  
 Lozell's Essay on the Art of saying "Yes" and "No," 128.  
 Turn Out, 142.  
 Confession of Don Carlos, 157.  
 Solitude in a Crowd, 161.



The Knight and the Knave, 39.  
 Mad—quite Mad, 85.  
 The County Ball, 136.  
 The Bogle of Anneslie, 193.  
 Private Correspondence, 203, 206.  
 On the Establishment of a Public  
 Library at Eton, 208.  
 The Bachelor, 256.  
 The Mistake, 264.  
 Sense and Sensibility, 268.  
 Lozell's Essay on Weathercocks,  
 274.  
 Changing Quarters, 283.

Old Boots, vol. iii. 17.  
 On the Divinities of the Ancients,  
 25.  
 Reminiscences of my Youth, No. II.  
 34.  
 On True Friendship, 47.  
 Private Correspondence, 71, 168,  
 366.  
 The Country Curate, 112.  
 Gog, Canto I. 60 ; Canto II. 195.  
 Remarks on Etonian Poets, 218.  
 Sonnet to Ada, 279.  
 Surly Hall, 286.

## TROWER, WALTER.

Edith, vol. i. 63.  
 Genius, 80.

Song, vol. ii. 103.  
 Song in Prison, 318.

## WALKER, WILLIAM SYDNEY,

(Trinity College, Cambridge.)

The Contented Lover, vol. i. 233.  
 A Fragment, 309.  
 Horæ Paludanæ, No. I. 382.  
 Poetical Epistle from "W." 425.  
 Address to the Hon. Gerard Mont-  
 gomery, vol. ii. 106.  
 On the Writings of James Mont-  
 gomery, 118.  
 The Lover's Song, 255.  
 Horæ Paludanæ, No. II. 313.  
 Stanzas in Miss Harrison's Album,  
 314.  
 Stanzas, vol. iii. 32.  
 Horæ Paludanæ, No. III. 33.  
 Music, 34.  
 Stanzas, 46.

Woman and Hope, 104.  
 Horæ Subfusæ, 127.  
 To Intellectual Liberty, 130.  
 Fragment of an Address to the  
 Spirit of Poetry, 159.  
 Sonnet to Catherine Seyton, 161.  
 Bounce, ib.  
 To Hope, 177.  
 Bellamy's Fragments, and Parody  
 from Scott's "Allen-a-Dale,"  
 206.  
 Rhapsodies, 302.  
 On the Poems of Chauncy Hare  
 Townsend, 306.  
 A Whimsey, 317.

We have not received permission to publish the names of the friends from whom we have received the following Articles.

Song, vol. i. 421.

Elegy, vol. ii. 101.

Stanzas on Whistling, 102.

Stanzas for Music, 218.

Lines "to the Rainbow," 218.

Lines to Miss Sophia Everett, 320.

The Rejected Lover, 321.

Caernarvon Castle, vol. iii. 23.

Unpublished Stanzas of Godiva, 97.

Lines on "Sæviør Armis Lux-  
uria," by Robigo, 101.

Matthew Swinburne, 203.

Verses by "Alcæus Minor," 205

Happiness, 239.

There are many passages in these Volumes which the Editors, for various reasons, would wish corrected or erased. Believing, however, that the public would be better pleased, if they were allowed to shake hands with "The Etonian" in his first dress, they have made very few alterations; confident that the errors which they regret will be charitably ranked among those

"Quas aut Incuria fudit  
Aut humana parum cavit Natura."

WALTER BLUNT.

WINTHROP MACKWORTH PRAED.

THE END.

LONDON:

PRINTED BY S. AND R. BENTLEY, DORSET STREET.

17.  
s-  
  
5  
  
or,  
r,  
ce  
w  
i-





